Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on pre-destination, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested this a few years back, and I had set it on the back-burner of possible projects. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with a rabbit hole wander of thoughts from all the major titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, the seven Breadcrumbs titles, and The Return to Wonder.

This work is blogged at:

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind,

and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Pattern, Fate, Destiny, Matrix, Kismet, Serendipity, Providence, Coincidence, Accident, Karma, Outcome, Vocation, Calling, Purpose, Habit, Condition, Brainwash, Tradition, Routine, Ritual, Belief, Addiction, Fixation, Obsession, Dependency, Custom, Meme, Culture, Heritage, Civilization, Mores, Values, Ethics, Standards, Principles, Behaviors, Morals, Scruples.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2018.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com
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History, History & More History
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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
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Science, Science & More Science
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Titles, Titles & More Titles
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Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles
https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theevenmoreseries.pdf

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/59momentstothewayitisandisnot.pdf

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofthehumanjourney.pdf

The Mystery of the Mystery
https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/themysteryofthemysteryseries.pdf

The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/therealisdiscoveringseries.pdf

To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf

Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

The Stillness Before Time

I

Discovering your true birthright
Requires the persistence
Of an aloof scientist,
Gradually scraping away
At the layers of conditioning
Until at some point there is nothing left,
And what you truly are, and are not, is quite apparent.

II

Love can only be total, unconditional.
Other uses of the word are of self-absorption:
Incomplete, limited, conditional, manipulative, painful.

IV

Be serene, content, alert, cheerfully at ease.
It is your original state, your birthright.
It requires no choice, effort, or contention.
No outward manifestation or proof is required.
It is a natural state of awareness, of simple beingness.
An effortless wander in the unconditional, timeless aloneness.

VIII

There will never be political, economic,
Or social resolution to the human condition.
Consciousness itself must make the paradigm shift.

IX

When you awaken after sleeping,
There is a moment when the awareness
Resumes remembering the patterning it plays.
You could be anywhere, anything, anybody,
And what form and identity do you choose
But that which you are least able to resist.

* * * *

Groups of any spiritual persuasion are social crock-pots
For those agreeing to collude to the dogma of one mythos or another.
To regard any as exclusive bastions of wisdom and harmony
Has repeatedly proven to be hollow self-deception.

IX

Why cater to something an individual or group
Said or did tens or hundreds or thousands of years ago?
History, whether personal, tribal, national, or world,
Is perhaps the greatest misery of consciousness.

X

Unconditioned, immutable, changeless, untamed, amoral, lawless,
Unburdened, nameless, imperishable, timeless, formless,
Eternal, sovereign, total, absolute, supreme.
Apt descriptions of those rare few
Who discern and reside in the immortal origin.

XIV

The colluding dreamtime of humanity
Conditions each of us to pretend something
No other manifest life form requires of its kind.
It is very arduous to be free of all claims.

XVI

Stars, planets, and moons traveling from horizon to horizon,
Cycling springs, summers, autumns, and winters,
Clocks you watch, watches you wear,
Calendars whose pages turn and turn again,
Are tricksters in this three-dimensional, illusory weaving.
Time has never truly passed as you have been conditioned to believe.

* * * *

Being born into illusion
Does not mean you must reside there.
You have never been bound by the original separation
But through your conditioned collaboration.

XXII

Nowness, all but done just as soon as it fleetingly happens,
Requires memory to pattern out what it believes occurred.

XXIV

Since the origin of manifest consciousness, humans
Have been raised and patterned in accordance
With the varied responses to geography.
They have played, fought, and mated,
Sought power, fame, and fortune,
Worshipped innumerable idols,
Lived desperately, nobly, and vainly,
Suffered sickness, injury, aging, and death.
To what end the speculations are beyond number,
But ever the source has been the same inscrutable awareness,
Unfathomable, unknowable, impenetrable, timeless, indivisible, omniscient.

* * * *

The way you perceive existence is the way
The winds of time have molded you to perceive it.
It is all subjective projection based on countless circumstances
Which have conditioned the manifest spirit-mind-body identity in time.
Whatever your attitude, whatever your belief on the matter,
No projection is really more true than any other.

* * * *

The fleeting window of this modern time and space
Has offered every excess, every decadence,
On a scale never before experienced
By as many in one era of history.
What have you seen and learned
But that sensory-level experience
Leaves you desolate, angry, weary,
As full of rancor and discontent as ever?
That flame of angst within, if not too deadening,
Can be a catalyst to the discernment of the unconditional.

XXII

Do not equate any groupthink,
No matter how convincingly obstinate and persuasive,
With truth.

XXVI

From genesis to now,
Life's origin to now,
Human evolution to now,
Geographical separation to now,
Technological advancement to now,
Your own mortal birth to now.
Timelines within timelines,
Linear, dualistic, divisive.
Unify them intuitively within.
Eternity is ever the timeless nowness.

XXVII

What is there to be but what you already are?
How can fruit know what it is to ripen?
Caterpillars to fly? Buds to flower?
Any pattern to reach maturation,
But through faith in nowness
That isness will ever be so.

XXIX

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

XXX

Reincarnation is the moment-to-moment fabrication of the identity you imagine you are.

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of god or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain

the greatest vision are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the drama to which all are witness. It is a vision so infinite as to include each and every one of us, along with all the other myriad life forms across the planet, as its source.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective delusional ignorance, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following insincere leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, greedy, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline as true human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures great and small, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am to which mystics across the world throughout time point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough to see that

ethereal thing called truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes.

M

Got God?

Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every drama imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind, the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo though the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is source to all creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything from the smallest particle of an atom to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as seen through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning

garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements are born of the illusion of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of awareness, of Self, witness to the reality and unreality, the irony and paradox of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world and the inherent rights of all creatures small to great. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

One

Discern the indivisible awareness prior to all attributes,
All genders, all languages, all ideologies, all creeds, all geographies,
All families, all friends, all acquaintances, all antagonists,
All anything, all everything, under any given sun.
Discern that which is solely awareness,
Unblemished by any perception
Born of conscious design,
Mortal or otherwise.

2

No religion, no creed, no dogma in this world, or any other, speaks for that which is god.
They are all like blind men arguing over their limited perceptions of the elephant.
The dream is ever a mystery; none have ever owned it, and none ever will.

* * * *

The human paradigm is nothing more than a game of pretend,
A brief, mortal epic of seed lines strung like pearls
Through a theater of consciousness.
And you, solitary witness
To every possibility under the sun.

* * * *

The endless permutations of nature-nurture,
Of culture, of creed, of politics, of economics, of anything,
Are without conclusion, yet ever born, ever sculpted,
Of the same imaginary distillation of mind.

3

To learn from history is one thing, to allow the past to dominate the present, another.
Every generation must play the hand they are dealt in the time they are allotted.
Your ancestors had their time, you have yours, your progeny will have theirs.
The traditions, the patterns, that worked at one point may not in another.
To grapple with the present with a mind that is present is the highest order.

4

Our kind seems headed
Toward an unprecedented cataclysm,
And in the grand schema of things, does it really matter?
Each of us answers that eternal question in the way we carry out our daily lives,
But it is synergistically that the dice are cast and futures told.
So down the fated river we bob and weave,
All alone, all together,
Players in the history of mind.

5

It is really all about patterns within patterns within patterns.
Infinitesimal, miniscule, tiny, small, medium, large,
Huge, immense, practically infinite patterns.
Patterns of all the swirling elements,
Of earth, air, water and fire,
All grandly, indivisibly woven together
Within the infinite quantum-ether-hologram-matrix.
Everything dancing its rendering of Self away,
From every little way unto the greatest.

* * * *

What is existence but an entirely imagined script,
A genetic lottery in which no one has ever had any choice, any voice,
In the body they are given … in their family, ethnicity, gender, constitution, mental acuity,
Geography, culture, caste, creed, socio-economic level, language, education,
And the capacities and limitations all variables together play out.
To assert any have even a mere sliver of free will
Is in itself a very dubious claim.

6

You might think thwacking someone over the noggin with reality
Would at some point, somehow, break through the barricaded fortress keep.
But consciousness steeped in conditioning, indoctrination, mind control, brainwashing,
Clings to any given delusion with beyond-the-pale resiliency.
What galvanizes some to wake up, and others
To go to their graves asleep,
Is a query to which
Only speculation has answer.

9

Your proud, relatively brief mortal existence is naught but an infinitesimal scratch on a linear timeline
Born of an immeasurable mystery, by whatever metaphor you might choose to describe it:
Creation, genesis, big bang, or turtles all the way down, turtles all the way up.
Stardust playing out a paradigm invoked by the happenstance of human consciousness.

13

The dreamy, romantic, clueless, quixotic, idealist might like to assume
The dark age that will be setting its shadow upon this world
Cannot help but recalibrate human consciousness
Into some sort of transcendent paradigm.
But that supposes, of course,
A shift in the genetic make-up, as well.
Which is, indeed, an inspiring leap of imagination.

* * * *

Dystopian future?
Perhaps you have not noticed,
But are we not already a ways down the trail?
A rape and pillage paradigm cannot rape and pillage forever.

18

Nothing can fundamentally change
As long as the one percent and their brethren
Decline to take much greater responsibility on a global level.
A profound awakening to a vision of the true nature
Is the reformation the future requires.
No real paradigm shift
Is remotely possible without it.

19

Probably relatively few
Would harm those they know and love,
Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, friends, acquaintances,
So how is it so many so willingly murder, rape, or plunder complete strangers?
How is it the monkey-mind cannot seem to transcend
Its tribal beginnings?

* * * *

The human drama is really founded upon
A monkey-mind, a larynx, opposable thumbs,
And a seemingly endless capacity for tool-making,
The sum of which wreak havoc upon the world
And its myriad creatures great and small.

* * * *

All organized religions, cults, sects, creeds,
Are really about dogma, limitation,
One groupthink or another.
Even in a large gathering,
Real religion is a solitary act,
Unfolding each and every moment,
Unattached, without any care, any concern.

* * * *

Whatever game-changing events are unfolding in the human paradigm
Have nothing to do with any convoluted dogmatic assertions.
Just good old biology doing what it has always done
Until it reaches a limitation, a boundary
That stops it in its tracks,
And sets the course a new direction.

22

The body is the sanctuary, the temple, the portal in which awareness resides.
It is ever-changing, replete with every sort of irregularity, and fated to one day dissolve.
But for a relatively brief perception of time, always within the unending moment,
There is the opportunity for the temporal consciousness, the dream weaver,
To play out whatever capacity and limitation and inclination allow.

25

You must ultimately discern that which is unconditional entirely alone.
There are as many ways to get there as there are minds pursuing it,
But it is you who must quest in solitude across the panorama,
Until the truth of it, within and without, becomes apparent.
Success is not guaranteed, and the brass ring easily misplaced.

26

Just because the genetic lottery cast you
Into a particular geography,
Culture, race, creed, politic, et cetera,
Does not mean you must forever abide the inanity,
The parochial limitations, any given mindset inevitably inspires.

29

We may all be one at the indivisible quantum level,
But we are all still bound by the limitations of the mortal dream;
Confined in a container whose primary directive is to play the monkey-mind.
Some may completely give themselves over to perpetual agape,
But for most it is ever a moment-to-moment challenge
To resist all the passions mortal fare offers.

* * * *

Eternity is awareness now.
Time is the wake of memory.
The future is all possible paths.
Free will looking forward,
Fate looking back.

30

Perhaps humankind will someday awaken when all its memes,
All its idolatries, all its imagined deities, have failed them one too many times.
But, then again, probably not, given that the monkey-mind genome
Is so easily compromised by every sort of delusion.

32

There is nothing to which to worship or plead, really.
Here you are, the indivisible, trapped in a body, all alone,
Dreaming out the unfolding collusion of the human paradigm.
All religion is founded upon the ignorance of this fundamental fact.

34

What is not to appreciate about the reality, that That from which you are created,
Is absolutely indifferent to your vain pretense of an existence.
Oblivion is the destiny of all creations.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

What is emancipation but a quality of mind
Free of any and all encumbrances, any and all notions.
Unfurl your essential, unconditional sovereignty
Into the stillness of untainted awareness.

38

Put aside the filter within your cluttered mind,
Discern directly whatever is before you.
It is your narrative of the world,
Your story of the universe.
Witness it as clearly and simply
As the given conditioned mind allows.

40

Any given religion was once a cult.
And every cult was a fabrication,
Founded on a pack of assumptions,
Likely concocted by a charismatic persona,
Willingly accepted by a small group prone to following,
Who conditioned their progeny to believe with little or no question.
And voilà, yet another organized religion is born,
To brew what havoc it surely does.
All too predictable.

* * * *

The ultimate reality is that each and every one of us
Has the opportunity to discern the mystery we all equally are.
But the conditioning, the mindsets, the traditions, the dogmas, the memes,
The identification of consciousness with the mind, the heart, the body, the world, the universe,
Have humankind locked in a stranglehold entirely of its own imaginary creation.
We are on a sure an unwavering course toward self-destruction,
A unfolding well beyond the point of no return.
What will come of it is the pulp of dystopian fiction.

41

What will it be like to never have to bother
About this human or any other mortal condition ever again?
No meaning, no purpose, no desire, no fear, no pain, no suffering, no ego, no vanity.
No physical, no mental, no emotional concerns one way or another.
Nirvana, serenity, bliss, call it what you will,
Just die to it all now.

45

What is the word “love” but a sound,
A sentimental concept, a neurological condition,
An exclusively temporal human fabrication
Projected upon an indifferent universe.

46

The monkey-mind festers in its vain intolerance of any difference it cannot abide.
The wisdom of insecurity in the indivisibility of all things
Is the abode of the rare few.

49

What can the tabula rasa know of original sin
Until the neuron trail is packed full
Of monkey-mind blather?

50

The three vanities: power, fame, fortune,
About which the human paradigm has,
Since its rise in the jungle, revolved.

54

How many times have you given heart and mind
To one thing or another, only to watch it all go badly?
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all really only the dream of god.
Some get a pleasant reverie,
Others a dark nightmare.
Discern the greatest context,
And be content, at peace, in grace,
That it was your undeserving fate to play it so.

56

"Supreme Being" is being in the most
Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent way.
It is less about some imaginary, personal divinity
Than the absoluteness of pure, unadulterated awareness.
Love is the indivisible, unconditional, impersonal indifference.

57

That which we call god is the quantum essence which is never born and can never die.
But if there were a personalized supreme divinity that so many have imagined,
He, she, it – or whatever – would more than likely be bored to tears
Having to daily endure the ceaselessly predictable inanities
Of our two-legged, thumb-wagging, tool-making, monkey-mind kind,
And the ongoing devastation of what is very likely one of eternity's greatest creations.

* * * *

All of us doing whatever it is we want to do,
Well, that is the human paradigm in a nutshell.

* * * *

The set and costumes change,
But the monkey-mind stays the same.
If it is some sort of paradigm shift you pursue,
It can only manifest in your mind, and your mind alone.
Be whatever change you wish the world to be.

58

We are all given different destinies
Through which we may discern
The truth of our common essence,
If we leverage the mettle and veracity.

59

You see only see what you perceive.
You see only see what you know.
You see only see what you believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.

60

History has never repeated itself.
It merely recycles the same patterns.

61

Once a placid, winding river,
The roar of the falls is now very near,
And sounding nearer each and every moment.
Who will survive the chaotic mayhem
In the harsh rocks below?
Who will journey
The waterway of history
Beyond the coming Great Fall,
And what stories will their destinies tell?

* * * *

Who will be the last historian,
The last chronicler of the human paradigm?
Who will be the last to discern, to set down all that has passed
Since the first recording of humanity's dream?

* * * *

Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms,
Gauges of undiscernable proportion dancing in the froth of consciousness,
Flowing about this spinning jacuzzi with all the other bubbles,
Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms.

63

To catch the hungry monkey,
The coconut is baited for desire.
The searching hand goes so easily in,
But will not come out with the fisted delight.
The treat will quickly bring about death
Unless the frantic creature discerns
The paradigm of the open hand
Is freedom's curious irony.

64

You need not participate in any mindset, any groupthink, large or small.
Cleanse your mind, your awareness, of all memes, all inventions, all fictions,
All inventions fashioned in imagination’s endless array of absurd notions.
Stand alone, and be as inwardly free as the day before you were born.

65

The foundation of any religious groupthink is one dogma or another,
All for the longing for something that is not, never was, and will never be.
It requires a timeless mind to discern the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

67

Why would anyone look to the geocentric,
Ethnocentric, mythological, superstitious rationalizations
Of mindsets forged thousands of years ago in fear, in ignorance, in delusion,
Over the verifiable observations of the true scientist.
You, scientist.

69

For any given life whose destiny it is
To awaken to the infinite, indivisible nature,
The universe woven together by the mind and senses
Is merely a means to the ending of time.

70

Awareness is not a belief system.
It is that which is prior to consciousness
And requires nothing but unconditional attention
For you to be both its master and servant.

71

However you manifest is a unique outcome of the patterns of the elemental nature.
The existence you play out creates the lessons from which you must learn.
There is no use envying another's providence or decrying your own.
In the final analysis, they are all of the same beginning,
And inevitably diminish into the same end.

72

A wealthy life is having the health, the means, the spirit,
To do whatever the mystery-given capacities and limitations allow.
Your destiny is already written in the dusty sands of time.
You just have to every moment scrawl it out
In whatever way you will.

75

We are likely fulfilling the ancient prophecies
Because we have not yet discerned that "me, myself and I,"
Is ultimately an extremely dysfunctional paradigm for our continued survival.

76

Until that last wheezing breath,
You will have the opportunity to play out,
With whatever courage you have the capacity to muster,
The worldly fate for which you were born, and perhaps, just perhaps,
Even find more than a smidgen of contentment before its most certain mortal conclusion.

* * * *

Why even for a moment think
About struggling to be like everyone else?
To constantly try to blend in with any groupthink,
Kowtow to any tradition, imitate any mindset, abide any meme,
What complete and utter absurdity to wallow in the quagmire of herd instinct.

77

What is this impenetrable mystery that is called divine.
By many names, many sounds, many vibrations,
But the enigma of pure, indelible awareness,
The immeasurable prior to consciousness,
The indivisible, inscrutable presence,
The oblivion before all patterns,
The stillness before all time,
The soul of all creation.

79

Rome is but an idea, as is every nation-state before and since.
The same is true for any grouping caught up in the process of identification.
All are merely patterns, habits, imitations, copies, memes,
To which conditioned the monkey-mind
Cannot help but subscribe.

82

What is called evil is merely consciousness
Twisted by the elements into one harsh mindset or another.
Some hold to the inherent innocence,
And some do not.

* * * *

It is a harsh, even cruel truth, that the little folk,
Who have no real say in anything, are so often forced to suffer,
While those who are truly responsible remain unknown, untouchable, unconcerned.
It is the way it has always been in this abrasive, absurd little theater,
And the way it is will not likely be changing anytime soon.
Even those who survive the inevitable Great Fall,
Will probably re-fashion this scarred world
In the same petty win-lose paradigm
To which our two-legged genre
Has from its puddle origin subscribed.

87

So many are crushed and twisted by their lives,
While others traverse unscathed by even the most bitter fates.
Who can more than speculate why or why not?

* * * *

It is not some imagined god or great fiend
Who can be blamed for the hells of human concoction.
It is self-absorption that is the driving force of the entire human condition.
It is pride that has manifested the innumerable horrors
We have all together contrived.

89

Identity is born of the patterning of nature and nurture.
What you truly are is prior to all patterns, all designs,
All infatuations invented by any play of imagination.

90

The world in which each of us is comfortable
Is the world each of us calls normal.
It i a monkey-mind thing.

93

So, you win your little revolution, what will you really do differently?
Your mindset remains untouched; the vanities of power, wealth, fame, still rule.
Personas come and go, political correctness modifies, ever-changing cultures rise and fall,
But the central mindset remains unaltered, patterns evolved long ago still reign.
The only significant paradigm shift, the only profound revolution,
Would be in the dreamtime of consciousness itself,
And, ultimately, ironically, paradoxically, poignantly,
Even that would be no more than a temporal phenomenon.

* * * *

The evolutionary mind, the mind wrought in jungles and plains,
Ever pursues a sense of security, a consistency, an orderliness, a refuge.
How that quest for well-being manifests is the defining force of the human condition.

94

Regarding cheerleading for the human paradigm's future,
We are likely well beyond the point of no return.
The game once afoot is now asunder.

96

Those capable of thinking outside their box well know its every nook and cranny.
Every frame of reference inflates from one nature-nurture origin or another.

99

Every seer taps into the unknown
With a filtered, incomplete frame of reference,
And thus dogma and its seemingly countless mischiefs take root.
Ever a cautionary tale.

103

What makes anyone really believe some deity born of their imagination
Truly wants this inane monkey-mind absurdity to continue?
A bad joke, a cruel hoax, a meaningless dream,
For which the only outcome is ruin.

105

So many wandering here and there,
Seeking out others to accept, even embrace
Their endless monkey-mind vanities.

110

Your fate is already assured.
You just have to play it out.

111

Sit quietly, move silently, watch closely,
Be as inwardly still as a calm, windless day,
And you will be the harvest of your temporal fate.

114

Those to whom unconditional freedom is the highest calling,
Are likely nearest to discerning the all-encompassing nature.

* * * *

You never know what the Fates have in store.
Best be ready for anything dreamtime allows.

117

Ensnared in a dream of time and space,
You must wander a maze that does not really exist,
And endure whatever fate it has in store.

118

Monkeys and their many trials, their many fates.
We must all reconcile to one branch or another.

* * * *

There is ultimately but one destiny,
And it is everything and nothing.

121

Why be bound by the limitations
Of the frame of reference of any other
When you are truly beyond all.

123

Every life form is shaped, wrought, conditioned, molded, sculpted,
By the ceaseless dynamic of its interweaving nature-nurture.
Ever an epic adventure, however long, however short.

* * * *

If Jesus was somehow to return,
And tell his followers they had gotten it all wrong,
Should they, would they, could they, even listen, much less change?
And would he suffer the same agony at their intolerant hands,
As he did in the explicitly painful, original production?
Assuming it really, even happened, of course.

124

Vanity's only destiny is a brief echo in the abyss of oblivion.

127

There is a great emptiness, a great solitude, a great silence,
Waiting within when you are finished with all the noise of the world,
Playing its repetitive, hollow recording over and over in the monkey-mind head.

128

Fate is as fate does.

130

It is the same old patterns played out ever again since humankind
Came down from the branches, and wandered out across the world.

* * * *

No one can truly see the real You,
Nor can You truly see your Self.
It is your fate to play it all so,
Again and again, ever again.

132

History has never once repeated itself.
It is patterns that play out over and over again
Across every time, every geography.

133

We are all addicts to the patterns
Through which we daily wander.

141

If your concept of god does not incorporate you as more than a sheep,
To be herded to and fro in some groupthink-follower-collective,
Then perhaps you need to incite some serious doubting
For a very up-the-ante-worldview-change-up.
Slap your Self, so to speak, very hard.

144

Path? What path?
Journey? What journey?
Fate? What fate?

145

For what, exactly, are you hoping?
Power? Fame? Fortune? Security? … Immortality?
You already have so much: life, awareness, health, food, air, water …
As austere as it may sound, the things often taken for granted are truly your greatest wealth.
After all, you only abide this manifest play for as long as mortal fate allows.
Try not to squander its brief window of beingness too lightly.

146

The human paradigm has become so yawn.

149

What a challenging thing
Not to be drawn again and again and again
Into the human paradigm and its incessant, raucous cacophony,
All its cares and woes, all its troubles and bothers,
All its confusion and disharmony.

151

The monkey-mind races madly for the edge
Of the terra firma's petri dish.
Biology will out.

152

The mind, with all its patterns, is like a clenched fist
Unable to let loose whatever attachments it fosters.

* * * *

We are all of the same mystery, the same eternal Soul,
But the character, the personality, the identity,
Wears the cloak of whatever illusory dream
The given nature-nurture has spawned.
Nothing about which to be inflated, really.

155

To be born is to stream a so-called life,
A so-called fate, a so-called death,
A dream, unborn all the while.

158

Is what we call growing up
Really any more
Than firing up the imagination
Into one nature-nurture caricature or another?

159

This too shall pass.
Everything does and forever will.
'Tis the fate of stardust.

165

The stage onto which you are born
Shapes this brief, mortal, time-bound play.
Anatomy is destiny, character is fate.

166

You will play out whatever fate the quantum matrix has allotted.
Whatever genetic lottery has been formulated, whatever stage has been erected,
Whatever dice have been rolled, whatever hand has been dealt.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

169

Conditioning, indoctrination, brainwashing, whatever it may be called,
When anyone gets told anything enough, it is pretty hard,
If not impossible, to ever un-believe it.

174

Fate often seems designed keep you entranced,
To make you suffer in ways beyond counting.
Far easier to master the world than your Self.

175

The belief in one idol or another is certainly the easier row to hoe,
But for those whose fate it is to discern the truth,
There is no other course
But to delve deeply, remorselessly within.

* * * *

Lend heart, money and things to friends and family
If you hanker to unconditionally, passionately experience
The greatest sense of unfathomable betrayal and inner struggle.

183

Consciousness is stagnating into memes of its own invention.
All are petrified mindsets, groupthink, propaganda,
Which can only magnify the disharmony
Over imagined differences.

185

You will play out your dream as you are most inclined.
It will seem like free will at the time,
And fate looking back.

* * * *

How still can you be, for how long?
The monkey-mind, in its monkey body,
Is incorrigibly perseverant, to say the least.

188

Just say no to scriptures, dogmas, idolatry, crystal basilicas, dress codes,
All the absurd belief systems born of the conditioned mind.
You are it, it is you, plain and simple, absolute.
The one and only house of godness
Is the awareness within,
Sovereign, indivisible, complete.

189

How does it feel to fathom
That you are just another shuffle
In the random genetic lottery of eternity.
Do you choose your dance, or merely succumb
To whatever paradigm the given nature has thrown you?
A speculative adventure from the get-go.

191

There are those whose destiny it is to create
What everyone else mimics and regurgitates.

193

Your dream will carry on as all dreams do.
Oblivion is the nonexistent fate of all.

195

The only difference between a sage and anyone else
Is a talent for stepping back and observing
The monkey-mind from within.

197

Serenity is just too much for most monkey-minds to bear,
Without pushing over one apple cart or another
Just to create a little wanton drama.

199

With every birth great to small, the mystery gets a new set of eyes,
A new reflection, a new paradigm, a new universe,
From which to witness creation.

201

Gurus in the traditional oral sense
Are no longer necessary the way they once were.
Penned thoughts are enough for those
Whose fate it is to awaken.

202

No one can aid anyone else in being truly happy or content.
Each is entirely on their own in discerning that which is eternal,
And it is more than a little unlikely that anyone can ever truly manage
The given monkey-mind unperturbed every single moment.

203

Once you accept the premise that you exist,
The belief that you are a body, the notion that you are this or that,
You are fated to play out whatever manifest context,
Whatever blend of agony and ecstasy,
Has you in its fell grip.

* * * *

We all have the same monkey-mind,
But for whatever reason, some are able to pull back
And meticulously examine the unknown all creation has in common.
It is, indeed, a mystery beyond the pale of any reckoning.

204

No use bothering about or worrying
That you are going to suffer,
That you are going to die.
Such is existence, and so it goes.
The destiny for all, in one fashion or another.
But the good news is that it will not be the real you dying.
Just another temporal apparition falling beneath
The wheel of creation and destruction.

205

Death only means an individual existence is all said and done.
But no life form can ever even know what is done is done
Because consciousness requires some sort of form,
Some sort of sensory-awareness receiving unit,
Able to perceive whatever ethereal dream
Those whimsical fates have in store.

206

Discernment of Self has nothing to do with station or caste.
Some are high born, some low, some middle.
There is no limit put upon
Those destined
To discern That I Am.
Do not be waylaid by the vanity
Of those who manipulate your subjugation
To the twisting corruptions of their self-absorbed wills.

207

Every mind its own shifting quagmire of heaven and hell,
Based on a frame of reference ever born of imagination.

* * * *

In the times that are quickly advancing from the horizon toward us all,
Things across the globe will deteriorate and renew in every imaginable way,
From chaos to cooperation, from absurdity to sensibility, from agony to ecstasy,
As this world, fragmented by human pride, downshifts into a paradigm of a lesser way.
No one born into it can evade it, no one born into it can do anything but abide it.

208

Whatever intelligence is manifested through you is the synergy of the mind-body-spirit's
Many experiences, many adventures, many victories, many defeats, many ecstasies, many agonies.
We all enact unique facets of the same monkey-mind, and likely all look back in wonder
At whatever trail we have wandered in our journey through the mortal faire.

* * * *

The scribe knows what is being written, but what are you reading?
The speaker knows what is being spoken, but what are you hearing?
Everything you see, touch, hear, feel, smell is but an arbitrary translation
Of the subjective nature-nurture mind-body in which the awareness dwells,
The witness before which creation is filtered through the caprice of imagination.
The observer is the never the observed, the observed is never the observer.
True objectivity is an impossible ideal, an unreachable brass ring,
Which even science can never more than pretend to attain.

209

Despite all the many different languages and cultures across the world,
What, really, is the likelihood that almost every single conversation
Is not essentially a derivative of the same human paradigm?

210

Yes, you will forget this, too.
Oblivion is the fate of all.

215

A species strung out on its conditioning.

219

It is the fate of ignorance to ever dig deeper its rutted road.

221

Your destiny is wrought by what you value enough to give your time.

222

Every form has a fate to which it is inexorably linked.

* * * *

Clueless looking forward, fate looking back.

224

No one changes their destiny; all only play it out.

226

How wearing this passionate monkey-mind.

231

We are all but pawns of the genetic lottery
And the winds of consciousness into which we are cast.
Call it what you will: fate, destiny, kismet, fortune, providence, karma,
In the grand matrix of it all, you are but a quantum twinkle.

232

A re-alignment of the human paradigm is inevitable.
The only important questions are where you, your progeny,
Your friends, and your community, will be,
When the inevitable comes about.
As Charles Darwin wrote:
It is not the strongest
of the species that survives,
nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change.

236

Few spiritual inquiries stray
Far beyond the given fairytale.
Early conditioning molds us all.

241

And the eighth day passed.
The garden had been thoroughly trashed.
Humankind – lost, dazed, confused – blind to its fate,
Wandered about the dystopian wasteland of its bittersweet handiwork.
Into the dawn of the ninth day, the day of the inevitable reckoning, what would transpire?
Complete and utter chaos and destruction? Oblivion of consciousness?
Or the reformation of the monkey-mind paradigm?
Would that there were a time machine
To witness the play's inevitable conclusion.

242

Another day witnessing the monkey-mind play itself out.
Mass delusion and insanity on a worldwide scale.
No doubt any aliens watching us have plans
To keep the contagion from spreading.

* * * *

The fruit does not fall far from the tree.
The monkey-mind does not wander far from the jungle.

243

How differently would you see anyone
Were you to view the inner video of their life?
All the nature-nurture winds that molded their existence
Would certainly inspire compassion for all
In all but the hardest hearts.

244

If you cannot examine the universe in your mind,
Then your destiny is just one conditioned journey or another,
Dictated by the history, the make-believe, in which you have been steeped.

246

From the now so-long-ago entry into this dream world,
You have been conditioned to believe so many things truly matter,
And have gradually discerned many of them, if not all,
To indeed be very dubious assumptions.
Where to now, Pilgrim,
Now that doubt is your filament?

* * * *

Every sage across the world, across time,
Utilizes the language, the geographic assumption,
The frame of reference from which s/he hails.
So many ways to say the same thing.

247

Every destiny happens of its own mysterious accord.
All are written in the sands of imagination.
Some stay a while, maybe longer.
Some slip into oblivion,
Never to be seen
Or heard from again.
C'est la vie and so it goes.

248

Some are blessed, though many might argue cursed,
With a sense of doubt, with a capacity for irony and paradox,
With a skeptical wit that gradually transports them
Into a transcendent, indivisible state.
It is a rare destiny, this return to wonder,
To which all are beckoned, but few are chosen.

* * * *

There is no other side, other than in the endless intrigues of parasites,
Vampiring the treasure of the meek, destined only to inherit the earth.

249

Cannot stop fate … it is already written.
You just need to reach the last page
In a book without conclusion.

252

Around and within awareness, a food body is created,
And for a brief duration it witnesses Self
Through a tentative lens
Of whatever consciousness
The nature-nurture dream allows.

257

Considering that you feel all but done after just one rather fleeting dreamtime of a lifetime,
If there is some sort of supreme deity of an omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent nature,
How beyond-the-pale weary it must be having to witness the human paradigm for eons.

264

Cast into the whimsical winds of time,
You discern your subjective personal universe
As the biological imperative of the genetic lottery ordains.
Such is the nature-nurture of free will.
Best wishes, Pilgrim.

* * * *

The human paradigm is a ceaseless array of stories of every sort.
Perceptions, all partial, incomplete, steeped in the ephemeral well of imagination,
Is not everything more than a little hackneyed, more than a little passé at this point in the human epic?
Have not we done everything all but inconceivable times beyond counting?

265

Others make it possible to explore, to sightsee mindsets
Outside your limitations, beyond your boundaries,
From the security of your couch, so to speak.
We are all really just voyeurs, onlookers,
Rubber-necking every which way,
Some consciously, some not.

* * * *

The way is simple.
No priesthood, no followers, no doctrine,
No edifices, no dress codes, no symbols, no tithing, no groupthink,
No oppression, no burden, no bondage, no encumbrance, no annoyance, no yoke whatsoever.

267

Political correctness is really any given monkey-mind
Molding others to an acceptable, comfortable limitation.

* * * *

What impetuous fire there is in youth.
The exuberance, the innocence, the arrogance, the folly.
Curious how life's passing gradually tempers, even dampens, the many passions,
As the uncarved block, the a priori, is gradually whittled into destiny.

268

Just more inane dogma in a world
Already seething with endless monkey-mind blather.
So many telling others what they should believe, how they should exist.
Just walk away from it, put behind you all those who would limit
Your every thought, your every step, your every breath.
Live boldly, be the freedom you were born to be.

270

Eden, such a wondrous, magical gift, a garden extraordinaire.
Yet, given everything, the monkey-minds still wanted more.

* * * *

What is the universe but the same quantum dust
Spinning ceaseless patterns of every magnitude.

272

The monkey-mind, a never-ending jungle.

279

Awareness has no name, no attributes, and is aligned with no mindset.

287

Every life form ever manifested
Is doing, has done, will do,
With its brief existence,
Whatever fate has allotted.

290

Existence is all about whatever distractions the given fate calls into play.

297

The monkey-mind, irrational from its inception.

301

Your world, your universe is your quantum teacher,
And it seems it will offer whatever you are fated to experience,
And perchance whatever it is you are equipped to learn.
Who, what, where, when, why, is anyone's guess.

* * * *

Just because you have behaved some set way all your life,
Does not mean you must awaken to the same today, or ever again.
Transcending the mind, the conditioning, the meme is always an option.

303

How can it be anything more than streaming sensation?
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin,
Are nothing more than nerve endings channeling into the brain,
Which every moment imagines a conditioned translation of what you call the universe.
A solitary dream of consciousness, awareness playing its Self real,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

304

Whether or not you discern what this eye discerns,
Depends entirely upon whether or not it is your destiny to see.
All those whose fate it is not have a world full of idols,
With all their middlemen, from which to choose.

* * * *

The entire religious/spiritual game is just that, a game,
Artificial diversions fabricated by others
For monkey-minded purpose.
There is only you,
And no other is required
To fully apprehend and appreciate
The mystery of every moment's eternal passing.

307

Re-establishing a guardianship relationship with nature
Will likely prove to be the overriding imperative
For the unenviable future we are together creating.
Assuming, of course, any survive to alter the paradigm.

309

You cannot open a door that will not open,
No matter your deepest yearning that it would be so.
Nor can you help but wander through one that seamlessly yawns.
Fate is as fate does.

310

Sodom and Gomorrah arise anew in every epoch, in every geography.
It is the outcome of the monkey-mind's hedonistic nature.
Few move beyond the biological imperative,
And those who do not
Succumb to one consequence or another.

311

We are a species destined for a relatively quick decline, if not extinction,
For our scarcity of right relationship to the rules of engagement
Orchestrated by the game board's divine natural order.

* * * *

As seen from perhaps the darkest before-the-storm points in human history,
Given the nature of our kind, is it even at all possible, that an enlightened paradigm
Might, like the fabled phoenix of mythical origin, rise up from the debris?
Away from the busy din, idealistic notions are so easily spun.

316

Perception is always such a muddy-waters thing
Because the input of the senses is whittled down so thoroughly
By the filtration process as it wanders through the patterning of the given mind.
Conditioning is the weaver of all dreams.

332

What paradigm, what frame of reference, can ever encompass you?

333

Though there is absolutely no requisite
For any moment to be played out any particular way,
Every form performs its destiny according to the given conditioning.
So though someone could do perhaps do anything conceivable in the quantum sense,
Free will is an illusion, and all will journey through whatever fate their form,
Their capacity and limitation, their blend of desire and fear, allows.
For anyone to do something entirely out of character
Really just means it was in their character from the get-go.

* * * *

Think you cannot at all get along without someone or something?
Oh, you will, my fine friend, rest assured you will, indeed,
Whether voluntarily, or from your cold, lifeless hands,
Absolutely everyone and everything will cease to exist as you do
When this magical mystery tour of a dream reaches its most certain conclusion.
Consciousness is but a temporal state requiring a vessel of some sort in which to play out.
The promises of everlasting life, of access to one deity or another, will always prove but empty and vain.
And of what is called rebirth, it is not some individual persona, but the essence that all things are,
And that quantum "you-ness" born anew will blow in the nature-nurture winds of its time,
Experiencing many things, always with very much the same awareness within all.

336

Everything you see, hear, touch, taste, and feel is but a projection of consciousness.
The Great Quantum will play out whatever theater you are conditioned to discern.

339

It is not the will of some deity, but your own that plays out its fate
Timelessly perceived within and without by the dispassionate witness.

340

Do not all stories have a certain predictability about them?
Same old monkey-mind plots drawn up with different characters and sets,
Different languages and costumes, different this, different that,
All ultimately merely tributaries of consciousness
Racing in time back into the eternal,
From which all arise.

341

Every sexually reproductive species has its evolutionary partnership between genders.
In the human paradigm, males hunted and fished and farmed, protected the perimeter, provided the seed.
Females attended the village, bore and nurtured the young, passed on the culture.
Adapting these ancient patternings so long in the making
To a world seething in disassociation
Is a the challenge for the future ever-now unfolding.

* * * *

We cannot all be here at the same time.
If we wish for this garden to sustain our kind,
And all the other myriad life forms it has given rise to,
We must very swiftly move toward a more rational paradigm.
If it really does not matter, which is obviously the case,
Then party on, and hope it will just be your progeny
Who will endure the inevitable consequences.

344

What other choice was there, really?
Like it or not, fate draws you
To your inevitable mortal conclusion.
You cannot change anything without it ever being
What has already been long ago written upon the sands of time.

346

Save a world that cannot be saved, or souls that can never be lost?
Such meaningless games our kind over and over so predictably plays.
Why on earth should any creation ever fear or deify its source?
Nothing but monkey-mind brew from beginning to end.

350

Life, there is just no choice about it.
Every seed is cast into one fate or another.
Every seed must play out whatever hand is dealt,
Or else conceive a means to fall on one sword or another.

* * * *

Who knows what incredible mysteries may reside
On other worlds, in other dimensions of this vast quantum matrix?
You must rely on your own frame of reference to hypothesize all possibilities possible,
Yet how can any ever be anything but you, whatever the guise?

352

How inane and absurd it all at some point becomes.
We prattle endlessly about truth, stillness, love, justice, and on and on.
But to remain in that state every moment is for most very challenging, very unlikely, indeed.
The monkey-mind is ever an enthralling thunder and lightning show
To which death is really the only antidote.

355

All creatures great and small are born of the same indivisible mystery.
All are fated never to see more than reflections of their own faces.

* * * *

Ignorance, stupidity, avarice, entitlement, and hate,
Ever at odds with intelligence, enlightenment, generosity and love.
Another day, same predictable, maddening paradigm.

357

How fortunate those whose destiny it is to attain virtuosity in one realm or another.
Only just less fortunate are those who can appreciate the virtuosity of every realm.

* * * *

Is there any greater curiosity than how absurdity has become
Such a dominant reality in the evolution of the monkey-mind.

* * * *

All translation must be observed with a dubious, discerning eye,
Especially the interpreter, the sorter, the filter, in your own inured mind.
Everything you perceive translates through the biases of your frame of reference:
Entirely subjective, entirely slanted, entirely unique, entirely idiosyncratic, entirely alone.
Step back from your conditioning, and realize from the dispassionate view of the quantum matrix,
That your entire existence from womb to grave is all nothing more than the huff and puff of imagination.

358

No destiny can be changed.
No fate can be avoided.
All are merely played out
As nature and nurture sculpt.
All are written, and yet to be written.

360

For memes to let loose their rigid grip
Would require a revolutionary paradigm shift
Seemingly well beyond the monkey-mind's capacity.
In the eternal struggle between intelligence and ignorance,
It is not rocket science to predict which mindset will likely win out.

362

Kill off little self however you will.
The awareness is indifferent
To all manner of fates.

365

It is all make-believe, a game of pretend, a lie to which most subscribe.
Every mind wraps around one security blanket or another
To hold fast to its imaginary, sensory reality.
Those whose fate it is to awaken,
See it for what it is,
And in time,
Make their way home.

* * * *

Whatever the destiny, the endgame
Is inevitably enforced by the same Reaper.
Ain't nobody gets to either heaven or hell alive,
And the same is to be said for karmic silliness, as well.

367

What might you be doing with your existence
If you had not somehow taken the road less traveled?
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.

371

So … so … so … monkey-mind.

375

Yet another intriguing nuance to the universe,
The world, the human condition.
Yawn, ho-hum.

* * * *

The very curious thing about so many organized religions
Is they truly believe theirs is the only true religion,
And that their true god will favor only them,
And will cast everyone else into hell.
Groupthink is groupthink,
No matter the flavor of the Kool Aid.

376

Sometimes the mind become so clear
That it seems you have finally awakened for all eternity.
But then the murkiness of consciousness resumes its conditioned grooves,
And you must once again stumble about the convoluted labyrinth of your own vivid imagination
Until the eternity of every moment breaks through the mists anew.
Perhaps someday you will be stay there.

382

Any fate largely depends
To what end the given persona will go
To appease their hunger, their thirst, their craving,
Their unquenchable, passionate yearning for more, more, more.

383

You want to know the one and only truth?
It is all you, nothing but you, and you absolutely alone.
Now, Pilgrim, sally forth against the many windmills of space and time,
And discover yet again that you are the source, you are Brahman,
If such a dreamy destiny be yours in some future telling.

385

Discerning the infinite truth of your Self
Erases all karma, erases all consequences,
And aligns your dreamtime fate with eternity.

386

How predictable it is for any given monkey-mind
To disparage, to resent, to even hate,
The countless things
Outside its finite frame of reference.

387

What someone said, what somewhat heard,
What are the odds that anyone, no matter how nimble,
Ever really entirely grasps any other's frame of reference spot on?

388

Whatever you do is your fate.
There is no changing it, really.

* * * *

The you, you so earnestly imagine you are,
Is naught but a synergy of everyone and everything
Ever compiled in your brief, very temporal frame of reference.

394

What if humankind transformed its vain paradigm
To something more aligned with the garden,
And all its creatures great and small,
And perhaps even one another.
Everybody, on three: One, Two, Thr …

396

You cannot save anyone from their inevitable fate.
You may play a part, but it is they alone
Who must live out their dream.

* * * *

Call it destiny, fate, kismet, dream,
It is ever ephemeral and time-bound,
And has no lasting nature, whatsoever.
Only that prior to quantum dust has merit.

402

Forget everything.
Dismantle the conditioning,
The attachment to any conceptual weavings.
Become that which has no boundaries,
That which discerns no duality,
No within, no without.
No inner, no outer.
No this, no that.

403

You are but one of a universe chock-full of every sort of pattern,
Playing out its programming, for as long as the given design abides
Its written-in-the-sand destiny, in its transitory slice of time and space.

404

Make awareness the default setting, and Eden reappears,
Although covered with asphalt, cement, fences,
And other patterns of born of mind.

405

Any Auschwitz, any mayhem upon others, is really only the inevitable outcome
Of the torture and genocide we practice on all our other fellow earthlings.
Compassion is a quality of existence initiated in each and every step.
The fate of the many is often bound up in the actions of a few.

411

The virtual reality is a programmed matrix born of an indivisible quantum dynamic,
An intelligent design well beyond the dogmatic reckonings of any monkey-mind.

* * * *

The emotions of human perception are but the wiring of evolutionary origin.
Really nothing more than a temporal mutation in the mammalian paradigm.

412

A woman's affection is often full of limiting terms and conditions,
To which many a male seems genetically programmed to concede.

414

All our imaginary universes are built upon frames of reference.
Each of us can only see, hear, touch, taste, and smell
What minds have been conditioned to know.
The mystery equally contains all.

415

The challenge with fate is not knowing what it is, and having to play it out one moment at a time.

422

It is all about synapses, how many there are, how fast they fire.
The Genetic Lottery is the Wheel of Destiny.

* * * *

So much influence established by mindsets
Whose time in the sun was long ago buried.

423

Faith, hope, love, are but ephemeral concepts born of the monkey-mind,
Bothers born of the wiring of an evolutionary track.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Without any certainty of our fate, we wander forward.
What courage it takes to face and endure each day.

425

Everyone articulates an entirely unique universe
Based on the ceaselessly evolving nature-nurture
Intertwining through the their conscious design.

428

Whether you call it cause and effect,
Karma, fate, kismet, chance, luck, accident,
Consequence, providence, fortune, upshot, lot, result,
Destiny, ordained, designed, predetermined,
All play out in the ever-present now.

428

Group, herd, gaggle, flock, swarm, mass, crowd, throng, rabble, drove, multitude, company,
Host, army, pack, troop, gang, troupe, party, band, bevy, knot, cluster, bunch,
Posse, crew, surge, stream, huddle, school, horde, hive, mob.
So many words describing groupthink.
An instinctual thing; functional until it is not.

429

If it is your fate to discern a larger perspective
Than the given geography allows,
You must exit the cave,
And leave no stone unturned
In the hologram your mind perceives.
And in reality, it may not be at all that necessary
To leave the squalor of the cave, or turn over even one stone.
The only real question is whether or not you want to be free of all constraints.

431

It may all be written in the sands of time,
But it is you who must live it out one unknown at a time.
Free will, such as it is, looking forward,
Fate looking back.

432

The human paradigm is all about consumption.
Consumption of the senses, of the mind,
The ever-unfolding differentiation
Of one thing or another.

435

All religion is unnecessary, pointless, superfluous, gratuitous.
Whether one god or many, not one is real, not one is true.
All are imaginary fabrications, collusions of the monkey-mind.
What dogma or idolatry can there be in the indivisible formlessness?

436

Of the human paradigm, it can generally be said,
"I will care for you in so far as you will care for me."
Love and hate are but capricious flips of any given mind.

437

Everything seems written-in-the-sand after the fact.
Dubious whether there is a meant-to-be about it.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.

441

Have we not seen enough cults to know that every group creates its own mythology
To sustain its groupthink vision, its groupthink vanity, its groupthink raison d'etre.
No need to believe, no need to follow, no need to subscribe to any limited notion.

446

The array of experiences each mind perceives fashions its own future.
One's fate is assured; it cannot be other than what it is.
The ever-shifting sands consume all.

448

Fate is fate.
To think it has ever been at all changed
Is akin to believing going right or left, forward or back, faster or slower,
Really means anything.

* * * *

Do not believe even for a moment
That anything you have ever spoken or written
Will significantly modify or change the human paradigm.
Toying with history is an amusing diversion,
But more than likely futile fare.

* * * *

The monkey-mind is chock-full of irrationality.
Only minds establish upon prudent, disciplined inquiry,
Can have any reasonable likelihood of approaching existence
With some evenhanded measure of rational integration.

450

What are good and evil but different aspects of the same monkey-mind.
Where else in the universe could such absurd notions possibly exist?

452

All these traditions,
All these geographic assumptions,
Vainly vying for supremacy in a world of dreams,
Where all patterns small to great orbit in a vast sea of relativity.

453

You are but a minute speck of this vast conundrum of a universe,
That happened, for whatever speculation might be mustered,
To have been born into this dreamtime as a human being,
Into a particular geography, with a particular mindset,
To which you have likely become far too attached.

454

Memes are cancerous patterns that infuse minds with regurgitated drivel.

* * * *

The Reaper is likely long past laughing at all monkey-mind exertions to avoid the scythe.

455

Any would-be deity that does not include absolutely everything
Is merely mumbo-jumbo born of the half-baked monkey-mind.

456

True meditation is not at all forced,
And no tradition, no scripture, no posture, no symbol,
No dogma, no mantra, no status, no garb, no diet, no gender, no vernacular,
No attribute contrived by the monkey-mind is in any way required to abet its momentary process.
Pure awareness is the source, the baseline, the witness, of all quantum creation.

* * * *

You are so caught up in the sensory dream,
So hypnotized, so conditioned, so brain-washed,
That you believe it all real, you believe it all important.
You believe everything thought, you believe everything felt.
All is vanity, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but,
And it the key to the mind in which you reside.

* * * *

Find your own voice, free of all the conditioning.
Free of the misinformation and disinformation of propaganda.
Free of the indoctrination and habituation of any brain-washing, whatsoever.
It is in there if you have the courage to stand alone against all tides.

457

Political correctness is the great malady of the monkey-mind.

461

Group dynamics are group dynamics, no matter the size or nature.
Really nothing more than tribalistic notions founded in the jungle long ago.
The common denominator of all religions, nation states, families, and high schools.
Just the monkey-mind over and over in different levels of self absorption.
Egocentricity, ethnocentricity, geocentricity, heliocentricity,
Were written into the original DNA source code
Long before the will born of mind
Began plying Darwinian truth to its own ends.

462

The human paradigm is steadily approaching
Its not very appealing decline, if not conclusion.
Kind of a reaching-the-edge-of-the-petri-dish thing.

464

Every one's account of awakeness cannot help but be different,
As are all things that emerge from the ground of consciousness,
Conditioning being such a strong mainstay of its erratic nature.

* * * *

The quantum matrix programming is indivisible,
Indelible, indifferent, inexorable, indissoluble, indefatigable;
Intelligible only through the incisive code-breaking
Of mathematics, art, music, linguistics,
And other paradigms intuited by imagination.

* * * *

The newborn is but simple awareness.
The identity that will gradually in imagination bloom
Will be the mind-body's nature-nurture adaptation to the sensory play.
The means to survive, to endure physically and psychologically,
The dreamtime into which it has been by chance cast.

465

The monkey-mind lays claim to every imaginable choice of behavior.
What rock has not been turned myriad times beyond remembering?

466

All monkey-mind interpretations are but imaginary, subjective, self-absorbed confabulations
Of the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-chronocentric-heliocentric-cosmoscentric kind.

* * * *

All that is gold does not glitter, not all those who wander are lost.
How bothersome great adulation would be for many of those destined to see.
Anonymity, within and without, is an agreeable aspect of the freedom sovereignty brings.

467

Despite the muddle humanity has in every way imaginable made of it,
How can it possibly be that all creation is not fashioned of the same source?
All the creeds ever devised across all eternity cannot negate this one indelible truth:
That the quantum in one is the quantum in all, and the quantum in all is the quantum in one.
No one possesses the ultimate indivisibility any more than anyone or anything else,
Regardless of the incalculable machinations of the undiscerning multitudes
Given over to every imaginable paradigm under any given sun.
Do not be drawn into delusion by the fog of words.
Monkey-see-monkey-do is not bona fide.

* * * *

Most are likely easy targets should anyone want to do them harm.
The challenge in this dreamtime is to either make as few adversaries as possible,
Or to have the wherewithal to build castles and armies great enough to fend off the barbarians.
Not too many actors get to play pharaohs and kings and other warlord roles,
So, most must choose the former as the fickle fates allow.

468

Philosophers, students of existence that they are, ponder anything and everything.
No stone is left unturned as many times as is needed to learn
Whatever it is he/she is born to discern.
We are all seekers seeking out one fate or another.

* * * *

What are you but
A historical collage,
An economic statistic,
An anthropological result,
A psychological adaptation,
A sociological paradigm,
A scientific curiosity.

469

What is this monkey-mind need to identify with things,
To always be describing ourselves in so many ways,
Tagging ourselves as so many this's and that's?
As if all the labels have ever meant anything.

470

Wisdom is the upshot of a great deal of pleasure, a great deal of pain, in every way imaginable.
It is the outcome of having watched patterns over and over enough
To well know their inevitability.

471

We are all patterns seeking some sort of respite, some sort of reprieve,
From whatever purgatory the sensory-mind every twinkling imagines real.
The promise of god, of heaven, of eternal bliss, however hollow, is an easy sell.

472

Regarding destiny: Do you choose it? Or does it choose you?
Is there free will, chock-full of options, in this theater of space and time?
Or is the entire reverie nothing more than an indivisible, juggernauting recording,
An infinite matrix witnessed by the ultimate you in every way imaginable?

473

In all its interminable forms and concepts,
The idolatry to which the monkey-mind is prone
Shares across the board the same absurdity.

474

From the primal brainstem, the dawn of consciousness
Gradually evolved into the imaginary perception of a separate self.
The inherent collusion of a species on its journey of survival.
In the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but of it all,
The challenge is to move on to the final chapter,
To discern the unconditional singularity,
The origin of all things quantum.
Whether or not that will ever happen
Will be in some far-future-stay-tuned telling.

476

Once the life course has been set, once the world view has been molded,
A fair number of monkey-minds do not do well with too many choices, too many options.
Many feel the need to change, even destroy anyone, anything that is too different
Which for some means almost everyone and everything on the planet.
What a thing to be so confined, so narrowed, so limited,
So incapable of embracing the great all of it.

* * * *

In the statistical relativity of it all,
Things likely could be far worse or far better.
Gratitude is an attitude, a mindset well worth cultivating
If the hand you have been dealt in this game of life is at all equitable.
Count your blessings if you are so fortunate as to have some.

477

Insight into the unknown has never been a group thing, and never will be.
Groupthink only muddles the truth of it into one absurdity or another.

* * * *

True religion, true belief, true faith, true conviction,
Is surrender to the beingness, the aloneness of the eternal moment.
There is no deity, no creed, no dogma, no groupthink.
It is for you, and you alone, to discover.
So simple as to be discerned in each and every breath.

479

How did we evolve into playing it out in such discordant fashion?
What is this monkey-mind need to believe in anything?
What is this insatiable craving for power, for fame, for fortune?
Here we are somewhere near or past the summit of our brief history of time,
And where can it possibly go but into some dystopian nightmare on a sure road to extinction?

480

The mystery, the unknowable you truly are, is utterly anonymous.
Identity is but the temporal fabrication of consciousness,
Of imagination, and its secular attachment to form.
The source, the awareness, is prior to time, prior to mind,
And the rare who fully discern it abide in the unassuming solitude,
The sovereign, unconditional, indivisible, immortal aloneness of eternal life.

481

What is news but gossip with varying levels of exhortation to give it an aura of great importance.
Why we give attention to unfolding events across the world, or even across town,
Is the mystery of the monkey-mind and its evolutionary roots.

* * * *

The human mind-body is evolved of nature,
But its abstract, emotional, time-bound paradigm
Is not nature's ingenuous, serendipitous way.

* * * *

How is the human species really any different
Than lemmings irreversibly rushing towards oblivion?
What is this dream but patterns within patterns within patterns?

482

Why would believe that beyond-the-pale-more-than-unlikely events happened thousands of years ago
When you have never once witnessed anything outside the bounds of natural law?
All are stories born in the forges of one groupthink or another,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

484

The mind being what it is, how possible is it to ever be completely free of the mindset,
The meme, the filter, the conditioning, the patterning, the habituating, the brainwashing,
Of any given body, any given family, any given group, any given culture, any given origin?
Imagination requires one starting point, one underpinning or another,
From which to launch into the dream of time.

* * * *

To project our monkey-mind collusion upon the cosmos,
And whatever unknowable mysteries are afoot in the infinity of it all,
Ever falls into a realm of self-deception well beyond the pale of any mortal vision.

486

As with any organism great to small born into this whirling garden world,
Human consciousness seeks out similar wavelengths within the spectrum of possibilities,
Thus preserving, spreading whatever perceptions, whatever memes, are harbored in the given mindset.
To discern one's conditioning, and perchance to be free of it, or at least attentive to it,
Requires a skeptical, introspective nature of the highest order.

* * * *

The frame of reference, that bag of knowledge, that stew of perception,
Is but a phantasm of consciousness, a.k.a., imagination.
What you really are is prior to it all.
Discern it and be as free as the moment allows.

490

No one is truly free in this mortal human paradigm.
Ultimately, all are bound by one frame of reference or another.
Bound by geography, culture, religion, language, gender, conditioning, events,
Capacities and limitations, ambition, opportunities, ad infinitum.
Like it or no, that is how the genetic lottery rolls.

491

All the so-called scriptures were written by seers and sages
Really no different than anyone who has pondered existence before or since.
We are all cousins of the same puddle responding to the life and times into which we are cast.
The geography, culture, language, technology, and on and on, are inevitably different,
But guaranteed, beyond all doubt, we are all very much the same monkey-mind,
And prior to that, very much the same quantum stardust of all creation.
It is but a veiled, temporal play in which the myriad players
Are, in the ultimate eternal reality, one in the same.

* * * *

Every mind imagines a world to which its nature-nurture,
Its capacities and limitations, its frame of reference, subscribes.
No one can be more or less than what the genetic lottery has allotted.
Any rubber band, no matter how elastic, can only stretch so far.

493

Real spirituality is a solitary endeavor.
If you are following some beguiling personality,
Or participating in some sort of intoxicating groupthink,
Rest assured that you need to push the reset button.

* * * *

Be the world, the cosmos, everything you imagine it might contain.
Do not be held back by the innumerable limits of your given conditioning.
Stand alone, absolute, indivisible, inscrutable, the zenith of your panoramic view.

494

Identity is a charade born of the monkey-mind in some long ago,
A mortal game that you are forced to play to one degree or another
If you wish to survive for at least a modicum of mind's potential.

* * * *

We all have an individual worldview, a unique universe of our own making.
All are equally authentic in their own indelible, imaginary way,
And yet all are created equally of the same origin,
The same inexplicable mystery.
There is no way it can ever be truly changed.
It may gradually evolve into something somewhat dissimilar,
But its roots will always harbor the conditioning of its nature-nurture beginnings.

* * * *

You see and hear and taste and smell and touch
Through the mind-body filter to which you are so attached.
The memes of dreamtime have molded you into a pattern you think you.
Only by discerning the quantum awareness prior to the nature-nurture programming
Can the essential, intrinsic freedom of that which is timeless, that which is eternal life, be truly won.

495

The human paradigm, perhaps the paradigm of all existence,
Is about consumption of the given sensory feed: sights, sounds, tastes, smells, textures.
Experiences of every imaginary scope filling every conceivable moment.
Meditation is a state of beingness less about consuming
Than it is riding the streaming wave,
Impassively witnessing the inexplicably timeless mystery,
That which has neither beginning nor end, cause nor purpose, rhyme nor reason.

496

Not easy to let go of all you think you are and are not in this absurd little dream of space-time.
The monkey-mind will seemingly do whatever it must to preserve its many illusions.
Absolute attention – desireless, fearless – is the key to eternal freedom.

499

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

* * * *

And if it is perchance in your cards to figure out this mystery of mysteries,
How far will you glean it? What will you say? What will you do?
How will you play this, what might be called, fate of fates?

500

What is any given mind but a set, a bag, an array, of programming.
A circulating loop of habituation, conditioning, brainwashing.
A frame of reference believing its thoughts real and true,
Its manufactured identity sacrosanct and enduring.

* * * *

What are the shades of gray between black and white,
Good and bad, right and wrong, right and left, bitter or sweet,
Or any other dualistic notion born of the monkey-mind's play of time?

The Last Page

Those whose destiny it is to become seers ponder many things
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself,
And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds discern that from whence all things come and go,
And in that awareness merge back into the indivisibility
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is there any creature, any form, fashioned in this vast universe.
That does not journey to the conclusion of its paradigm?
All nature is naught but patterns within patterns,
All functions of the same choicelessness,
All programming of quantum design,
Indivisible within one and all for all eternity.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility is sightless,
Soundless, senseless, odorless, and tasteless.
Only in consciousness does any universe appear real.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only you do not change, only you have ever been the same,
Only you have ever been the one and only you,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *

The Tao, by whatever sound you call it, is always the same.
The same as when you were born, the same as when you die,
The same as before you were born, the same as after you die.
Life is a brief opportunity to view it the same while you exist.

* * * *

That quantum essence that you truly are cannot die, for it was never born.
You are eternity, the stuff of stars, come to life in a dreaming of time.
There is no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

No matter how assiduously one may give heart and mind
Over to some idea, some creed, some meme, some groupthink,
No individual existence can ever be close to being exactly the same.
Despite all thought and done, all are exclusive blends of the same stardust.

* * * *

The personal pronouns – I, you, he, she, it, we, they, me, him, her, us, them –
Should be considered in all these thoughts rather loosely used,
Given that "we" are really nothing more than the nothingnesss of awareness,
Playing a game of charades conditioned by time, drawing toward a whimpering conclusion.

* * * *

What is an orgasm but the mind's most innate high,
A very present, very pleasurable detonation in the timeless now.
A disintegration, a dissolution, of any sense of self, of any sense of separation.
Is it any wonder our species gallops the edge of obsession about everything to do with it?
Sexuality is the wellspring, the underlying force, the fulcrum of human history.
Power, renown, prosperity, the creativity of art, science, technology,
All have come about as aphrodisiacs to its gratification.
And all of it the evolutionary outcome
Of the genomic ambition to abide evermore.

* * * *

So many faces come and gone in the rolodex of life.
So many moments spent together, so many things shared.
What happened to them all, what stories unfolded into destiny?
The things we can never know of our dreamtime are many and large.

* * * *

Every eye, a subjective filter.
Objectivity is the ruse of idealistic notion.
No matter how detached, how indifferent the endeavor,
It is ever seen through the personal coloring of the conditioned mind.

* * * *

What is so dysfunctional, so surreal, about the human species,
Is its obsession with what others think, and what others think about them.
Groupthink has been a mainstay of our survival in this dreamtime,
But its interminable absurdities are beyond measure.

* * * *

This universe, this world, was not created by meekness,
By fear, by hope, by political correctness, by any absurdity whatsoever.

The vagaries of the human condition are but a hiccup in the unfolding eternal theater.

* * * *

Same old story in yet another tale.
The cast, the crew, the stage, has changed,
But the patterned narrative is very much the same.

* * * *

Very dubious whether our seemingly innate attachment to the past,
To whatever tradition, to whatever time and geography, we might subscribe,
Is leaving many if any real options in the future just round the bend.

* * * *

If there is a purpose in all this, then surely this here, this now, is it.
An immense theater in which you, a drop in all, are the all in a drop.
The real and only you, sovereign, absolute, indivisibly immaculate.

* * * *

Different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different livelihoods, different clothes,
Different foods, different sports, different creeds, different absurdities,
Different this, that, and the other thing,
Same monkey.

* * * *

What need for worship, for piety, for virtue,
For belief, for faith, for dogma, for idolatry, for ritual,
Once you have discerned what you truly are is prior to all creation.

* * * *

Once you are free of karma, whatever happened
To reach this timeless, ephemeral moment, no longer matters.
Here you are, the one in the same, as liberated as you care, or un-care, to be.

* * * *

This spinning garden is both womb and graveyard,
And the existence between but a wormhole
In the grand matrix of oblivion.

* * * *

What culture, what tradition, what meme, what ethos, what world,
Can withstand the onslaught of six billion in just two hundred years?

* * * *

As if any individual, any group, any culture, any mindset,
Can really change or control a world, a universe,
This colossal, this diverse, this complex,
This unutterably mysterious.

* * * *

Why be bound by the confinements of any arbitrary tradition
When you can soar alone in the immensity of a clear mind.

* * * *

All quantum patterns
Must reside in the ambiguity, the tyranny,
Of the ever-changing, lottery-given set of capacities and limitations.

* * * *

A long cultural tradition means little,
If you have gleaned nothing more from it,
Than a handful of obtuse ethnocentric notions.

* * * *

Any die rolling across a table
Is as much an evolutionary process
As any transitory fate of the so-called living.

* * * *

Traditions are inevitable in minds steeped in patterns,
Ever seeking a sense of security in the face of chaos.

* * * *

Everything is of one patterning or another.
To do anything outside that patterning,
Requires conscious deliberation.
And even that is patterned.

* * * *

How can you kill demons who just end up inhabiting other forms?
Different names and faces, but ever the same monkey-mind facets.

* * * *

What can anyone hold onto but a collection of imaginary notions
Created by the frame of reference founded upon one's conditioning?

* * * *

Unconditional acceptance of this grand dream as it is,
With all its light and dark, its good and evil,
Is about as loving as it gets.

* * * *

Your fate is written in the ever-shifting sands of time.
Your task is to write it all down before the wind blows.

* * * *

Everyone and everything and everything between the same awareness,

Waking up to whatever reality the patterned consciousness
Of the given nature-nurture ordains.

* * * *

Consciousness usurps awareness in every way, ever calling itself real.
Death tends to put a damper on this vain little pastime, ergo, tradition.

* * * *

Within the big picture, details, and from details, the big picture.
The predictability of patterns within patterns within patterns
Is as sure in a single quantum as it is an entire universe.

* * * *

All meaning and purpose is born of imagination.
All very temporal, very brief persuasions, at best.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are nothing more than vain notions
To which self-consciousness has subscribed since its origin.

* * * *

The quantum matrix is witnessed within and without,
They being but concepts about that which is neither.

* * * *

Call it chance, call it fate, call it destiny, call it what you will,
Every existence is fashioned by a never-ending series of flukes.

* * * *

What does it take to waylay the conditioning,
But the momentary attentiveness called by some eternal life,
That which is prior to the mind-body, and the dream to which it is so attached.

* * * *

Every existence will at some point be extinguished,
And all the while, the matrix absolutely indifferent.

* * * *

Will you turn off the switch of your mind-body existence for your Self?
Or will it be shut off for you in some inescapable serendipity?
Only Mister Grim and his handy-dandy scythe know.

* * * *

What bounds can there be in the ultimate that you truly are?
We are all playing out the conditioning of the given mind-body
In this ever-changing dreamtime born of sensory perception.

* * * *

The many memes of groupthink are cementing consciousness
Into an eclectic range of extraordinarily contorted assumptions,
Baseball caps, cowboy hats, chewing tobacco, not excluded.

* * * *

Is civilization really any more than an utterly futile attempt by men,
To help women feel secure, stay clean, and perchance be happy?

* * * *

So many so caught up in one dogma or another – so conditioned, so habituated, so brainwashed –
That it would likely never occur to them they are not at all free and clear in their imaginary prison.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances across this magical world are the gift of eternity to its Self.
The challenge, given their hedonistic potential, is a certain level of moderation,
And how well you utilize them for right purpose, at least once in a while.

* * * *

Is any religion, any belief system, really any more than contrived philosophy
Double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled?

* * * *

What is history but the recycling of monkey-mind patterns bred in the jungles of long ago,
Regurgitated daily with new permutations and technologies seasoning the feast of dreamtime.

* * * *

Why so many feel such inclination to shackle others in some sort of dogmatic prison
Is the story of power, fame, and fortune, of greed, of every imaginable pleasure,
Playing out the same patterns over and over and over like a broken record.

* * * *

Pretty amazing how much can very quickly transpire
To those so ill-fated as to exist in interesting times.

* * * *

Scientific objectivity is flushed down the drain,
When funding dictates a self-serving outcome.

* * * *

You are the field flowering
In every sensory form imaginable,
All together playing, dancing out Eden's fate.

* * * *

If something is truly calling you,
You will do whatever you need to do,
To bring about its manifestation.

* * * *

The universe is a vast matrix
In which all things dance
In every manner imaginable
Within the limits of the paradigm.

* * * *

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the climate, the geographical features,
The myriad fellow creatures from small to great, all played parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.
Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention,
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb,
To the one and only reality, that all creation is eternally interwoven,
At such an indivisible level, as to make any part, absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

* * * *

To live fully in the moment requires that every moment be immediately perceived and released.
Life eternal is an ephemeral quality of mind, a state of unconditional detachment,
In which the you that is the timeless awareness prior to consciousness
Observes without giving weight to the incessant vanities
Of the fictional me-myself-and-I that you imagine your Self to be.

* * * *

Suspension of rational thought,
For hope, for belief, for faith, for superstition, for idolatry, for dogma,
How is that even remotely possible?

* * * *

Where is any god, any deity, but in the innate primal recesses of imagination's origin,
And its need for there to be some meaning and purpose for this inexplicable existence,
As if the inexplicable existence, the existential fray, is in itself not raison d'être enough.

* * * *

Concoctions of sweet, of sour, of salty, of bitter, of umami,
All built of the same quantum mystery, all dancing upon the quantum tongue.
Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin – and the brain to which they link,
Are wormholes to their conditional, their arbitrary, their temporal, rendering of a universe.
You daily travel time, you daily travel space, you daily wander, in the dream of mind.

* * * *

There is truly only this ethereal moment
Which none can never really touch or grasp,
Only perceive through and imagine happened,
Play out whatever assumptions the sensory-mind,
Through its filters of conditioning, perchance gleaned.

* * * *

In order to survive, to abide, to thrive, justifiable or not,
Every vested interest embodies its purpose, its mission, its raison d'être.
In every conceivable way, through every conceivable means,
For as long as capacity and limitation allow.

* * * *

Each of us with our own unique universe, each of us with our own unique world view,
Each of us with our own unique set, our own unique frame of reference, that we all deem normal,
Each of us perceiving through the untold filters of our time-bound nature-nurture matrix,
Each of us forever here now, forever absolute, forever indivisible, forever alone.

* * * *

Discard all the overlays of your conditioning;
You are the quietude of the sovereign mystery.

* * * *

The matrix universe, an unfathomable quantum sea, swirls on and on and on,
Oblivious to cause and effect, to consequence, to destiny,
To any and all notions born of mind.
Time and space are but figments of imagination,
Inspired by the senses in the processor to which they are wired.

* * * *

That you existed even a moment ago, or will even a moment hence,
Is nothing more than imaginary, illusory, delusional, notion.
This moment, this here now, is the one and only reality,
And no thought can infiltrate its timeless nature.
All consciousness can do, can pretend to do,
Is play out its make-believe, its dream of time,
In whatever way the patternings, the memes allow.

* * * *

The awareness you truly are is but eternal witness
Bound in one form or another, trapped in one patterning or another,
For as long as there is a manifest theater, a matrix, for dreams of consciousness to wander.
The inexplicable universe is but a quantum playground in which you will act out
Whatever agonies and ecstasies the given patterning allocates.
There is no escape; you are a captive of time.
Enjoy or suffer; attitude is all.

* * * *

Only the limitations of the senses persuade you, convince you,
Condition you, mesmerize you, hypnotize you, blind you,
Into believing you are at all separate from anything.

* * * *

The quantum essence is formless, shapeless, indefinable.
Forms are the inexplicable weavings of patterns.
To warrant them the inexplicable creations
Of some even more inexplicable deity
Must surely include the most inexplicable you.

* * * *

No pattern abides forever; any given seed blossom but once.
But that of which all patterns are made … that indivisible quantum essence …
That which creates … preserves … destroys … that is immortal … that is godness … that is you.

* * * *

That destiny, that fate, that kismet, that karma, you vainly believe you somehow just changed,
Well, friend, understand that destiny is really nothing more than the result,
The synergy of all the choices, of all the consequences,
That rippled in thought and deed.
Nothing uncanny or supernatural about it.

* * * *

The fate of those without great doubt is to wander in the miasma of time.
The only thing that can save any from such a temporal destiny
Is if they possess the eyes that see, the ears that hear,
The many clues, the many tips, the many hints,
That surround each and every one in their daily wander.
It is a many-are-called-few-are-chosen-fewer-still-volunteer endeavor.

* * * *

Can you exist in the moment, totally here now, without any sense of self-imagery,
Any thought of the personal idolatry, in which a lifetime of conditioning
Has brainwashed you to be in a constant state of ever-becoming.
A Gordian Knot to which there is only one blade-of-discernment solution.

* * * *

From nothing to something, from something to nothing,
All things emerging, all things disappearing, all things forming, all things dissolving.
The ocean, the source, ever tranquil, ever indivisible, ever absolute,
The many patterns nothing more than appearances,
Winds blowing, currents flowing.
All attributes nothing more than vibrating elements,
The primal chaos creating-preserving-destroying, the synchronicity of eternity.

* * * *

The Lost Tribes: Is it really just about some ancient desert peoples forced into exile?
Or could it be about the unique few whose inexplicable destiny it is,
To someday awaken to what they actually are?
A Tribeless Tribe, so to speak.
As with anything, as with everything, it is what you make it.
What is any history but a temporal means to sustain, to bolster, the given cultural mindset.

* * * *

The insights, the revelations of eternity, are for any,
With the wit, the calling, to discern its timeless truth.

* * * *

Why is any groupthink, any mindset, any meme, so earnestly asserted,
But to sustain, to multiply, its corporate nature in the weavings of mind.

* * * *

How much time can any creator afford to allow themselves,
To peruse anything that distracts them from their calling?

* * * *

Everything is absolutely simultaneous in the indelible indivisibility of the totality,
But you, you must eyes-wide-open wander down the unfolding trail,
Oblivious to whatever is around each and every bend.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
The agonies, the ecstasies, the tragedies, the comedies,
That you play out upon your Self, are unending and beyond all pales.

* * * *

Nature is process, an artistic force each and every moment creating,
Absolutely indifferent to beginnings, to endings, to goals, to outcomes.

* * * *

It is not about belief, it not about idolatry, it is not about groupthink, it not about dogma,
It is not about tradition, it is not about rituals, it is not about symbols,
It is not about becoming anything or anyone.
It is simply about being
What you are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

To what are you ultimately attached but the conditioning
Of a mind each and every moment consuming, translating, a sensory feed,
Through the filters of a time-bound frame of reference inspired by the given nature-nurture.

* * * *

Lamenting any loss, any change, what point, really,
When nothing even for a moment stays the same.
In the hologram matrix of this grand mystery.

* * * *

The fixation, the obsession, the mania, the passion, of any given delusion,
Requires a steadfast detachment that relatively few can willingly muster.

* * * *

You need not accept anything that is not legitimate or meaningful
Just because some hypnotized meme-ish alliance espouses it,
Or because some renowned name or title is attached to it,
Or because it is a product of the fermentation of time.
If something does not stand on its own inviolable merit,
There need not be any wavering about putting it behind you.

* * * *

Any seed is but a one-time blueprint, which may or may not manage to reproduce,
And cast its temporal patterning a bit further in the streaming dream of space-time.

* * * *

Still the busy mind, and without giving anything any thought, simply be the awareness.
Give full attention to each of the senses: the eyes that see, the ears that hear,
The tongue that tastes, the nose that smells, the flesh that feels.
Pay attention to the momentary now, ever-streaming
Through the neural network to the central processing unit.
Where is your world, where is your universe, without the given mind
Projecting, reflecting, through the byzantine filters fabricated of imagination?
All creation is but the ceaseless patterning of nature-nurture set in motion some long ago.
A handiwork that has never been anything but an indivisible quantum matrix,
Never more than an inexplicable dreamtime of unknowable origin.
And the eternal unborn-enduring-undying awareness,
Witness to it all, you are it, and it is you.

* * * *

All laws, all principles, all canons, all decrees, all rules, and all other such things,
Are entirely born of the arbitrary, dualistic minds of humankind.
There has never been any deity but nature,
And its indivisible dynamic
Is witness, judge, jury, executioner, as needed.

* * * *

Look at all that the agonies and ecstasies
Of your ephemeral, very mortal existence have taught you,
And know that it will all be lost when the glimmer of that last electrical signal dims,
When the body and mind to which you are so habitually attached,
Turns off the light, and without further ado,
Quietly exit the dream.

* * * *

Consciousness is really nothing more,
Than the lightning strikes given meaning and purpose,

Along the neuron trails of the brain.

* * * *

Most life forms exist in a choiceless eternal vulnerability,
That knows neither birth nor death, nor any measurable notion.
Instinct is the patterning established in all through the Darwinian shaping,
Of each and every genomic strand, over millions and millions of years of evolution.
Consciousness, as the human ego fields it, assumes an invulnerability that is utterly fictional.
The assumption of free will, of choice, despite all illusions to the contrary,
Is every moment shackled to the instinctual roots of origin.
To suppose that you are truly and completely free,
That you have reign over your choices,
Is a dubious assertion, indeed.
The ultimate truth of it is,
That in any manifest dreamtime,
You can no more alter the given part you play,
Than any other living thing acting out its minute function,
In this inexplicable, indelible, indivisible, immutable, cosmic hologram,
Born in the vapors of imagination moving to and fro in the clear space of awareness.
To give over to the vulnerability you in reality ever are, is a reflective view to which few are drawn.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos, a hologram matrix of creation, preservation, destruction:
Rising, falling, ebbing, flowing, ever-churning through the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

What is there but awareness.
To call it infinite or infinitesimal is meaningless.
To give it any purpose, to slather it with any attributes, is irrelevant.
To even brand it truth is a beyond-the-pale absurdity.

* * * *

Life is an ever-changing universe, a convoluted maze with many, many doors.
You wander through the halls of your mind's translation, your imagination's rendering.
Some doors open, some do not; some open easily, some never at all; some open now, but not later;
Some are locked now, but open later; and some, many, most, never will.
Each mind has its fate, but only looking back.

* * * *

Stop believing all the deceptions the conditioned mind endlessly weaves.
You are the eternal awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What a desolate conception of god has emerged in so many human minds.
How can any abide any vision that is not all-inclusive, all-accepting?
Any view that is cloaked by every imaginable dogmatic absurdity?
What is the point and purpose of all this incessant, nonsensical conflict,
Over what is, and has ever been, nothing more, than fictional confabulation?

* * * *

You were told you were this, you were told you were that,
And now you meander the ever-present dream of space and time believing it all true.
A make-believe meme, a conditioned pattern, an autonomous invention,
Woven into the ceaseless chatter of the consciousness,
Each and every moment streaming
In the clear space of timeless awareness.

* * * *

Regarding the contemporary destiny of this garden world,
Humanity seems intent on learning a very harsh lesson of balance
In a most strenuous, most convoluted, most painful manner.
Earth will abide, but as to whether life will or will not,
Has the jury waiting and watching a tad longer.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are you,
But vain attachment to a sack of bones and goo,
A collection of filtered perceptions, of vague memories,
A meme, a recording, a scratchy record going round and round,
The same song playing over and over until breath and beat do you part.

* * * *

In the ocean of indivisibility, the ocean of awareness, the ocean of consciousness,
In which all things in synchronicity move hither and thither, to and fro,
Existence is nothing more than a habit, a pattern, a recording,
A dream in which the nature-nurture of every seed
Plays out its timeless, inseparable part.

* * * *

To be aware each and every moment that none of this is ultimately real,
To not be mesmerized by the mind's conditioned responses,
Only the rarest of the rare attain, or so they say.

* * * *

To recondition the mind into being timelessly ever-present,
Rather than being lost in time-bound imagery,
That is the eternal challenge.

* * * *

The quantum mystery will pretend
Whatever meaning and purpose you vainly imagine,
And not even one scintilla of it ultimately real or important all the while.

* * * *

T-Shirt Karma,
Coffee Mug Dharma:

What Would Jesus Do?
What Would Lao Tzu Do?
What Would Nietzsche Do?
What Would Siddhartha Do?
What Would Mohammed Do?
What Would Zoroaster Do?
What Would Krishna Do?
What Would Waldo Do?
What Will You Do?

* * * *

History is so much greater than any culture, any philosophy, any mound of gold.
And the world, the universe, the quantum field, is far greater than anything imaginable.
And the unknowable, the indivisible, the nothingness, prior to all manifestation, is trump to all.

* * * *

What are you, what is any form, but a derivative of the indivisible totality.
All but infinitesimal widgets thingamajigging within the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Consciousness claiming to be this or that is but the delusion of imagination,
Identifying with ever-changing temporal circumstance.

* * * *

Your original state is absolutely, indivisibly, unconditionally flawless.
The only question is whether that unutterably formless, timeless emptiness,
That immaculate awareness prior to consciousness, prior to all whims of mind,
Can be steadfastly reestablished while immersed in the given day-to-day.
It is a homecoming only the rarest of the rare ever contemplate.

* * * *

Ethics is the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.
Might makes right, it always has, it likely always will.
The best any can hope for is a benevolent claw and fang.

* * * *

Everyone would do well to challenge, to confront, their imaginary deities,
Their superstitions, their fallacies, their delusions, and whatever other dreads,
At least once in a while to find out if anything noteworthy really happens.
Take a scientific approach rather than be some meme-ridden puppet.

* * * *

The time born of mind reigns through the continuity of its many memes, its many patterns.
Consciousness reinforces these repetitive cultural blueprints through conditioning.
Relatively few are inclined to free themselves from their domesticated lot,
To discern the timeless awareness at the cradle of all imagined.

* * * *

Gaia is in the remorseless, fell grip of the monkey-mind.
The fruit of the garden is fated to be its cancerous demise.

* * * *

What is the universe but a quantum creation spun of nothing,
And every existence witness to a unique cosmos of patterned design,
As devised by the senses in their eternal perception of the winds of illusion.

* * * *

The mind is a weaving of attachment to all its imagery.
Everything though and done is founded upon the conditioning
Of space-time since the inception of its first perception.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement, the vibration, the lightning storm, of the brain.
Mind is fabricated by the attachment to the many emotional and conceptual patterns,
The conditioning, to which it abides for whatever sojourn the dreamtime of quantum ordains.

* * * *

So many issues ahead in this, the world our kind has crafted:
Overpopulation, resource depletion, pollution, waste and waste disposal,
Ocean acidification, acid rain, ozone layer depletion, global warming, climate change,
Loss of biodiversity, habitat loss, deforestation, urban sprawl, water scarcity,
Economic mayhem, warfare, terrorism, civil unrest and pestilence.
To name a few.

* * * *

Standing for nothing is the only way to avoid the exceedingly common human delusion
That existence has some paramount meaning and purpose, that values are authentic and true,
That morals, that ethics, are more than just vain concoctions of a species, that has yet to come to terms,
With the fact, that they are but temporal consequences of evolutionary happenstance.

* * * *

Thought has a tendency to get caught up in one little-self fixation after another.
To dwell in the no-self zone requires great detachment from the world,
And all the incalculable universes that emerge and subside
Upon a constantly-changing elemental crust,
That basks in the radiance of a relatively temperate star.

* * * *

How quickly attitude can turn on its head.
How quickly perspective can morph into some contrary state.
How quickly white can become black, light become shadow, good become evil,
Clear become murky, more become less, hit become miss, right become wrong, love become hate,
Similar become different, have become have not, smile become frown, ecstasy become agony,
Flexible become rigid, pleasure become pain, interest become tedium, full become empty,
Kindness become intolerance, compassion become cruelty, inclusion become isolation,
Moderation become excess, exotic become tedious, eloquence become incoherent,
Positive become negative, respect become disdain, esteem become loathing,
Logic become arbitrary, harmony become discord, benevolence become malice,

Modesty become vain, honor become shame, virtue become vice, refined become coarse,
Yes become no, trust become suspicion, tolerance become prejudice, sensible become absurd,
Soft become hard, unconditional become qualified, sincerity become irony, reason become paradox,
Deep become shallow, hot become cold, happiness become sorrow, respect become contempt,
Freedom become coercion, paradise become dystopia, indivisible become divisible,
Reality becomes illusion, truth become delusion, red pill become blue pill,
And vice versa and hither-thither gray on all of the above, as well.
What is the psyche but a swirling cauldron of passion.

* * * *

Whether coincidences are anything more or less,
Than the mystery creaking silently away in its synergistic fashion,
All speculations aside, is well beyond the pay grade of we playing out the mortal realm.

* * * *

What many call love is not without endless arrays of conditions.
It is worm-ridden with expectations and tradeoffs and manipulations.
Anything less than that which is unconditional is not love, pure and simple.

* * * *

Some seem born with a certainty about their destiny,
Some never determine any particular fate calling their name,
And some must wait until late in the game to get their ticket punched.

* * * *

The sins of the universe are erased when the original nature is realized.
The notion of good and evil is nothing more than human vanity
Playing out patterning bred in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

At some point in the hereness, at some point in the nowness,
Some minds, bit by bit, little by little, awaken to the given conditioning.
Awaken to the great doubt, the great question, and in that calamity of consciousness,
Begin a long and winding and solitary journey towards eternal reunion.

* * * *

Yet another walking-talking dittohead meme.
A babbling brook may well make more sense.

* * * *

Every culture across the world, across time,
Has indoctrinated its young to think a certain way.
All are imprisoned in one form of conditioning or another.
Even the greatest doubt must deal with the given mind.

* * * *

In the innermost voyage of awakening,
Attachment to the given mind-body has less and less footing.

From the ultimate panorama, the corporeal arrangement, the perceptual patterning,
Is nothing more than a temporal, sensory vehicle,
A means, not an end.

* * * *

What is any pattern but an energy system
Interacting seamlessly with other energy systems
In one vast indivisible all-in-one-one-in-all quantum sea.

* * * *

All mythologies are mind-made narratives; none abide in the eternal abyss.
They are not foundations to anything more than arbitrary, capricious cultural memes.
Thumb-sucking security blankets for those unable to endure alone the winds of temporal illusion.

* * * *

There is no normal, no ordinary, no typical, no common, no average, no conventional,
Just a world full of bat-crazy two-leggeds who think they are rational,
And band together into memes and dogmatize about it.

* * * *

Jesus ain't coming back, and you will not, either.
Each existence is a one-time show courtesy of the given seed,
And the ever-churning matrix into which it is cast.

* * * *

Why be envious of experiences others are fated to play out?
Are any parts really, truly, more important than your own?
Not even one iota of quantum stardust could be more or less.

* * * *

Belief is a spurious brainchild of dualistic notion.
To believe implies that the subject is not connected to the object,
That the beingness is some dynamic force outside you, the observer, the witness.
It is a denial of the unicity of all that is seen, and all that is unseen.

* * * *

You are perchance here to discover the source of your beingness.
If and when that happens is souly up the fate to which you feel called.

* * * *

What need for belief? What need for creed? What need for faith? What need for prayer?
What insecure beasts we are that such inflated, hollow notions are given more import
Than the timeless awareness offered in each and every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

The obvious fact is that every life form
Is a drop of that which is the truth, the life, and the way.
To maintain any lesser vision is delusional, and serves no significant purpose,

Other than to create perpetual, meaningless, divisive struggle.

* * * *

There is much more faith in timelessly abiding in the awareness of the given moment,
Accepting whatever gifts, enduring whatever tortures, the eternal dreamtime manifests,
Than can ever be concocted by any fear-based belief system fabricated of the human mind.

* * * *

All belief systems of mortal persuasion are fear-based, greed-laced, and mundanely played.
It takes much more courage to stand alone, absolute and free in the indivisible dreamtime of eternity,
Than it ever will milling about, mindlessly ditto-heading with any time-bound, idolatrous herd.

* * * *

Only in timeless awareness is there anything resembling free will,
And even then, the patterned meme filters the dreamtime theater.

* * * *

How everything can be so different, and yet so much the same all the while,
Is the ever-present irony and paradox of this indivisible quantum mystery,
To which all fated to see must in timeless awareness mindfully fathom.

* * * *

Conditions set by any given mythos are rarely more than superficially endured
By those willing to face the consequences of standing alone against the tide,
Those willing to withstand the inexorable furies of the given groupthink.

* * * *

The fact that you are here in a particular form
Means you must act, you must function, in one way or another.
Until the body-mind is done, until it is food for worms, you will play out the given role.
The way that happens is labeled in many ways: destiny, fate, kismet, karma.
All of absolutely no importance to the witnessing awareness.

* * * *

Every human being has their own raison d'être,
Their own meaning, their own purpose, their own rationale.
Their own motivation, ethos, inspiration, philosophy, belief, and hope.
All are equally imagined, so there is no point in judging.
Be and allow, as the given moment allows.

* * * *

Regret means that you learned something from the consequences of an action.
Some call it conscience, a.k.a., morality, scruples, ethics, principles, integrity.

* * * *

You travel through existence believing it all real and true,
Until in one fated moment of realization, who knows when, kapow!
The cadaver suddenly seems both older and younger than you once thought.

And you spend the rest of your dream watching its bones turn to dust.

* * * *

Imagine you suddenly came into consciousness in an adult body without any prior experience.
No narration, no knowledge, no conditioning, no language, no attachment, no desire, no fear,
No family, no friends, no enemies, no sense of identity, completely alone, an absolute abyss.
Just pure awareness, observing the sensory feed without it making any sense, whatsoever.
A stranger in a strange land, wandering the ephemeral garden orb, as free as free can be.

* * * *

Why keep investing in anything that can never possibly bear fruit,
Anything doomed to a pattern of self-absorption,
And all the delusions born of it.

* * * *

What is the main reason for the study of history,
But fathoming how our kind reached this point in dreamtime.
We do not have to keep repeating our patterns, continuing our collusions,
But the possibility of any meaningful change is right up in there with the flying pigs.

* * * *

Any and all idolatry is but the imaginary confabulation of the conceptual mind.
It was not any deity who created us in its image, but we, he-or-she-or-it, in ours.
Give this moment, this instant, no thought, and awareness is the unalterable alter,
The matrix, the hologram, in which you very much alone, in every twinkling, reside.

* * * *

What is an accident but a mutation of sorts,
A new tack from what would otherwise have been.
Embrace it or not, it is a fact in any existence.

* * * *

What are you but a temporal assumption, a mind made known,
The unconditional playing out a self-actuating algorithm,
That the programmed you, constrained by dreamtime, calls self.
The me-and-myself-and-I to which the human collusion vainly subscribes.

* * * *

No matter where we wander to and fro, no matter where we rest our weary heads,
Getting through any given moment still boils down to a mindful dollop of detachment.
Not taking it all so seriously, not taking ourselves so seriously, is the first and last challenge.
Conscious of it or not, in one way or another, we are all playing out the Atlas of our conditioning,
And learning to set down our imaginary universes may not be as hard as we choose to believe.

* * * *

Regarding your fate, you do not know what it is,
But you do have one, every manifest creation does,
In a quantum indivisible sort of way, of course.

* * * *

When you move on from anywhere,
Best to get in the habit of glancing back
To spot what you might be leaving behind.
Guaranteed, it will save a lot of bother.

* * * *

How can this unfathomable mystery not be boggling prior to and beyond all belief?
What need for faith? What need for religion? What need for philosophy?
What need for anything but to meld into the timeless nature,
The eternal awareness pervading all creation.
What need to more than realize the indelible enigma of it,
And to freely blossom into the inexplicable reality that you are it, it is you.

* * * *

To be but timeless awareness,
To be but the source prior to all patterning,
Is a quest all who doubt must undertake very much alone.

* * * *

As it stands in its evolutionary tack, the monkey-mind
Is not even remotely capable of fashioning a casteless culture.
We are as bound by our Darwinian differences as any other creature
That has ever risen into being on this inexplicable garden world.

* * * *

Can you imagine a buzzard pulling at your entrails?
A worm peering out your left eye socket?
Something else crawly, drifting up your right nostril?
Your bones bleaching into dust beneath a blazing summer sun?
In one way or another, that is your fate etched in the vapors of dreamtime.

* * * *

You are absolute master of your mortal fate,
King of your kingdom, wielder of your club,
Until the shadow of another's looms larger.

* * * *

One day or night in some long ago, intentionally or not,
Your mother and father merged their seed lines, and voilà, you.
The only question is, do you play out this dream according to their meme,
The established meme of some other groupthink, or your own?

* * * *

Point of reference, frame of reference, box of reference, matrix of reference, hologram of reference,
From small to large, each and every mind fabricates a unique rendering of a universe,
All ultimately nothing more than the endless spinnings of imagination.

* * * *

Across the planet throughout all time, every human being, every life form,
Playing its little quantum-chemical-biological-cultural patterning real,
To whatever degree awareness through consciousness perceives.

* * * *

Call it what you will: pattern, meme, array, form, display, shape,
Design, prototype, plan, model, outline, draft, scheme, blueprint;
It is what you imagine, it is what you pretend, not what you are.

* * * *

Deny your fate, your fortune, your destiny, your kismet, your karma,
As confidently, as boldly, as insolently, as defiantly, as vainly, as you will,
It is emanating, materializing, unfolding, happening, each and every moment.

* * * *

Whether or not a free mind, an unconditional mind, is even possible,
Is an inquiry you as witness must explore and discern for your Self.

* * * *

What is the cosmos but a massive, indivisible quantum matrix.
Matter patterned into every imaginable organic and inorganic permutation.
Continuously changing, altering, shifting, fluctuating, mingling, consuming, emanating, evolving.
A mechanism so beyond-all-bounds incredible as to be forever boggling.
And however you may or may not partake the truth of it,
You are it, and it is you, there is no other.

* * * *

The closest thing to free will, to self-determination, to freedom of choice,
In this infinitely choiceless universe fashioned of every imaginable patterning,
Is the timeless awareness of the quantum essence from which all things stream forth.

* * * *

For humankind to change course in any effective, meaningful way,
Would require a paradigm shift well beyond its genomic patterning.

* * * *

Observe the mind and its many thoughts,
What are they but a muddle of conditioned patterning,
Founded upon whatever perceptions, whatever frame of reference,
Imagination has arbitrarily formulated in the winds
Of the given nature-nurture dreamtime.

* * * *

What do you think all this is founded on, if not the indivisible primal source,
The quantum matrix of timeless origin, the one-and-only oneness given over to space-time,
Creator and creation in the one-in-all-and-all-in-one grand singularity,

The awareness in which all dreamtimes spring.

* * * *

To all belief systems that imagine god separate,
Why would you ever cater to such limited concept?
To a notion that does not include you one in the same?

* * * *

More than 99 percent of all species, amounting to over five billion,
That ever existed in Earth's 4.54 billion years, are estimated to be extinct.
The history of humankind's ascent is like the history of extinction.
The far greater percentage is long undone, long forgotten,
And for all practical purposes, never happened.

* * * *

What is history but a perpetual game, to which chess and go and dominos, are but artless analogies.
It is an ever-streaming, ever-emanating, ever-graceful, temporal play of consciousness.
Imagination given context in the hologram-matrix of quantum space-time.

* * * *

In the ever-swirling flow of human migration,
No individual, no culture, has ever stood long in total isolation.
All must inescapably, like it or not, morph into greater and greater self-reflections.
All must give way to the ever-expanding world, the ever-expanding cosmos,
In which the human paradigm, as self-congratulatory as it wont to be,
Is but an assumption, a contrivance, on a whirling speck of dust.

* * * *

Conscious breathing, the awareness of every inhale, every exhale,
Is as present as present can be in the matrix hologram born of mind.

* * * *

We are all just temporal recordings of consciousness,
Each and every one of us playing out one little meme or another.
Yet at the essential level, each and every one of us is the same quantum source,
Each and every one of us the same unfathomable awareness.
What is to argue about, what is to kill for?

* * * *

You may believe you have broken a habit, a pattern, an addiction,
But chances are, you have only exchanged it, morphed it, repackaged it,
Into another variation, another alteration, another mutation, of the same stripe.
A bottle, a needle, a god, any obsession, in what way are they different?

* * * *

You could conceivably play anything out any way you please,
But the given genetic patterning, the given cultural conditioning, the given nature-nurture,
Have shaped your thoughts and actions to such a predictable degree,

That any assertion of free will is absurd.

* * * *

Where can “You”, ever be, but right here, right now,
In whatever sphere, whatever bubble of awareness, “You”,
In the inexplicable, indivisible quantum hologram-matrix, reside.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

Why do you keep getting out of bed every morning?
Because the conditioning is a strong and aromatic brew, the senses too enticing to withstand,
The theater too filled with agony and ecstasy to avert the busy mind.
To simply be is not near as entertaining.

* * * *

Male or female, we are all the same monkey-mind, only the players change.
The faces, the bodies, the names, the languages, the mindsets, the memes,
All the differences are but nature-nurture variations of the same theme.
Cast any anew on an island, they would imbue it very much the same.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a baggage train of notions,
Slung about by imagination, as if it were real and true.
As if it was more than a nebulous collection
Of pluses and minuses streaming about a neuron matrix.
Discern the awareness you are, disentangle from thought, wander unbound.

* * * *

No point worrying about death; it is going to happen one way or another.
Whether the means is infection, cancer, blood, endocrine, mental, nervous, circulatory,
Respiratory, digestive, musculoskeletal, genitourinary, perinatal, congenital, or some external cause.
The flesh and bones to which you are so attached is fated to melt back into the indivisibility.
If is useless, and vain hope for something more, nothing but idle speculation.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, keep moving while you can.

* * * *

Everything that happens is beyond all explicability.
There is no reason, there is no purpose, there is no doer,
And the awareness, the witness you are, is the source of it all.

* * * *

You will inevitably hurt others, intentionally or not.
The challenge, if it is your inclination, is to keep it to a minimum.
If you lean toward a harmful bent, of being sociopathic or some label beyond,
Well, there is really nothing that can be done but witness the blaze in your indifferent wake.
We must all face the consequences of whatever principles we incline.

* * * *

You have been hypnotized, conditioned, brainwashed, mesmerized, indoctrinated, deceived,
Into imagining you are what you are not, have never been, and will never be.
In the one and only indivisible reality prior to consciousness,
You are timeless, you are without bounds.
Know this, and break free of all limits born of mind.

* * * *

If there is to be any freedom in this relatively brief, corporeal existence,
The key, the fulcrum, the fount, upon which it is founded, is doubt.
And then only if its embers are fanned by the wind of an indomitable spirit.
There is no journey beyond the conditioning, no venture outside the cave, without it.

* * * *

There are no attributes, no patterns, no systems, no laws, no histories,
No quantifying measurables at all in the immeasurable indivisibility.

* * * *

All patterns are created of illusion.
From the indivisible, all creation arises, all creation subsides.
There is naught but eternal unicity.

* * * *

Any given existence is shaped by so many injuries, so much suffering.
Like the punctuation marks woven into any given narrative –
The periods, the commas, the question mark, the exclamation points,
The colons, the semi-colons, the apostrophes, the hyphens, the quotation mark –
All whittle, all sculpt, all transform, the fates, the destinies, the outcomes, all life must endure.

* * * *

Who can love unconditionally,
But those whose aversion to differences
No longer absorb, no longer seethe, no longer bind.

* * * *

Quantum brain, quantum eyes, quantum ears, quantum nose, quantum tongue, quantum skin,
Quantum nerves, quantum ductless glands, quantum viscera, quantum everything.
A quantum matrix, a quantum hologram, by and for its Self to play,
Perchance to perceive, to realize, to comprehend, its inexplicable mystery.

* * * *

And why would anyone ever believe any one culture in any given time,

Would ever hold the key to truth, or be favored by any one deity?

* * * *

All those memories, all those things, all those sensations, all those thoughts,
All those patterns, dreams, habits, relationships, loves, likes, hates, joys, sorrows,
Skills, awards, derisions, pleasures, beliefs, opinions, notions, hopes, fears, ad infinitum,
All those many experiences, no matter how dear, must all eventually be released and forgotten.

* * * *

Become aware of the mind as a means
– a tool, a device, a utensil, an implement, an instrument –
Rather than an end – a purpose, an aim, a reason, an outcome, a goal – in itself.

* * * *

The plethora of inventions to which humankind has given over its tool-making abilities,
Is ever bound to the ground of nature from which they were crafted.
There is absolutely nothing that is not of nature,
No matter the process through which they were manifested.
The source of all things is indelibly, indivisibly, unconditionally inescapable.

* * * *

What is prior to religion, prior to doctrine, prior to faith, prior to belief,
Prior to all notions of gods and devils and their myriad minions,
And the countless heavens and hells they spawn in time?

* * * *

The same genetic force, the same patterning,
That draws women into their worlds, draws men into theirs.
Ergo, Mars and Venus, and all the many worldviews playing out over and over.

* * * *

Every moment giving and taking that which is ever emanating anew,
And you only able to distinguish it through the myriad filters
Born of nature-nurture's inevitable conditioning.

* * * *

What pattern is not born of conscious design,
And why would the quantum ground, the source of all,
Be bound by any notion, no matter how grand?

* * * *

Fascinating how indifferent we can be toward each other and all our fellow earthlings.
That we can be so cruel, so unempathetic, so unwilling to discern all are ultimately one in the same.
The compassion, the benevolence of the Golden Rule, treating others as you would your Self,
Requires a mind free of desire, free of fear, free of conditioning, free of convention,
A mind willing to stand alone against the whimsies of human limitation.

* * * *

The so-called scriptures are not really belief systems.
They are histories, archives, field guides, instruction manuals, schemas.
Insights set down by seers across time and space who have discerned the mystery firsthand.
Does the quantum indivisibility need to worship the forms into which it is made,
Some imagined sculptor, or the essence that is its truest nature?
Does it really need to venerate anything at all?
Is not simply being enough?

* * * *

The discernment of truth in the human mind, in the human paradigm,
Has really always been very much the same across the world throughout time.
But all those who see it are bound by the filters of their conditioning: bound by culture;
Bound by creed; bound by language; bound by ego; bound by the thirst for power, fame, fortune;
Bound by the seven deadly intoxications: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth;
Bound by the perpetual tango of desire and fear in the quest for security.
Is it any wonder that these modern times are so chaotic,
So confused, so conflicted, so contrary,
That only the rare are willing and able to see past
The incalculable differences entirely created by imagination.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, your dream, is an imaginary invention,
Founded upon the sensory input, as interpreted by your patterned mind.
However you see anything unfolding, is what it is, always was, and will ever be.
Whatever you imagine others think, they think; whatever you imagine others do, they do.
You are perceiver, witness, observer, viewer, watcher, eyewitness, onlooker, bystander, ogler, spectator.
You are the one and only awareness, acting out a programmed, conditioned, habituated persona.
Immortally absolute, indelibly sovereign, timelessly unconditional, eternally indivisible,
And unutterably, irrefutably alone, in your center stage of Self-consciousness.

* * * *

You who give the mind over to its inexplicable source,
Will never be appreciated unconditionally by the human paradigm.
Thought and emotion are but evolutionary by-products of ductless glands and viscera.
It is not possible to gain the full acceptance of any meme, any group, any followers, any true believers,
Any brainwashed, conditioned, indoctrinated collusion to which consciousness is so attached,
For the capricious mix is incapable of comprehending that which is cradle to all.
You must, in awareness, stand very much alone, flawlessly absolute.

* * * *

Without the thought, the idea, the notion,
The brainwave, the inspiration, the theory, the belief,
The concept, the opinion, the plan, the conception, the philosophy,
How would the imaginary identity you delude your awareness into pretending
Play out its meme-bound who-what-where-when-why-how collusion?

* * * *

We are all the same oneness playing out the parts, the same oneness playing out the many.

We are all a kaleidoscoping hologram of inestimable, immeasurable, infinite proportion,
A quantum matrix emanating a dream of time in the timeless indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

Complete, unconditional, unadorned vulnerability is the means to nirvana.
To give your self over to Self, to set the body-mind adrift in awareness,
Is the discerning tap of the Ruby Slippers that will get you home.
Eternity is now, there is no other, nothingness is as apparent as it gets.

* * * *

Me and myself and I:
My body, my mind, my sex, my color, my race, my language, my culture,
My family, my friends, my school, my class, my college, my house, my land, my pets,
My workplace, my business, my club, my bar, my coffee shop, my store, my money, my things,
My town, my county, my state, my country, my world, my sun, my universe,
My religion, my church, my god, my heaven, my hell …
Me, me, me, forever and ever me.

* * * *

The roles all life play out in the grand web
Are nothing more than the blueprint,
The patterning of the given seed.
All are the same inexplicable essence.

* * * *

What an isolating thing, the groupthink of any tradition.
All attempts of consciousness to bring together
Only further and further splinter.

* * * *

All self-imagery is nothing more than attachment to a body
And the given cultural blend into which it is conditioned.
A fusion of nature-nurture, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

What a burden, the responsibility of materialism.
Anytime you own something, you must maintain it, clean it, protect it,
Insure it, give it away, lose it, throw it away, break it, repair it, consume it, et cetera ad infinitum.
Whatever the case, in the grand scheme of all things quantum matrix indivisible,
You and it are but dust-to-dust creations intertwined for all time,
And before and after that brief window, as well.

* * * *

What to do when neither creation nor preservation nor destruction draw you anymore.
What to do when even the indivisible has lost the verve of point and purpose and meaning.

* * * *

All we think we know is but a grain of sand in an infinity of unknowable unknownness,

And in reality, all our invention is nothing more than the happenstance
Of our own genetically habituated imagination.
It is all a mystery, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The human paradigm is immersed in the stew of its own self-made knowledge.
The mind's voracious, insatiable, craving-to-know nature blinds itself.
The screens, the veils, the shrouds, the divisions of knowledge,
No matter how scholarly, no matter how insightful,
Are the source, the creator of all delusion.
The space-time matrix, as tangibly real as it seems,
Is but the invention of an imagination-laced quantum dream.

* * * *

You need not allow the world into your eternal sovereignty,
Unless you feel like being mesmerized by the quantum illusion,
And all the habituated conditioning it has in the given mind stirred.

* * * *

Still searching for meaning and purpose?
Cannot you hear them giggling and twittering
As they scamper through the passages of your mind?

* * * *

Modern psychology considers so many behaviors to be disorders,
That it is a wonder anyone can get past the prescribed self-loathing,
And treat themselves with a reasonable dollop of care and respect.

* * * *

Science and politics are mutually-exclusive dynamics.
To politicize science is an absolute absurdity foisted
By blatant obfuscation of its point and purpose.

* * * *

Time rises and falls in every mind,
And is but a biological mutation in the evolution of humankind.
It does not truly exist as anything more than the mind-made, imaginary notion of consciousness.
There is only this now … and now this now … and now this now … and now this now …
An immeasurable quantum matrix, ever-kaleidoscoping, eternally indivisible.

* * * *

To believe you can change anything
In the patterning running this merry show
Is absurdly laughable to the nth degree.

* * * *

You are playing the script of space-time's patterning,
But you are not the script, you are not the part,

You are not the body, you are not the mind.
It is all nothing more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Would Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Krishna, Mohammed,
And all the other mythological religious titans of ancient worlds
Be Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Krishna, Mohammed, and whoever else enough
For all the tradition-bound ivory towers they have spawned?

* * * *

This incredible, boggling quantum matrix that we call a universe,
Is playing out in indivisible, inviolable, indiscriminate perfection.

* * * *

Ahh, for those beautiful moments
When mind loses all purpose and meaning,
And being is more than enough.

* * * *

What need for insatiable consumption once mind's hunger has subsided,
Once habitual thinking has melted back into the awareness of all origins.

* * * *

The stillness, the eternal life of the awareness prior to consciousness,
What more could you possibly be than the supreme virtue of the eternal unicity?
Will there come a moment when you never again subscribe to the manifest quantum matrix?
Will there come a moment when the mind born of time no longer calls you?

* * * *

You have been brainwashed, hypnotized, conditioned, programmed,
Indoctrinated, molded, convinced, mesmerized, trained, habituated, spellbound, inured, compelled,
Into believing this world and all its creations are real and important.
Think again.

* * * *

What is any universe but a sensory play
Founded on the traits of the given life form's patterning
In humans there are the five senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, feeling –
But is your cosmos any more or less tangible than any other creature's genomic blueprint?

* * * *

The creations of physics and chemistry and biology
Have again and again conspired to shape you, to pattern you,
Into a false identity that you might again and again awaken to your Self.
Is the matrix any more than a ruse to explore the mystery in every way imaginable?

* * * *

The hands of time spin the fate of humankind into an abyss of its own making.

Human consciousness cannot forever maintain the raging pace hat its insatiable nature ordains.
As any cockroach instinctively realizes, existence is a marathon, not a sprint.

* * * *

What is any world, any universe, any hologram, any matrix,
But a kaleidoscoping dream inspired by a sensory quantum feed.
A light and sound show vibrating away in the given mind's neural trail.

* * * *

Extinction is an inherent, intractable fact of life.
Most of what you once remembered is long-forgotten.
Granted, it may still be locked somewhere in the neuron trail,
But for all practical purpose, access denied is the same as forgotten.
It was never more than vague, imaginary perception anyway,
So, oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Each and every seed has its own epic journey, a one-time play in the space-time matrix.
A concoction of heaven and hell in an imaginary backdrop, real and unreal all the while.

* * * *

Yet another anthropological event, a meme,
To be gotten through, to be enjoyed or endured,
As is every other indivisibly timeless moment.

* * * *

There is no need to dread what you do not believe, what you do not distinguish real and true.
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and monsters in dark forests, are but cultural memes for children,
As is everything rendered for adults adrift in the muddle of uncritical, gullible, credulous minds.

* * * *

The body issues forth from the indelible quantum mystery;
From the merger of the seeds of male and female.
The brain gradually interprets the senses to engineer the mind of self.
The mind that is molded, sculpted, conditioned; the mind that ever bends to its given nurture,
To its environment, to its window of time, all fostered by the play of imagination.
An ever-expanding cosmos of consciousness burst into being;
Indelible quantum mystery all the while.

* * * *

We are all just actors here; players, thespians,
Automatically, spontaneously, extemporaneously,
Playing out the perceived, imaginary, temporal roles
Nature-nurture has patterned us to believe real and true,
But really no more real and true than any man in the moon.

* * * *

The Fates: Clotho (Spinner), Lachesis (Allotter), and Atropos (Inflexible),

Will transport you wherever, however, whenever they will,
No matter your otherwise fruitless efforts.

* * * *

It is the body-mind's instinctual patterning to always seek the illusion of security,
That gradually morphs it into so many variations of fear and loathing.
To stand aloof from the herd, to stand free and clear of all,
Is not a state, a quality of mind easily attained.

* * * *

Every human culture across time, across space,
Requires a great assumption, a great lie, at its foundation.
From that center, every tribe renders all decisions.

* * * *

Why would truth ever require meaning and purpose,
When it already is and is not, has ever and never been, will ever and never be,
All the meaning and purpose consciousness might ever prescribe.

* * * *

Human beings across the world, across time, spend much of their existence
Filling their conditioned minds with this and that, and that and this.
Ultimately, any story of awakening is about letting it all go.

* * * *

The conditioning is strong.
There is no way you can be free of it
But through becoming very still, very present,
Free and clear of all imaginary traces.

* * * *

The real Youness is prior to consciousness,
Prior to all conditioning, prior to all imaginary perceptions.
To realize the unconditional requires an abeyance
Only full attention to now can give.

* * * *

There is no saving anyone or anything in this temporal quantum theater.
There is only awakening or not awakening to the mystery,
And living out whatever fate is in store.

* * * *

Mu is a concept of negation used in Zen Buddhism,
But explored in a variety of other traditions prior to that.
It is a term defined as "no", "not", "nothing", or "without,"
As nothing, not, nothingness, un-, is not, has not, not any.

[1] Nonexistence; nonbeing; not having; a lack of, without.

[2] A negative.
[3] Caused to be nonexistent.
[4] Impossible; lacking reason or cause.
[5] Pure human awareness, prior to experience or knowledge.
[6] The 'original nonbeing' from which being is produced.

* * * *

There is no yoke to truth.
It is the conditioning of consciousness, of imagination,
That fabricates all encumbrance.

* * * *

We are but whims of the quantum matrix,
Players in a universe of differences
That are but vibratory illusion.

* * * *

History is matrix woven of ecstasies and agonies, glories and horrors,
To which the indivisible, timeless awareness has always been witness.

* * * *

But for the mind caught in its own snare, its own vice, its own egocentric notion,
There is no sure, no clear, no particular way anyone or anything must be.
The indelibly indivisible quantum mystery this all is, this all is not,
Is without any principle or meaning or purpose, whatsoever.

* * * *

What would this garden world become if humankind could just throw out all the memes:
Political, economic, religious, philosophical, cultural, and start all over again.
Can anyone even begin to envision what that mindset would be?
Would we, could we, truly create anything different?
Is it not obvious the monkey-mind
Is too entrenched in all its emotional passions,
All its imaginary impulses, to ever evolve from its jungle of origin.
The fate of our kind, of the world, of the universe, is etched in the sands of quantum.

* * * *

No matter how aware any you in any human form might be,
We are all caught up in every variety of habituated thought and action.
When dealing with minds going round and round in dysfunctional circular loops,
Well-intentioned advice and support are generally futile and exhausting.
How many times any well-meaning Samaritan gives it a go,
Is always dependent on the level of sainthood,
To which s/he feels committed.

* * * *

Very challenging to participate in the world, and not get drawn in believing it all real.
The conditioning, the habituation, is strong, and the mind weak and easily distracted.

* * * *

Are you required to contemplate the world, to reflect upon the human paradigm?
Or is it merely the repetitive groove, the arduous furrow, of an educated, cultivated,
Indoctrinated, habituated, programmed, conditioned, brainwashed frame of reference?

* * * *

You know because you agree to know.
You esteem knowledge because your conditioning
Has disciplined you to commit to memory minutiae unending.
It is the underpinning of all identity, and commotion and spectacle unending.
The human paradigm in a nutshell.

* * * *

While some prance about one great stage or another,
The fate of most seers is to reign alone, quietly unknown.

* * * *

These many thoughts mean to me whatever they mean to you.
All translation is filtered through the conditioning of the beholder.

* * * *

There is only the ever-present moment,
There is only the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
And there is no need to habitually encumber it with every variety of imaginary notion
Of what was, what is, and what might or might not be.

* * * *

What is history but a collection of ambiguous perceptions,
Superimposed as reality, oftentimes for ulterior purpose.

* * * *

There will never be political, economic, or social resolution to the human condition.
Consciousness itself would need to evolve into making the paradigm shift,
And that is about as likely as flying pigs or raining cats and dogs.

* * * *

Most human beings are mindlessly happy, mindlessly content,
With the given conditioning, the given frame of reference, the given idolatry.
To be a seer, doubt is required, and disbelief, skepticism, cynicism, are scarce commodities.
No point in trying to debate, to persuade, to convert, any true believer.
All must ultimately discern truth alone in their own way.
In other words, mind your own awareness.

* * * *

You may well be able to do just about anything with that finite cadaver,
But you cannot do anything to any great degree all the time,
Without the bite of some inevitable consequence,

And more than likely quite a few.
What fate, what destiny, are you crafting?

* * * *

The quantum mystery creates you, and you in return perceive it,
In whatever way the conditioning of your consciousness ordains.

* * * *

Humankind has been playing out its pattern of dualistic self-absorption for thousands of years.
And through most, it was possible, with relatively little consequence, to pillage the world in every way.
But those daze are long over; consequences are daily becoming more apparent, more amplified.
Clean air, clean water, clean ground, seemingly limitless resources, are all plumbed out.
There is a looming wall fast-approaching: tick, tick, tick, time is running out.

* * * *

The indivisible matrix will not even chirp a warble
When the last hominoid one day dissolves
Back into the quantum mist.

* * * *

What is the best word to describe the passing of time?
Moving? Fleeting? Marching? Happening? Unfolding? Streaming?
Emanating? Projecting? Reflecting? Kaleidoscoping? Matrixing? Holographing?
The mystery that defies any and all description would likely guffaw long and hard, had it a voice.
The indivisible, ephemeral now is all there is; time is but the creation of imagination.

* * * *

The awareness you are observes the body breathing in, breathing out.
The awareness you are observes the mind thinking this, thinking that.
The awareness you are, call it what you will: observer, watcher, witness;
Always ever-present, always motionless, always changeless, always ageless.
An eternal mystery traveling dreams of time in mortal patterns of every hue.

* * * *

How can there be karma if you are nothing more than the eternal moment?
Karma is but another illusory, another imaginary notion,
Playing in the smoke of the given mind.

* * * *

Creation is the awareness, through quantum stardust, evolving from atoms into molecules,
Mutating into genes, into cells, into life forms, playing out consciousness,
In whatever way the patterning of the mystery allows.
And the one and only you, the real you, always the witness.

* * * *

Conscience, scruples, principles, standards, values,
Ethics, ideals, virtues, integrity, morality, right and wrong;
Pillars of civilization for those who have a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

Never an easy task to re-condition, re-habituate, re-acclimate, re-orient,
Re-train an old dog, whether of the four-legged variety, or a mere two.

* * * *

Born of an intangible, indelible, ineffable, indivisible mystery,
Over which we have little or no say, little or no control, little or no anything.
We are all alone, together, playing out our whimsical little fates
Which ultimately have no meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

Is there really a universe, a cosmos jam-packed with galaxies?
Or simply an indivisible matrix, an awareness,
Timelessly dreaming a universe?

* * * *

To give your self completely over to the awareness,
Is to be free of conditioning, witness to the dream.

* * * *

What a beast, deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) in its mindless quest for immortality,
That it would relentlessly persevere in propagating consciousness,
Into so many hazardous, torturous circumstances:
Ailments, illnesses, infections, viruses, syndromes, diseases,
Maladies, disorders, accidents, disasters, misfortunes, catastrophes,
Mishaps, malaise, mayhem, turmoil, havoc, bedlam, anarchy, pandemonium,
Calamites, conflicts, and every other sort of indescribably painful whatever ad infinitum.

* * * *

You might become excruciatingly aware of your conditioning,
Your indoctrination, your habituation, your domestication,
Your brainwashing, your programming, your encoding,
But whether or not you can fundamentally change it,
Is an experiment you must investigate very much alone.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning and all the passions of vanity are overrated.
Only in unmitigated detachment, is there any resolution to the human absurdity.
Stop knowing, stop caring, stand alone, wander alone, absolute and free.

* * * *

Scientists are explorers of the mysterious unknown, of the perpetual enigma,
Using ever-evolving technology to fathom beyond the limits of the sensory panorama,
Yet restricted all the while, by the conditioned mind through which they perceive,
Through which they futilely measure but a veil of that which is immeasurable.

* * * *

Awareness peers out from the empty stillness through the filters of consciousness,
Which tailor the world, the universe, to its own conditioned, self-absorbed design.

* * * *

We all have many things that draw us, many interests that lead us down our long and winding pathway.
It could be family or friends or community or work or politics or religion or business or Ivory Tower
Or creativity or nature or travel or cooking or shopping or sports or current events or heroic causes
Or sex or gambling or drugs or lying or cheating or stealing or wreaking or blathering incoherently,
Or merely perching day after day in front of a television or computer, or in taverns and coffee shops.
The scroll is as long as imagination allows – we encounter many things in our given windows of time.
But as our dream streams on, as we grow older, our diversions, our amusements, slowly whittle down,
And whatever it is in the end that drums most loudly in our mind's eye will be the capstone of one's fate.

* * * *

The sense of Self exists only for as long as the corporeal mind-body is able to function
In the manner its nature-nurture conditioning has concocted.
Its inevitable death annihilates all.
All attachment to the temporal is pointless.

* * * *

The conditioning, the habituation, the programming, the indoctrination, the brainwashing,
Is hypnotizing, mesmerizing, absorbing, enthralling, spellbinding, captivating, convincing, blinding,
How much more challenging it is to be what you really, truly are, than what you pretend to be.

* * * *

No belief, no faith, no dogma, is required.
Let go of consciousness, of thought, of imagination.
Simply be the awareness you truly are.
Simply be the given here now.

* * * *

The only law in a Darwinian world is the ability to adapt to change.
It may not be the strongest or the most intelligent that continue,
But by enabling weakness, by fostering political correctness,
Civilization assures its decline and eventual destruction.

* * * *

The burden of time,
The burden of history,
The burden of tradition,
Are the burden of mind.

* * * *

Does the tiger think itself a tiger? The whale, a whale?
The shark, a shark? The crow, a crow? The snake, a snake? The frog, a frog?
The ant, an ant? The spider, a spider? The worm, a worm? The weed, a weed? A microbe, a microbe?
Or do they all merely act out the given instinctual patterns,
That all this mystery's creatures small to great,

Play out in harmonized fashion; a ballet that knows no bounds.
And is humankind, despite all the pretenses of consciousness, really doing any different?

* * * *

The quantum matrix is a timeless, spaceless, immeasurable fact.
Measure it, appraise it, in every way imaginable until kingdom come,
All you will ever calculate, all you will ever speculate, is but the veil of illusion.

* * * *

Awareness, the source of all creation, knows nothing.
Self-knowledge is but the imaginary fabrication of consciousness.
Without the matrix of quantum indivisibility, without the dream of otherness,
There would be no reflection, there would be no inquiry into the mystery of all mysteries.
And even in that reflection, as expansive or focused as it might be,
The inexplicable remains forever inexplicable.

Soundbites

For some it takes a fair amount of lifetime for one's calling to become apparent.

* * * *

What need does a newborn have for belief?

* * * *

Better to break a heart, than to stay with someone, for whom you feel no calling.

* * * *

You, whose fate it is to think you are.

* * * *

It has all happened so that this matrix of a moment could happen.

* * * *

Sometimes you just need to break with the routine.

* * * *

No matter how hard you try, you cannot deprive fate its munchie.

* * * *

To see it clearly for what it is, is the fulfillment of DNA's destiny.

* * * *

How meaningless any principles to any given moment.

* * * *

Ethics is the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

No human outcome can ever but hope to be more dynamic than its collective vision.

* * * *

Belief has nothing to do with the reality, the truth of what is, and what is not.

* * * *

Thinking is just another habit, just like all the rest.

* * * *

If you would avoid the fate of moths, stay clear of the flame.

* * * *

Patterns rule.

* * * *

There you go again, looking for the literal, in what is, ultimately, just a matrix of metaphors.

* * * *

Any given culture only has so many spare teats to go around.

* * * *

What is the matrix but an elemental fishbowl.

* * * *

Yes, yes, we know it is an indivisible pattern, now what?

* * * *

Holding on to the world is but the mind bound to habit.

* * * *

All belief systems have their extremes; moderation is a rare talent.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility, given meaning and purpose, however temporary it may be.

* * * *

It is the patterns, not history, that repeat themselves.

* * * *

You have it as it suits your purpose.

* * * *

The patterning is early done.

* * * *

What coincidence that we make our gods as petty as we.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a habit formed by the conditioning of time.

* * * *

What is a calling, but an inexplicable inclination, whose source is unknown.

* * * *

The quantum plays out every pattern with immaculate perfection.

* * * *

The winds of nature-nature partner up to write the program sometimes called fate.

* * * *

Though the patterns recycle again and again, no mind can ever think the same.

* * * *

What is belief but believing in so many things; all of it, in fact.

* * * *

The matrix is both infinitesimally and infinitely singular.

* * * *

Though it is but a brief dream, your mortal fate is unchangeable and inescapable.

* * * *

All fates are sculpted by the same wind.

* * * *

No belief can achieve what you already are.

* * * *

It takes a matrix.

* * * *

Discern your fate ultimately no different than any other particle of stardust.

* * * *

Perception rides the neuron trails, gradually sculpting them into their nature-nurture fate.

* * * *

Is your existence any more than a streaming sack of vaporous habits?

* * * *

Attachment to outcomes is a sure road to perdition.

* * * *

Scientific objectivity is flushed down the drain, when funding dictates a self-serving outcome.

* * * *

Is there a fate that inspires you enough to give your life over to it?

* * * *

Is civilization really anything more than organized savagery slathered with pretense?

* * * *

Meaning and purpose, why?

* * * *

Each of us has our own fate in mind.

* * * *

Every life form great to small is but a pattern, a quantum receiving unit in the slot allotted.

* * * *

Desire and fear are nothing more than habits of the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

Love is best done unconditionally or not at all.

* * * *

Morality and ethics are the antithesis of our Darwinian roots.

* * * *

Just putting in the time, in whatever way the serendipity calls, is my lawless.

* * * *

Every mind is drawn to a fate of its own making.

* * * *

What indifferent beasts, the Fates.

* * * *

Humankind seems incapable of any other mode of behavior but squabbling self-interest.

* * * *

The known mind is a finite pattern; awareness, infinite potential.

* * * *

What is the purpose of any culture, but to mold the young into its version of inanity.

* * * *

Each mind a meme unto its Self.

* * * *

'Tis meme-ish faire.

* * * *

History is the albatross every culture hangs upon its young.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are you, but an imaginary, conditioned frame of reference.

* * * *

You may be guilty by someone else's standards, but are you guilty in your own?

* * * *

Do you really know your own mind, or are you nothing more than a dittohead meme?

* * * *

How indifferent the genetic lottery to the cruel fates it so often casts.

* * * *

No, you do not have to do it that way; you can break the pattern, maybe.

* * * *

Wealthy beyond belief.

* * * *

Nothing is calling you.

* * * *

If you believe only the countless lies the senses weave, your destiny is mortal faire.

* * * *

Any language is dead without the culture from which it was fashioned.

* * * *

You are doing the matrix, and the matrix is doing you.

* * * *

Was that an accident? Or intentional? You will never be quite sure.

* * * *

The beingness prior to belief requires no dogma.

* * * *

Watch that record play and play and play, over and over and over, memes all.

* * * *

Yet another harbinger of the fate in store.

* * * *

Ethics is best served on a full belly from a secure perch.

* * * *

You are all there is, all there ever was, all there will ever be: Where is the karma in that?

* * * *

Thought is but a habit, which only mindful breathing breaks.

* * * *

Quantum matrixing.

* * * *

We are all patterns; some more complex, some more exotic, than others.

* * * *

The incessant chatter is but a confabulation of your conditioning.

* * * *

No one can help you fulfill your destiny past any uncertain point.

* * * *

The many-faced god is a many-fated god.

* * * *

The weight of tradition falls heavier and heavier upon every new generation.

* * * *

We are all playing out one meme or another, perhaps several.

* * * *

As simple as it is, weaning your Self from the habitual mind is no easy task.

* * * *

Yes, there is a quantum matrix, through which awareness gazes, and it is all you.

* * * *

Can the mind be reprogrammed, reconditioned, or is awareness the only key?

* * * *

Accidents happen; that is why they are called accidents.

* * * *

History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

* * * *

The point and purpose, is whatever you imagine it to be, or not to be, no question.

* * * *

Are you a conditioned identity, or just awareness pretending to be a conditioned identity?

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than a stream of habitual thinking.

* * * *

Tradition is only as real as it is given the weight attention.

* * * *

Belief, faith, hope: the triage of the mind caught in the delusions of time.

* * * *

You are only a human being if you abide the conditioning.

* * * *

Reality transcends belief and faith and hope.

* * * *

To master contentment is to waylay all fates.

* * * *

Are you really any more than a repetitive body bag of habitual thinking?

* * * *

All you can do is keep walking toward whatever fate is in store.

* * * *

A vast quantum matrix conceived and nurtured in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

Trials are but the winds of fate, the course of which can only at best be vaguely set.

* * * *

All you can do is play the fate your mind-body inspires in this garden world.

* * * *

To discern your passion, your raison d'être, is the most true fate.

* * * *

Where is the line between the attention of caution and the obsession of paranoia?

* * * *

What do you do with the truth that has neither meaning, nor purpose, nor reality?

* * * *

We all get locked in our conditioned recording, playing out the rutted mind round and round.

Breadcrumbs

Bit by bit, ditty after ditty, one ditty at a time.
Who knows how many have been written, and more than that,
But for those so many lost by unbidden chance and inattentive happenstance.
The fate, the fates, oh what destiny do they reckon before time's end?

* * * *

These many thoughts are left for humankind's unfolding reverie,
Written by a witness, a seer, who was born in 1953 A.D.
To what duration he cannot at this writing say.
Geographically, it was called Northern California
During the agricultural-industrial-technological epoch
Of the United States of America, a nation-state
In what seemed the zenith and early decline
Of civilization as he elected to perceive it.
But history knows many such epochs,
So the accuracy of all predictions in time
Is for future scholars to ponder and pontificate,
As they always have, and undoubtedly, always will.

* * * *

Not all callings earn a paycheck.

* * * *

A happy fate it is to be all but ignored.
To wander, witness to it all, anonymous.

* * * *

Can you feel that meme's dull, rusty blade, carving through your trachea,
Down through the artery, while your screams turn into a frothy gurgle?

* * * *

What an ironically hollow fate, a laughably absurd fate,
To have given so much of the existence given,
To setting down these many thoughts,
For a potential readership,
So few of which,
One will ever chance to meet.

* * * *

The memes are too strong, too fierce, too greedy for more.
Just cannot summon the energy to fight the fight that needs to be fought
To put this out-of-control dream on a more sustainable track
Of caring guardianship of this frail world.

* * * *

Time to wrap up this life's work,

Its point and purpose, its raison d'être,
To whatever end fate allows.

* * * *

Whether or not there will be legs or wings to all these thoughts,
Whether or not the seeds that have been tossed into so many minds,
Will blossom into something more in humanity's journey,
Is for time's telling by some yet-to-come watcher
Of the all-things-quantum-matrix kind.

* * * *

Have you ever read this one before,
Or is all this silly patter blurring together?
It certainly has for this Sisyphus in the daily toil,
Wrestling the rock of vanity up the hill.
And still they bubble, bubble
From mind to paper,
Each unique in its own little way.
An inexplicable calling, a mystery, indeed.

* * * *

The scribe's foremost habit in this world
Has been writing the fleeting perceptions
Observed in his stream of consciousness.
Something to do with the journalistic sense
Of the human drama as he has witnessed it.
An idle, somewhat meaningless academic bent
In the mind's passionate, surrealistic sensory drama,
A journey on the far side if there ever was one.

* * * *

The calling is nearly complete.
So many adventures to reach this point,
This awareness without measure.

* * * *

You were born to write this, El Escribasimo.
It is your calling, it is your fate, it is your destiny.

* * * *

Consciousness has written all this
For whatever purpose, if any, only it knows.
As sages across time and space have left similar thoughts,
So, too, shall these be left to time's reckoning.

* * * *

These writings are adrift
In the abyss of this world's future.

It is too late to reel them in.
Their fate, if any,
Is unknown.

* * * *

The scribe knew enough
To throw together a smattering of words
As defined by the education and existence he was offered.
We are all patterns within the ephemeral matrix,
In which the senses play out time.

* * * *

Birth may fire up the Holodeck, and death turn off the switch in its Twilight Zone,
But whether the Matrix plays on forever and ever is known only to some higher pay grade.
All that can be offered here is the greatest non-fui-non-sum-non-curo to which this mind has access.

* * * *

Yet again bemoaning the garden's destiny
When its subjugation and destruction
Has made you and all this possible.
Irony and paradox can mask harsh truth.

* * * *

When I was much younger than today,
There was a recurring nightmare of being smothered,
Of being trapped in some deep silo, with beans pouring down upon me.
It went away once I realized it was the conditioning encroaching upon the inherent freedom.
It was the beginning of a long climb to reclaim that which I truly am,
That which we and all things truly are.

* * * *

It is not about me, unless you are referring to the me that is you,
And everything else, in this unfathomable matrix cum laude.

* * * *

Absolutely mad, mad beyond belief, of that there can be little doubt.

* * * *

It has been a remarkable thing to exist, to be a witness to the beyond-all-pales incomprehensibility
Of this imaginary make-believe theater, kaleidoscoping in a space-time-continuum illusion.
But I am long over this hollow touchy-feely, three-dimensional, dreamtime matrix.
I yearn for oblivion, for nothingness, and am only putting up with existence,
Until the body-mind becomes too agonizing, or the world too annoying,
To want to bother about waking up to battle windmills ever again.
Alas, I am afraid life is akin to a cold that will not go away,
A case of "you-can-check-out-any-time-you-like-but-you-can-never-leave."
Not me in the manifest-worldly-time-bound sense, of course, but me ever just the same.

* * * *

A Rumpelstiltskin, I am, I am, a mischievous sprite of the two-legged kind,
Putting together all these ditties, for what time may or may not come,
From the straw of this mind's harvest, a task for which this life,
Was into spontaneous serendipity and happenstance cast.

* * * *

You are not by any chance a terrorist following me with a dull, rusty knife, are you?
Not a question to ask anyone with hallmark features and or behaviors of Arab descent.

* * * *

All this has been spontaneously written in the wandering moments
For a destiny most unclear at this point in time.
A strange fate, indeed.

* * * *

I am about exploring consciousness in my singular way,
So, to Hades with all your meme-ridden judgments
And sundry notions of political correctness.

* * * *

The reality is, any given reader may or may not comprehend these thoughts as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

* * * *

Am long past thinking humankind will ever transcend its all-too-predictable patterning.
We are a mind-boggling collection of cancerous maniacs from the jungle get-go of our origin.
The only question is whether we will obliterate the garden before it manages to off us.
Or we ourselves, or maybe very hungry alien insects or a big fucking comet.

* * * *

This is my work, my calling, my raison d'être.
It pays nothing, offers nothing, is overseen by nothing.
Vanity is its birthplace, contentment and peace the only reward.

* * * *

Will these thoughts, too, be usurped by one meme or another?

* * * *

Meme Michael

* * * *

The quantum mystery has done did every sort of mystic seer, and now me,
A ne'er-do-well curmudgeon cast by the fates into the light of awareness.

* * * *

Playing to the audience of me-my-Self-and-I in the moiville of time,
Makes for a purer abstract of whatever thoughts come to mind.
It avoids the politics of trying to appease any given crowd.
Yielding to any meme, any groupthink, any limitation,
No matter how minimal, only muddies the streaming flow.

* * * *

Who but me could ever read all this, much less write it.
An inexplicable, inordinate, unexpected fate, to be sure.

* * * *

Predictability, a vice to which I prefer not succumb,
But, alas, a state with which I am, as in any pattern's inevitability,
Compelled to comply in many ways, many shapes, many forms, in this mortal fray.

* * * *

It took a fair slice of life to discern the calling you herein read.

* * * *

I am the son of eternity, as are you if it is your fate to discern it.

* * * *

Bookstores and libraries and personal collections and landfills and burning piles,
Chock-full of books that relatively few ever even peruse, much less read.
Very little doubt the likely destiny of these many thoughts, as well.
Oh well, so it goes, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.
How pleasant it has been to read every word,
Many of them more than a few times.

* * * *

Soon enough, I shall join the graveyard of dead philosophers,
And all this absurd babble will play to what end, I need neither know nor care.
Likely as not, it will evaporate back into the prior-to-consciousness abyss, relatively undiscerned,
And the human species shall continue racing madly toward the dualistic destiny
Ordained by its vanity-laced Darwinian genomic predisposition,
Which is so oh-well-so-it-goes-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on the way it is,
In the grand schemelessness of all things manifestly grist-for-the-mill eternally indivisible.

* * * *

It took a long time in earth years to figure out my calling in this mortal existence,
Which, of course, provided a larger frame of reference, more writing material,
From which to articulate clarity and insight to an all but empty auditorium.

* * * *

All this random babble has been scribed over a period of going-on thirty years.
Apologies for all the repetition, but it is more a journal of whatever springs into mind,
Than it is any kind of cohesive narrative, or cohesive anything, for that or any other matter.
Basically, it all boils down to this fact: You are the indivisible, timeless mystery,

And for all practical and impractical purposes, you are on you own.
Rotsa ruck, best wishes, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Chuang-Tzu (The Butterfly as Companion):
Once upon a time, I dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was myself. Soon I awaked, and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming I am a man.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Or neither dreaming both.

Mickey Knox's father's last words
Before he blows his head off with a shotgun
(Natural Born Killers):
Do you believe in fate, boy?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Nothing but.

* * * *

Walt Whitman:
I think I could turn and live with animals. They are so placid and self-contained. I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition. They do no lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins. They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God. Not one is dissatisfied. Not one is demented with the mania of owning things. Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago. Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
So lucky, and they don't even know it.

* * * *

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:
Four score and seven years ago
Our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation,
Conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Do not be in denial, do not be deluded, about the fact that the United States of America,
With its Declaration of Independence, Constitution, Bill of Rights, and who knows how many laws,
Was founded upon the genocide of the Americans who inhabited it long before Columbus,
The enslavement of tribal peoples abducted from their village homes in Africa,
And destruction and annihilation, all across the planet ever since.

George Orwell in Animal Farm:
All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.

Thucydides in the History of the Peloponnesian Wars:

Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must.

* * * *

Ambrose Bierce (The Devil's Dictionary):
CYNIC, n. A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.
Hence the custom among the Scythians of plucking out a cynic's eyes to improve his vision.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Fortunately, and whew, them Scythians have gone quantum,
but keeping an eye out just in case.

* * * *

Albert Camus:
There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Scorning away.

* * * *

Common Meme:
History repeats itself.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
History does not repeat itself; the patterns do.

* * * *

Ethics:
Ethics or moral philosophy is a branch of philosophy that "involves systematizing, defending, and recommending concepts of right and wrong behavior". The field of ethics, along with aesthetics, concerns matters of value, and thus comprises the branch of philosophy called axiology.
Ethics seeks to resolve questions of human morality by defining concepts such as good and evil, right and wrong, virtue and vice, justice and crime. As a field of intellectual inquiry, moral philosophy also is related to the fields of moral psychology, descriptive ethics, and value theory.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Ethics is the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

There is no fate which cannot be surmounted by scorn ~ Albert Camus

* * * *

Why wait for the Fates to decide my end by some other foul hand?
Whose hand was better suited for my own departure than my own?

* * * *

An AMA lab rat, the fate of many.

* * * *

Destiny is dust

* * * *

Destiny is all

* * * *

Death trumps destiny again

The Way It Is (An Unfinished Essay)

It is a curious thing to me, and I am sure many others …

A collusion of imagination

You cannot save the planet until you understand inwardly, at a quantum level, that you are the planet, and the universe from which it is spun.

Make-believe, a world-wide game of make-believe.

A wake-up called for the human species. Sort of an emperor's-wearing-no-clothes moment, if you will.

It is a very curious thing how imagination rules the human drama. It is the source of everything we do, everything we as a species have created, and yet we have not come to grips with it enough really understand it, or to use it in ways that are truly harmonious and relatively beneficial to all, and to all those yet unborn who will follow.

We are endlessly caught up in all the assumptions, all the differences, all the polarizations, all the absurdities over this or that. We seem unable to fathom the fundamental commonality of the mortality that we all endure. We seem unable to see that everything is connected, everything is made of the same clay, everything is swimming in the same quantum sea, everything is of the same origin. Whatever name or belief we may give it, and there are so many across the world throughout human history, we find every reason to create further division rather that surrender to the simplicity, the indivisibility at every core.

No matter your color, class, caste, creed, culture, language, sex, class, all the things you imagine you are, at the source we are all very much the same. We all love, we all hate, we all cry, we all work, we all consume, we all feel alone, we occupy ourselves in every way imaginable.

This is not an ideal, this is a fact. We have so much more in common at the primal source than can ever be imagined. It is unfortunate that most of us are unable to discern this simple truth, that we are so caught up in our individual and cultural histories, and all the beliefs they have inspired, that we are unable to work together to achieve our full potential, to realign with this amazing pearl of a world, this wondrous garden, that we have so badly damaged in every way.

We are so caught up in our greed, our self-interest, our divisive beliefs, our security, our politics, our color, our sexuality, divisive this, divisive that.

Everything we think is imagined. Everything about ourselves, everything about others, everything about our geography of origin, everything about our world, everything about the universe, everything about anything … is imagined. All our inner struggles, all our outer struggles are born of imagination.

The choice between heaven and hell, between harmony and disharmony, between peace and war, is a choice each of us in every moment makes.

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination, we are all very much the same.

We can emphasize the differences, or we can discern the unimpeachable commonality.

And we are quickly running out of time. The decisions we are making together every moment of every day, the synergy of all our actions combined in the play of time, are creating a future that few of us would likely want to endure. And yet we give so little thought to the world that our grandchildren, their grandchildren, and the grandchildren a thousand years hence – assuming we as a species, assuming this garden of a planet, can even survive that long – will endure.

A very curious thing, indeed, how imagination rules the human drama.

Surely, I am not the only one who feels like an alien here.

Standout Duplicates
Used in "The Stillness Before Time" 2017 Revision/Expansion

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

Standout Duplicates from "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter One

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

Traditions and dogmas and rituals and symbols
Are nothing more than distracting, empty encumbrances
For those yearning to regain their essential, absolute birthright.

Chapter Two

If all sentient beings were to awaken at once,
Consciousness would not, could not, be the adventure it is.
So, the relentless, gnashing, grinding, kaleidoscope of bondage and suffering
Spins on in its mysterious, unfolding dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

The identity, the persona, the ego, the self, however it is called,
Is but a temporal, mortal, fabrication of mind and senses,
And their weaving with the culture, the mythology,
Of the space and time in which it sets sail.

Chapter Three

Liberation requires unconditional surrender of identity; there is no compromise.

Chapter Four

When you truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The you immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

* * * *

We all create our own meaning and purpose.
All are equally valid, and all, just as equally invalid.
Play whatever playhouse you will, none are ultimately real.

* * * *

The mind has made a habit of believing it is an identity.

Chapter Five

The imaginary persona is not what you truly are.
Discern the indivisible you, surrender to the isness.
The solitary journey to manifest the unconditional reality
Is the raison d'être of this kaleidescoping quantum dreamtime.
All else is nothing more than absorbing distraction.

* * * *

Every culture molds individual conformity
To whatever mythos it prescribes.
It takes discerning courage
To discover and be what you truly are.
There is no freedom in incarnating a prescribed life.

* * * *

When all ambition and purpose is released,
You return to the naturally flowering awareness
Free of the burden of psychological identification.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom
Requires an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
An upheaval from the birthplace of all beingness.

* * * *

You can only know what you are conditioned to believe,
Or what you garner through your own experience.
Be free, be content, to know nothing, as well.

* * * *

To awaken to its inexplicable, timeless, indivisibly absolute awareness,
Is surely the ultimate point and purpose of this manifest quantum paradigm.

Chapter Six

Do not subscribe to any ists, any isms.
Use all teachings only as tools to discern for yourself
The unconditional freedom their founders brought to consciousness.

* * * *

No one observing you will ever see much.
You function and interact habitually,
Completing all required tasks
In much the same mode as before.
It is only within, out of exterior viewing,
That the absoluteness disclosures its handiwork,
The ineffable nature of its eternally timeless moment.

* * * *

The personality is merely a complex interaction of patterns.
Thoughts and emotions playing out the mind-body theater.

* * * *

Ignorance of the first and last state,
Denial of the unconditional nature of aloneness,
Only regenerate the suffering of time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

All manifestation is subject to the patterning,
While the source to which all patterns essentially subscribe,
Remains timelessly inexplicable, timelessly inscrutable, forever unknowable.

* * * *

The awareness that you truly are, call it whatever you will,
Is prior to all the suffering, prior to all the torments of consciousness:
Unconditional, indifferent, desireless, birthless, deathless, indivisibly timeless.

* * * *

Once you clearly discern the weaving of desire and fear,
How they patterned your personality becomes apparent.

* * * *

The mind-body is but a limited, partial receiver,
Discerning but a mere sliver of the all but infinite potential
Of the electromagnetic spectrum in this inscrutable hologram matrix.

Chapter Seven

If you spend your time debating whether this or that religion,
Whether this or that philosophy, is right or wrong, best or worst, good or bad,
Then you have really missed the essential point and purpose,
And own nothing but a mind of empty words.

* * * *

You were the original nature before your manifest genesis.
Since then, the conditioning of geographic collusions
Have denied you the awareness of that impersonal reality.
It is a challenging calling to discern and return to your birthright.

* * * *

Pure awareness does not differentiate sex, race, color, culture, creed or nationality.
That is nothing more than the capricious play of manifest human consciousness.

* * * *

Drugs in themselves are really not the problem.
Using them moderately, for right purpose, is the key.

* * * *

What to do with history and its countless mythologies born of time and circumstance.

Every language, every tradition, every ceremony, every symbol, imaginable.
The freest spirits throw off the yoke of even being a human being.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of discerning courage
To be vulnerable, unconditional, intelligent, content, total,
To allow no phenomena to deter opening your heart and mind to eternity.

* * * *

Parables in most every tradition point to the ultimate absolute nature
Yet most only hear the tale, and miss entirely the mystery of the lesson.

* * * *

Question everything.
Tear every assumption to pieces.
Only total revolution within can free your spirit
From the whatever conditioning the world has chained you.

* * * *

There is really no river to cross, nor ocean into which to merge.
The original nature is on both banks, and all shores,
And above and below, within and without,
Each and every point, as well.
The quantum matrix knows no other.

* * * *

Do not deny, do not doubt, the quantum nature, the quantum matrix, you truly are.
Call it divine, call it god, call it what is, call it whatever, the words do not matter.

* * * *

Memes rule.

Chapter Eight

Normal is the encasing ideal of culture.
It is the conditioning of tradition.
It is the denial of the flower.

* * * *

Those aware of the awareness neither need nor create nor foster
Any belief, any tradition, any ritual, any symbol, any dogmatic hierarchy.
That is the entangling outcome of those who are forever baffled,
Those who follow, those who imitate, those who recite.

* * * *

The dreamtime river is an ever-flowing quantum matrix.
Though mind may attempt to dam it, to channel it,
Or to encase it until it wallows in stagnation,

It ever remains eternally unconstrained.

* * * *

Hesitation, guilt, shame, remorse,
Are the plight of the conditioned mind.
Live each moment fully, and regret nothing.

* * * *

All lives are played out in one pattern or another.
The mind habitually requires the order of purpose and meaning,
Yet all purpose and meaning, is nothing more than the make-believe of delusion.
The realization that you are but a dream is the only salvation.

* * * *

All that is, is of the patterning, but what resides prior to all patterns?
Who cares whether you exist once, or expire times beyond counting?
Every moment's kaleidoscoping streamtime is the story's true telling.

* * * *

The quantum matrix kaleidoscopes into human beings,
And humans imagine the mystery in their own image.

* * * *

Every culture creates an ethos to perpetuate its continuity.
Identification with any mindset, any tradition, is inevitably a quagmire.
To become eternally boundless, to realize absolute nature, to become the cosmic dance,
Discern that all mythos is nothing more than vain, arbitrary fabrication.

* * * *

Those claiming they are keepers of any given belief system, any given word,
Can never be more than false prophets and sordid hypocrites.
Even That I Am cannot know its origin.

Chapter Nine

Everything you see, hear, touch, taste, smell,
Every thought, every belief, everything known and intuited,
Is personal mythos, entirely of your own creation, your own imagination.

* * * *

An enlightened parent's purpose in life is to empower a child
Not to depend psychologically on them or anyone else.
Do not use the innocent to redeem your deficiency.

* * * *

Psychological dependency aborts sovereignty.

Chapter Ten

Life's seeming meaninglessness
Is a thin veneer disguising its purpose.
Rip off that mask and discover your real face.

* * * *

The quantum of humanity awakens at its own pace
Into conscious action in routine daily living.
Do not wait for others to follow suit.

* * * *

Each must find their way alone as suits disposition, interest, and capacity,
The mysterious givens of the manifest patterning that makes all unique.

* * * *

The mortal mind is a temporal, mysterious tapestry threaded by desire.
Fear and anger and obsession and every variety of vanity,
Are among the most negative outcomes.

* * * *

Some might argue owning this depends on karma,
That no one can accelerate or coerce the awakening.
Others contend it will happen if you simply desire it so.
Your own research into the matter is warranted.

* * * *

Those operating in a limited, conditioned view of godness
May see your light and may even invite you to reside in their fold,
But your vision of totality, they will likely never even begin to comprehend.

* * * *

Any belief that you are separate from the totality
Is founded entirely upon unwarranted delusion.

Chapter Eleven

Coincidences, are they really?

* * * *

Honor and respect your family, if possible,
But allow them no reign over your calling.

* * * *

Those who quest that which is true will discern it written about in many teachings.
But to actually be the awareness is to look prior to mere belief and faith.
Union with that which is absolute, that which is eternally real,
Is far more than hollow superstition and idolatry.

* * * *

The countless abuses of affluence have ever been set before you.
Those whose greed helms their destiny have neither heart nor mind for eternity.
Their absorption with gold and other shiny things blinds them to the reality of the. Mystery.

* * * *

Whether the emphasis is on one teacher or teaching,
Or a wander through a wide array of teachers and teachings,
All are in reality nothing more than masks of the same quantum matrix.

* * * *

Do you truly believe your puny little personality,
Your gratuitous perception of identity,
All your noxious little habits,
All your silly beliefs,
Are what will be someday reborn?

Chapter Twelve

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

You can never go back, you can never return, to what you once were.
You have seen too much, and can only carry on wherever the fates lead.

* * * *

Those using insight into the patterning for self-serving purpose do no one any favors.

* * * *

We are all drawn to the scale we can fathom; absoluteness is a rare calling.

Chapter Fourteen

Conditions set by any given mythos need not be more than endured.

* * * *

All identity is but a habit, a patterning of human conditioning.
The broom of discerning awareness sweeps it immaculate.

* * * *

It may be disturbing to realize that you do not really exist,
But the fact remains that your ultimate destiny is oblivion.

Chapter Fifteen

Seekers of truth are like moths to a flame, their destiny, oblivion.

* * * *

Everything you think you know: every memory, every belief, every opinion,
Is a temporal fabrication, a dream whose reality can never ultimately be proven.

* * * *

Like and dislike, pain and pleasure, male and female, white and black, true and false,
All sides of the same coin created by dreamers locked in memes of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Your mind-identity is a perceived record patterned by the relative etchings of time.
All dissolve into dreamy insignificance once you as witness are timelessly witnessed.

Chapter Sixteen

What you are attached to is not outward manifestation,
But the habitual movement of the ceaseless thoughts about it,
Personality is the outcome of this patterned consumption.

Leftovers Added to "The Return to Wonder"
Transferred to fill out the diminished ten-page blocks during
the very gradual edit underway since September 2015

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

Dedicated to all those fated to ponder the mystery
From which all things great to small
Are indivisibly created.

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
http://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
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Chapter One

If it is your calling, your fortune, your kismet, your fate, your destiny,
You will discern the me within you, the you within me, the same me,
The same awareness within and between all things great to small.

* * * *

How can you think
You have accomplished anything
If you have not yet discovered the unconditioned?

* * * *

The world, the universe, the hologram, the matrix, the quantum, call it what you will,
Is in a relentless state of consumption, a constant state of fluctuation,
Unscathed, unchanged, uncaring, all the while.

* * * *

Identity is but an imprisoning, painful habit,
A play of light of temporal reality,
A fabrication to which mind desperately clings.
It requires the greatest courage of spirit to journey beyond it.

* * * *

Male and female merge in the throes of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman's dark womb,
In the eternal stillness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism
Wired for a fate yet unknown
Into a universe of its own conception.

Chapter Two

Every moment springing simultaneously anew within the indivisible quantum matrix.
All its concoctions, all its innumerable forms, ever the same source,
Ever the same awareness, ever the same you-ness,
Ever the same boggling mystery.
How astounding this indelible Song of Godness,
This eternal eye gazing out the masks and veils of manifestation.

* * * *

Awareness is the "awakeness" of all living creations,
Of the indivisible quantum matrix, the stardust, come to "life."
It is the eternal eye of the unknown prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams they in spontaneous combustion may inspire.

* * * *

In all destinies there is an executioner, an assassin, a slayer,
Ever formed of the earth-air-water-fire of all things here-now ether.
There is no escape for the awareness you are, only an abiding endurance.
Spurn the Fates, they cannot touch you once the shadow of karma loses its hold.

* * * *

Identity is the mistaken belief that the awareness you really are
Is at all attached to the sundry attributes of the food-body,
Or the world of appearances through which it renders.

Chapter Three

How ridiculous it is to believe anyone individual can save anything or anyone,
When in the reality of this kaleidoscoping dream, there is nothing to save.
And even if there were, it would be the matrix-level synergy doing it,
Not some illusory persona wrapped in inflated self-absorption.

Chapter Four

It can indeed be a long and winding and oft times lonely road
Until you discern the matrix through which all time-bound linear notions wander,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, eternal aloneness unto thy Self.

Chapter Seven

If you know pain, you likely know fear, and what weaves pain
But the conditioned mind that clings to its imaginary universe.

Chapter Eleven

You are here now because your genetic line,
Since existence kicked off in the swampy puddle of origin,
Somehow survived, somehow thrived, at least long enough to procreate.
The consecration of patterned happenstance; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What does any patterning, small to great, do,
But waft through its tiny slice of matrix,
For as long as its shelf life pertains.

Chapter Twelve

Imagine existing in this spinning garden world when it was perfectly untamed,
And you with neither claw nor fang, only mind and opposable thumb,
And an abiding, pitiless will to survive, and perchance thrive.
You are a direct descendant, the genomic outcome,
Of those who somehow persevered,
From the puddle of origin, to this here now.

* * * *

There is only one quantum dimension, one quantum matrix, one quantum soul.
Neither within nor without, neither known nor unknown,
Neither here nor there, you are.

Chapter Thirteen

Some call it this, some call it that.
Words, words, words; sounds given conceptual overlays.
The nothingness given meaning, given purpose; identity it neither needs nor requires.
The busy-busy cacophony of the human mind's unceasing obsession

With re-hashing everything in its own muddle.

* * * *

Challenging, indeed, for the mind to just be, given its conditioning,
And the life force at whose helm it navigates the shoals of existence.

* * * *

The universe is a pulsating-vibrating-kaleidoscoping-hologram-matrix-quantum theater
In which you are witness within and without the within and without
That is not, was not, and will never be.

* * * *

Desire, fear, the myriad passions of the monkey-mind in general,
Are nothing more than predicable habits, patterns born of nature-nurture,
Of genetics and the incessant winds of time playing out the vanities of consciousness.

Chapter Fifteen

The next game show: Name That Meme.
And a t-shirt to match: What's Your Meme?

* * * *

However any life form great or small may sense it,
It is ever the same quantum matrix playing its magic.

Chapter Sixteen

What a mystery this holographic matrix,
A mirage of space and time,
An imaginary sandbox,
In which all play,
But none truly exist.

Leftovers and Soundbites
Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"
from "Breadcrumbs 2019" and All Future Times Beyond

Chapter 015

How easy it is to fall into a descending spiral of self-pity over one's lot in life.
To stay strong, to stand tall in the bittersweet winds of fate, is ever a challenge.

Chapter 250

Patterns all, puppets all.

Chapter 252

Mindless belief – tedious, senseless, stupid – is the lazy way.

Chapter 253

There is no changing destiny into something it already is.

* * * *

The eggshell of conditioning is but an imaginary shell.

Chapter 254

Every passion has its destiny, death rules us all, the world wags on.

Chapter 255

How quickly the sparkle of obsession can morph into dark shadows.

Chapter 257

Truth serves no purpose.

* * * *

Let go the conditioned mind.

Chapter 258

Every seed has its fate.

* * * *

No matter the point and purpose, all ambition clouds the mind.

Chapter 260

You are a conditioned recording, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Chapter 261

Real faith requires no word or act, no belief or creed.

* * * *

Physics ... Chemistry ... Biology ... Patterns within patterns within patterns.

Chapter 263

Epiphany serendipity.

Chapter 264

Another layer of dust reminding you of your fate.

Chapter 266

All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

Chapter 267

We all play out one meme or another.

* * * *

Destiny is the price life pays for existence.

* * * *

Is it an electromagnetic spectrum? An electromagnetic matrix? Or anything at all?

Chapter 268

The Fates are indifferent to yours.

* * * *

Embrace the meaninglessness; embrace the purposelessness.

Chapter 270

Fate is the price you are going to pay, willing or not.

* * * *

Memes all.

Chapter 273

Principles often prove to be many-layered things in the relativity of circumstance.

* * * *

Principles have a tendency to change with the given wind.

* * * *

The quantum matrix born of a quantum mind is a figment of time.

* * * *

The pittering-pattering of every mind,
Every moment further muddies up the world,
Inexorably caught up in the destiny of consciousness.

* * * *

That most primal thing, fear, has been key in molding this imaginary you,

A conditioned identity that you every day wake up believing real and true.
A state of mind, a state of attachment, a sword by which you live and die.

Chapter 276

To meet your fate with a full breath, inspires the greatest courage.

Chapter 277

Pleasure and pain spawn different outcomes in their cause-and-effect spins.

Leftovers and Soundbites Transferred to "The Return to Wonder" from "Breadcrumbs 2018"

Chapter 279

Is habit anything more than mind's attachment to the body's chemical play?

Chapter 280

To be content with nothing is a rare calling.

Chapter 282

Conditioning is all.

* * * *

All your meanings, all your purposes, are but the fantasies of vanity.

Chapter 283

What is this mind that is conditioned to perpetually justify its illusion?

* * * *

Congratulations on holding true to your meme.

* * * *

Even the greatest pharaohs, the greatest kings, were nothing more than pawns of fate.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning … Say whaaaat?!!

* * * *

What conditioning, what groupthink, it takes to charge into the blaze of battle.

Soundbites Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"

from “Breadcrumbs” (Chapters 301, 302, 303)

Chapter 283

What's your calling?

Chapter 285

Real faith, real belief, is the relinquishment of everything in any given moment.

Chapter 286

Memes die hard.

* * * *

Thoughts are merely habits, babbling away.*

Chapter 288

Memes, you are surrounded by memes.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Leftovers

What to do when meaning and purpose have lost their sheen, their raison d'être?
Examining the writings of seers and philosophers across all time and space,
It can be seen there is naught but arbitrary rhyme and reason to the many conclusions,
So the answer is, as is so often the case in the vain ways of the monkey-mind: Whatever amuses you.

* * * *

Behavior codes are as whimsical as dress codes.
To be constrained by any limited mode of thinking
Is but the conditioning of a mind imprisoned in time.

* * * *

What are you but immortal awareness,
Encased, ensnared, in a corporal container,
Playing out a temporal meme born of imagination.

* * * *

Life is a Rolodex of ever-changing perceptions and values.
How any given mind sees its world is never the same for long.

* * * *

History is process, and process repeats its patterns, but never goes back.
Square one is a long ago before the ever-after of time was ever conceived.

* * * *

Awareness is aware of every point and particle of the manifest dreamtime.
It is aware of every kaleidoscoping matrix quantum moment throughout all eternity.
The many creations it omnisciently witnesses are aware of it only rarely, if ever.
To awaken to the awareness, the indelible mystery within and without,
To wander through the reverie, conscious of the omniscience,
Is a center stage role available to all, but offered to few.

* * * *

Awareness is the unknowable source of all intelligence.
Creation is but the sequential means of its eternal quantum potential
For dreaming whatever its kaleidoscoping matrix of a mystery has in no-mind store.

* * * *

That voice in your head is nothing more than a recording
Of imagination’s response to the nature-nurture conditioning.

* * * *

To fully perceive that you are not this manifestation is an unending challenge.

The sensory theater is ever an enticing, hypnotic, call of the sirens.
It is not at all easy to meander in unconditional solitude,
Hypnotized as you are by the cultural paradigm,
Founded upon a genetic predisposition,
Towards interaction with individual and groups,
That spontaneously evolved in the fierce jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.
And however it may unfold, if you are contemplating such as this,
Your fate may well be to be an unfathomable eye of the unfolding dream.

* * * *

The true believer, no matter the belief, is caught in the web of space and time,
And can never perceive that the meme is but a dream.
Freedom is but a word.

* * * *

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to Mystery
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness
59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit

59 Moments to History
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility
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59 Moments to Evermore
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59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
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59 Moments to Nothingness
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59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other

59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility
59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!

59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments to Ad Infinitum
59 Moments to Et Cetera
59 Moments … To Be Continued

* * * *

What is humankind but a cancerous paradigm,
Voraciously bent, both consciously and unconsciously,
On consuming the incredible diversity of this garden world,
In every way, through every means, for every purpose imaginable.

* * * *

Civilizations across all times, all geographies,
Have been established upon every imaginable assumption.
None have long withstood the countless trials, the continuous friction,
With which they have been every moment berated and battered by consciousness.

* * * *

All this knowledge that humankind has fabricated,
All these words, all these numbers, all these notes, all these whatever;
The challenge is to stir them, mingle them, blend them, into their quantum indivisibility,
And discern the illusionary matrix in which they timelessly dance.

* * * *

Yet another meaningless act: aimless, blank, carrying-no-great-weight,
Empty, futile, having-no-effect, hollow, incoherent, incomprehensible, inconsequential,
Insignificant, insincere, irrelevant, pointless, purposeless, senseless, throwaway,
Trivial, trifling, unimportant, unintelligible, vain, valueless, worthless.

* * * *

For anyone who runs out of agenda, who runs out of meaning and purpose,
What else is there to do but return to the sanctity of the timeless beingness,
The solitary awareness, the indivisibility of totality, that is witness within.

* * * *

What many do not seem to grasp about the evolution of medicine,
Is that participating in any medical procedures, taking any medications,
Means they are essentially participating as lab rats in the advance of science.
That the outcome contributes to the never-ending statistical progression of research.
And comprehend it or not, like it or not, not participating in the process,
Is, in its own wayward way, also contributing to the evolution.

* * * *

Vanity and the endless greed for more, more, more,
Is the ever-churning, insatiable fate of the human paradigm.

There is no way to prevent it, no way to mitigate it, no way to avoid it.
How far it will go, or how it will end, is anybody's guess,
But rest assured, it will not be pretty.

* * * *

How inevitably absurd, asinine, banal, bizarre, blah, bland, boring, characterless,
Childish, colorless, corruptible, daft, deadly, dry, dreary, dull, dullsville, empty, farcical,
Flat, frustrating, futile, hare-brained, hollow, ho-hum, humdrum, idiotic, illogical, impractical,
Inane, incongruous, insipid, irksome, irrational, juvenile, lackluster, lifeless, ludicrous, meaningless,
Mind-numbing, monochrome, monotonous, mundane, not up to much, pathetic, pointless, puerile,
Purposeless, repetitive, ridiculous, 'same old, same old', senseless, silly, soul-annihilating, stale,
Stodgy, strange, stupid, tame, tedious, tired, tiresome, tiring, trite, trivial, trying, uneventful,
Unexciting, uninspiring, uninteresting, uninvolving, unrelieved, unvaried, vulnerable,
Wearing, and generally wishy-washy the human paradigm has so often become.

* * * *

Such is the fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable quantum nature of eternity,
That the senses forever lull all but the most judicious minds,
Into a hypnotic state of unavoidable delusion.
Surely as indelibly binding as the instinctual patterning,
Of any other creature this ineffable garden orb has ever fashioned.

* * * *

If you want true civilization, you must behave civilly.
History across the board, across time, again and again,
Shows the alternative much less nice, much less pretty.

* * * *

The adoration, the veneration, the exaltation, the deification, of vanity and greed,
Is conveying the human paradigm, the human condition, the human debacle,
To the lowest common denominator imagination is capable of fostering.

* * * *

It is this moment in which all decisions are made.
It is only subjective patterning that sets any course.

* * * *

Science allows much greater breadth and depth, than any other belief system,
And in its purest methodology, has no creed, no dogma, but never-ending investigation.
To settle for less, is to settle for the ceaseless inanities of endless delusions,
Harbored by those who seek to paint everything black and white,
Those incapable of embracing the gray, the mystery is.

* * * *

Consciousness is ever fabricating one imaginary more-more-more or another.
Whether tangible or intangible, the indivisible quantum space and time matrix-theater,
Can never be more than a kaleidoscoping light and sound show,
No matter the claim, no matter the assertion.

* * * *

If you must have certainty,
If you must have belief,
If you must have faith,
Let it be in the now,
And try to keep up.

* * * *

Every cause becomes effect; every effect becomes cause.
Agony and ecstasy are a spectrum, a gamut, a pendulum of outcomes.
The wider the span, the wider the continuum, the more extreme the pains and pleasures.
The narrower the range, the scope, the more moderate the consequences.

* * * *

Any belief system that promotes dualistic notion is pure delusion,
And deserves absolutely no consideration, no argument, no regard, whatsoever.
Truth is indivisible, and any division, any boundary, is nothing more than human nonsense.

* * * *

The challenge is letting go of the cacophony ever playing out in our aloneness.
We spend so much time questing the most unadorned reality the mystery has to offer,
Yet there it is: the awareness, the witness, the enigma, peering out from behind every mask.
What need for religion? What need for spirituality? What need for belief, faith, prayer, scripture?
What need for heavens and hells and purgatories, deities and demons, mythologies, icons, sacraments?
What need for messiahs, saints, priesthoods, traditions, superstitions, caste systems, groupthinks?
What need for philosophies, dogmas, ethics, laws, principles, doctrines, idols, mystic powers?
What need for cathedrals, temples, shrines, holy places, titles, hierarchies, dress codes?
What need for dualistic or non-dualistic concepts, or any light or sound shows?
Why worship what you are? Eternity is right here right now, timeless.
Merely being the awareness is all there is: You are it, it is You.
Anything less is nothing more than the trickster mind,
Playing its more-more-more imagination game.

* * * *

How can a dream, as tangible, as substantial as it may seem, ever be measured?
Even science, incisive as it for all practical purposes appears to be,
Is ultimately little more than another fallacious creed.
The mystery is the mystery is the mystery,
Eternally inscrutable,
No matter how penetrating the mind.

* * * *

Few grasp history well enough not to repeat its underlying patterns again and again.
Intelligence and wisdom cannot long prevail over ignorance any more than light can darkness.
Despite all attempts to attain a greater quality of consciousness, to navigate a more enlightened course,
Humankind seems destined to play out its passionate mind until its inescapable extinction.
Between now and then, who knows what agonies and ecstasies will play out.

* * * *

What a dream this whole friggin' so-called existence has been.
Nothing more than an ethereal, kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional, touchy-feely,
Subjective, arbitrary, haphazard, space and time matrix,
Quantum mirage of a dream.

* * * *

Within any culture that has ever been or will ever be,
The abiding definition of sanity will always be
About fitting into the given tribal norm.

* * * *

Self is without persona or attachment,
Without need or longing, without timeline or itinerary,
Without meaning or purpose, without like or dislike, without desire or fear,
Without any notion or inkling or concern or perception, whatsoever.

* * * *

Human emotion is a mammalian evolutionary trait.
Its reality is nothing more than imagination's conditioned responses,
To the given body's ever-changing chemical interactions.
It is a cornerstone of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Yet another factoid, another insight, another harbinger,
Which you will on occasion recollect, until you perchance forget,
Or perish, which for all intents and purposes, is well-nigh the same thing.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of the agonies and ecstasies of world,
Until the conditioning winds of the given context,
Slowly imprint its reality,
Into the dream of the given mind-body.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience,
All must begin in ignorance, and in that innocence,
Wander through every variety of adventure and misadventure,
Slowly steeping into whatever persona, the nature-nurture has designated.
The rare few who articulate into sages may one day find themselves hailed upon a stage,
Or anonymous in a park, a coffee shop, a bar, a bus, or any given street corner,
Recounting their long and winding journey upon the trail less travelled,
Spinning whatever wisdom, whatever truths, they have gleaned.
It is not a calling for which there is all that much demand,
But in retrospect, there is little choice in the matter.

* * * *

What are so-called good and evil
But relative states of self-absorption, imaginary all the while.
Different states of consciousness founded on different values, different frames of reference.
None of which are in any way lasting or meaningful in the eye of awareness.

* * * *

Every new day begins with the mind's slumbering dream-state churning into its waking version,
In which it re-concocts its imaginary perception of its world, of its universe,
Evoked by the conditioning of its nature-nurture mirage.
The dream-state into which you awoke at age two,
Is not the dream-state you awoke to at age ten or fifteen or thirty,
Nor will it, can it, ever be same at any age before Charon arrives to collect his coin.
You are but a dreamer dreaming, and that reverie, no matter how real or true you believe it to be,
Is ultimately nothing more than the momentary cotton candy of time-bound imagination.

* * * *

What is it to be civilized, and are you?
And what would you be, and what would you do,
If you were not conditioned, if you were not domesticated?

* * * *

What a curious thing that so many human beings
Want to believe there surely must be some meaning, some purpose,
Greater than the magical opportunity to exist for even just a brief time in the first place.
Where is the humility? Where is the gratitude? Where is the wisdom?

* * * *

Be as the newborn in the crib: pure awareness, pure isness, pure nature,
Watchfully waiting for the winds of nurture to shape it, mold it, condition it, brainwash it,
Program it, indoctrinate it, persuade it, into its persona, its will, its destiny.

* * * *

What would a timeline of seers, mystics, and philosophers look like?
What patterns would it make clear of the endless gyrations,
In the shaping, the molding, of the human epoch?

* * * *

The point and purpose of all labels should be suspect to any bent on the quest for truth.
To confine anything within a concept always risks, intentionally or not,
Diminishing, obfuscating, its essential integrity.

* * * *

Abandon all belief that you are a human being,
Or any other imaginable form of conscious design.
You are awareness: timeless, empty, ever alone.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness is the same in all living creatures.

It is only in the ever-streaming outcomes of nature-nurture,
That all differences are wrought in the dream of time.

* * * *

No culture across this planet, no culture anywhere in time,
Has ever been anything more than a tribal mindset bent on perpetuating itself.
Any prescribed adherence to anything, is nothing more than allowing some other, to rule your mind.
You owe history nothing but what you freely consent.

* * * *

You are really nothing more than the timeless awareness playing out whatever appearance
The given mind-body has been conditioned to pretend for the duration of illusion
It has been allotted by the nature-nurture of the quantum mystery.
Enjoy it as best ye may, but try not to take it too personal.

* * * *

Creation and preservation and destruction,
Are a simultaneous, every-moment, timeless process,
Played out in the indivisible, unborn-undying quantum matrix.

* * * *

Civility is the foundation, the keystone, the linchpin, the fulcrum, of civilization;
Morality and ethics its oft-spouted-oft-ignored stepchildren of the red-headed genus.

* * * *

Passion, delusional as it is,
Spins a great sense of purpose and meaning to nothing.
It is a cotton candy sort of thing.

* * * *

Your mind-body is the evolutionary outcome
Of a natural selection process since life's inception.
You are what you are; there is no one to blame.
You must play out what you must play out.
Call it fate, call it kismet, call it karma,
You have absolutely no say in the matter.

* * * *

The Ivory Tower, is not a tower, nor is it made of ivory, and whatever it is,
The Church of Reason is as full of pride and vanity as any other human endeavor.
As Robert Pirsig so powerfully wrote in the Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance:
The real University is a state of mind. It is that great heritage of rational thought that has been
Brought down to us through the centuries and which does not exist at any specific location.
It is a state of mind which is regenerated throughout the centuries by a body of people
Who traditionally carry the title of professor, but even that title is not part of the real University.
The real University is nothing less than the continuing body of reason itself.

* * * *

It is in the untainted, absolute awareness, that you truly are.
The quantum matrix, the play of space and time, is but a finite, temporal means.
Your immortality, your indivisibility, your inexplicability,
Is prior to any and all dreams.

* * * *

Return to the primordial awareness,
That you ever are, before all the conditioning of consciousness,
Before the nature-nurture, that shaped you into believing the sensory illusion, real and true.

* * * *

A mystic-philosopher's Sisyphean task is to wander where only no-mind can go.
To face the aloneness – its angels and demons – without equivocation, without hesitation.
It is a Quixotic Yellow-Brick-Road journey into the timeless fearlessness of boundless awareness.

* * * *

Every culture is a synergistic, miasmic brew of assumptions
About everything the human mind is hardwired to confabulate.

* * * *

You can tell those who perceive themselves on the losing end of the culture wars
By the way they continually refashion their labels and symbols,
And work so hard for recognition and approval;
Only just maybe discerning, that empowerment blooms within.
Assume it so, damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, is the way of the eternal warrior.

* * * *

The quest for truth is about discerning the ultimate true nature.
To fixate on pleasures like love or bliss, or any other emotional notions,
Is nothing more than the mind's never-ending thirst for mundane gratification.
Serious inquiry is its own singular, disciplined point and purpose.
Poignant sidebars are but time-bound upshots.

* * * *

Look within, and what is there but a stillness, a nothingness, an awareness,
To which imagination fabricates every conceivable meaning and purpose.

* * * *

From all beginnings to all ends, from your beginning to your end,
Everything perpetually, everlastingly, enduringly, immutably, immortally, done and undone.
Everything patterned, everything fated, everything destined, everything kismet.
Change, nothing more than imaginary, sensory-inspired notion.
A quantum dreamer dreaming a quantum design;
Every moment instantaneously, simultaneously indivisible.

* * * *

No matter how immense, no matter how tiny,
It is a you-eat-you universe, a you-eat-you dream.

Compassion and ethics are but token notions.

* * * *

History is replete with rebels of every shade.
To stand alone is nothing new under this star's steady gaze.
They have provoked many adjustments, set the course many new directions,
But have any ever fundamentally mutated the startup source code of the human paradigm?
Have any ever even once managed to get the jungle out of the monkey?
History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

* * * *

You are this set of biological functions; you are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks; you are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; you are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; you are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; you are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; you are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; you are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; you are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; you are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; you are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; you are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; you are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; you are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires; you are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; you are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; you are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; you are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; you are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; you are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; you are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; you are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

* * * *

What is perception, what is thought, what is imagination, but lightning storms in the cranium,
Given whatever meaning and purpose the winds of nature-nurture have determined.
Call it conditioning, call it habituation, call it teaching, call it programming,
Call it patterning, call it imitating, call it copying, call it designing,
Call it indoctrination, call it domestication, call it brainwashing, call it whatever.
It is what it is, and we as a species have played out, and will always play out, the resulting theater.

* * * *

Laws, commandments, regulations, rules, decrees, edicts, directives,
Principles, maxims, axioms, dictums, morals, scruples, codes,
Tenets, ethics, mores, values, traditions, beliefs, et cetera,

Are artifices of human invention, as are all the ceaseless deities
Fabricated to give the carrots of desire and sticks of fear greater heft.

* * * *

Those who are inspired to delve into this perpetual mystery
Arrive in every time, in every geography, in every culture, in every size, in every shape.
All are imbued with the same ineffable, immutable, undying awareness.
Quantum is quantum, no matter the smokescreen.

* * * *

What is vanity but a self-absorbed monkey-mind need
To attain some sort of significance, some sort of meaning, some sort of purpose.
Nothing more than a denial of the inherent aloneness,
The innate anonymity of all.

* * * *

You in the utter aloneness of pure awareness are the eternal nowness, the eternal life,
Playing the quantum matrix real, timelessly witnessing the mystery you are,
The mystery you have ever been, the mystery you will ever be.

* * * *

From the moment you are conceived,
You begin a long and winding wander
To one executioner's block or another.
Your fate is etched in the sands of time.

* * * *

Discern pure awareness,
Prior to all conditioning,
Prior to all said and done,
Prior to all conscious design.

* * * *

Heraclitus and Freud wrote of the same smoky truth:
A man's character – the whimsical dance of imagination – is his fate.
Anatomy – the indivisible dance of physics and chemistry and biology – is destiny.

* * * *

Is it the hardwired, programmed, conditioned consciousness,
That spawns intelligence, that contrives all thoughts and actions?
Or the awareness, that underlies all forms, throughout all creation?

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same jungle, all ultimately equal.
Skin color is nothing more than a matter of latitude,
Of where our more recent ancestors resided.
Cultures are but arbitrary agreements.
We are all enslaved by the chains,

We give harbor in our minds.
Each alone must choose to be free.

* * * *

The mystery of awareness peers out through the creations of its quantum theater,
Interacting in every way imaginable as the given patterning and scenario dictate.

* * * *

How easy it is to fall into a descending spiral of self-pity over one's lot in life.
To stay strong, to stand tall in the bittersweet winds of fate, is ever a challenge.

* * * *

How free is the individual in any meme?
How free is the individual in any group?
How free is the individual in any mind?

* * * *

Chances are, that wherever you journey, no matter how far, you will always be you;
With all your assumptions, all your behaviors, all your prejudices, all your boundaries;
All filtered by time-bound consciousness timelessly streaming through pristine awareness.

* * * *

And from what might you hope you can be rescued?
Misfortune? Conflict? Suffering? Pain? Death?
If you truly fathomed what life and death are,
You might well perceive eternity's harmonic ballet,
Playing out each and every twinkling, before your very eyes.
That birth and death are but temporal illusions of mind-body consciousness.
That the you, to which you subscribe, is in reality nothing more than a figment of imagination.
Eternal life is the stillness of the unborn-undying awareness, You every instant are,
Witnessing the reverie of a quantum matrix, born of a quantum mind.

* * * *

Can you waylay all the pitter-patter chatter of imaginary identity, and just be?
Can you release your consciousness from all its fictional attachments
To culture, politics, religion, finance, gender, education,
Emotion, language, race, caste, et cetera.
Can you be just the stillness of pure awareness?

* * * *

We are one and all the same essence, the same gold, the same creation, the same source, come to life.
With but five senses, we have each fashioned, we have each imagined, immense universes.
Why should we not, all together, celebrate the mystery that has stitched together,
Within and without each of us, a timeless, indivisible quantum matrix,
Through which each, very much alone, abides their given lot.
A singular vision that relatively few feel called to clearly realize.

* * * *

Life is born of patterns, predispositions, instincts,
But it is imagination that transcends the origins of matter,
And how probable is that in the farthest reaches of time and space?
There are billions and billions, maybe even trillions and trillions of galaxies,
But the dreamtime of humankind will never discover, never know, anything firsthand
About the all-but-infinite mysteries playing out in the all-but-infinite shores.
The fictions of paper and screen will be as far as we ever travel.

* * * *

In the pure nihilistic mind,
The mind that doubts everything,
The mind that no longer seeks meaning,
The mind that no longer necessitates purpose,
The mind that no longer acknowledges dogma,
The mind that no longer maintains principles,
The mind that no longer asserts knowledge,
The mind that literally believes nothing,
The first and last freedom reigns.

* * * *

That most primal thing, fear, has been key in molding this imaginary you,
A conditioned identity that you every day wake up believing real and true.
A state of mind, a state of attachment, a sword by which you live and die.

* * * *

Is it an electromagnetic spectrum?
An electromagnetic matrix?
Or anything at all?

* * * *

All belief, all tradition, all dogma, all speculation, is nothing more than imaginary confabulation,
Of the mind ever seeking security, ever assuming there must be an answer to the insoluble unknown.

* * * *

You are, have ever been, will ever be, the same eternal, indivisible, sovereign, immortal Self.
It is only the nature-nurture, the times and spaces, the minds and bodies,
The cultures and language, and everything other,
That appear to change.

* * * *

The universe is a quantum matrix; a timeless, indivisible, indelible, vibratory theater.
Every life form has its own unique relationship with its enigmatic mystery.
In humankind, it is through the eyes, that the mind discerns light;
Ears, sound; tongue, taste; nose, smell; flesh, touch.
What would your cosmos, your world, be,
With even one or two or three less, much less all?

* * * *

Your sense of significance is highly exaggerated, highly overrated.
As all-important as your path to glory likely theaters out in that temporal head,
It is at best barely a twitch of a vibration on the Richter scale of the electromagnetic matrix.

* * * *

Purposelessness.
More purposelessness.
Even more purposelessness.

* * * *

Civilization.
More civilization.
Even more civilization.

* * * *

Serendipity.
More serendipity.
Even more serendipity.

* * * *

Patterns.
More patterns.
Even more patterns.

* * * *

Values.
More values.
Even more values.

* * * *

Foul purpose.
More foul purpose.
Even more foul purpose.

Soundbites

Is there anything that can be said or done that cannot be used for some foul purpose or another?

* * * *

What is this human predisposition, this fascination, this addiction, with needing to know?

* * * *

The young are conditioned to play the game with every conceivable lie time can concoct.

* * * *

Real faith requires no word or act, no belief or creed.

* * * *

That demon in you, always calling for more, more, more.

* * * *

Physics ... Chemistry ... Biology ... Patterns within patterns within patterns.

* * * *

Epiphany serendipity.

* * * *

Another layer of dust reminding you of your fate.

* * * *

All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

* * * *

We all play out one meme or another.

* * * *

The Fates are indifferent to yours.

* * * *

Embrace the meaninglessness; embrace the purposelessness.

* * * *

Fate is about what price you are willing to pay.

* * * *

Memes all.

* * * *

Destiny is the price life pays for existence.

* * * *

Like it or not, what you really are and are not is, for all practical purposes, forever.

* * * *

Principles often prove to be many-layered things in the relativity of circumstance.

* * * *

Principles have a tendency to change with the given wind.

* * * *

The hallmark of any civilization has always been too many people in too little space.

* * * *

The quantum matrix born of a quantum mind is a figment of time.

* * * *

To meet your fate with a full breath inspires the greatest courage.

* * * *

Trust fate to sooner or later winding-road you to one executioner's block or another.

* * * *

Winning is not always the priority; surviving, abiding, is often the more realistic outcome.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain spawn different outcomes in their cause-and-effect spins.

* * * *

Purposelessness, more purposelessness, even more purposelessness.

* * * *

Civilization, more civilization, even more civilization.

* * * *

Serendipity, more serendipity, even more serendipity.

* * * *

Patterns, more patterns, even more patterns.

* * * *

Values, more values, even more values.

* * * *

Foul purpose, more foul purpose, even more foul purpose.

Breadcrumbs

Just a few four-letter words to which I yield little or no attachment:
Love, hate, hope, good, just, luck, fair, cute, nice, pink,
Work, time, herd, fate, true, gawd …

* * * *

Because I was allotted no agenda, no plan, no purpose, no objective, no raison d'être,
The inscrutable mystery took me into its bosom, and flung me every direction.
Took me for a bit of a whirl out on the cosmic dance floor, so to speak.
And somehow, I survived long enough to share what I gleaned.

* * * *

Dissolving the world one meme at a time.

* * * *

Perhaps the dream will find use

For these many thoughts, perhaps not.
‘Tis the nature of any gift to not know its fate.

* * * *

My faith is so strong, no word or act, no belief or creed, is required.

* * * *

I have been allotted the destiny to discern that awareness, that vision, that insight, that wisdom,
Which has been perceived by many thinkers across all times and geographies.
The concepts and symbols and dogmas may vary greatly,
But the source is ever the same.

* * * *

A vision with no attachment
To the confabulations of the mind in time,
For you to discern as it is your destiny to discern, or not.

* * * *

Here now I be,
Fulfilling this destiny,
This fate, this kismet, this vocation,
One ditty at a time.

* * * *

In most every ditty, something to unlock in perception’s rainbow.
Not quite koans, but close enough for this mind’s roguish purpose.

* * * *

Before you enter this thinker’s house, please be sure to check your limitations,
And beliefs and conclusions and assumptions and fears and desires at the door.

* * * *

Whether or not awareness has through this set of eyes
Discerned its Self as clearly, as lucidly, as other minds might
Does not matter one iota of a particle of a smidgeon.
All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

* * * *

Christen once called me a hierophant:
A person, especially a priest in ancient Greece,
Who interprets sacred mysteries or esoteric principles.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Leftovers

All thought is habit, the conditioned outcome of the given nature-nurture.
Genome, geography, culture, gender, language, intelligence,
What choice does any have in their foundation?
And how can that original programming ever be overridden?

* * * *

Identity is a finite creation of consciousness, of imagination.
In the ultimate, indivisibly, timelessly infinite reality, you are pure awareness.
The imaginary you, materializes whenever the sensory-mind believes the manifest dream real,
Whenever it identifies with, whenever it attaches to, the finite body,
And its finite world, its finite cosmos.

* * * *

Consciousness is neither life nor death, existence nor oblivion.
An imaginary quantum dream-state make-believing time and space real and true,
Created by the evolutionary happenchance of the sensory mind-body,
Playing out the theater inspired by a collective collusion.
A genomic paradigm spun of mystery.

* * * *

The forces of the world are strong and unrelenting.
It takes great fortitude, great heart and mind, to withstand them.
Strength, courage, resilience, guts, staying power, grit, stamina, determination,
Endurance, sense, shrewdness, practicality, initiative, resourcefulness,
Gumption, get-up-and-go, common sense, presence of mind,
Are pragmatic concepts for any spirit to cultivate.

* * * *

Do not even for a second believe that you are the only one thinking something.
Do not even for a second doubt that you are the only one thinking something.

* * * *

To be a part of any group, you must believe, or pretend to believe,
In whatever it is the group does and does not subscribe.
You must drink the Kool-Aid, so to speak.

* * * *

What is the point of always rushing from one goal, one purpose, to the next?
Whatever joy there may be in existence is in savoring, valuing, the given moment.

* * * *

Is existence really anything more than conditioned habit?
A recording that plays over and over each and every day,
With slight changes that only align with that prescribed.

* * * *

Awareness is the razor's edge of alleged existence.
Consciousness is merely imagination imagining itself alive,
But in truth, is naught but a shadow harbored in a corporeal container,
Pretending, make-believing, the sensory-inspired illusion of time and space real.
The human paradigm is nothing more than a collusion of a genetic line,
Locked in a patterned dream, born in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

What is male, what is female, but evolutionary currents of natural selection,
Come into being too many moons ago to even begin to fully fathom the mystery of it.
Vanity has absolutely nothing to do with the prior-to-consciousness process that got you here.
The body you inhabit is ultimately nothing more than a temporal vehicle
For the awareness you are to witness its mystery.

* * * *

The infant, in its all but tabula rasa state,
Its immaculate innocence, its watchful awareness,
Has yet to learn to act the imaginary role that is its destiny.

* * * *

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.
The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.
The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.
The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.

The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.
The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.
The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.
The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real you is discovering there is no you.
The real why is discovering there is no why.
The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.
The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

* * * *

What can you be once you stop identifying with the mind-body and the universe it has created?
Once you stop imagining the dream the senses every moment, hypnotize you into believing is real.
Once you discern that pure awareness is the one and only reality there is, has ever been, will ever be.
Once you realize your true nature is the ever-present here-now, the absolute totality, of all eternity.

* * * *

The immaculate awareness you truly are, is ever absolutely alone,
Unbound in the indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying solitude of eternity.
Your illusory universe will distract the mind you occupy in every way imaginable.
Fashion every possible hook to every moment, draw you out into its kaleidoscoping theater.
And as challenging as it may be to realize, to accept, it is ever your choice whether to give in, or not.

And in every moment, you do acquiesce, in every moment, you do sip the quantum elixir,
You become but a marionette playing out an ultimately inconsequential dream.
To believe or not believe, to slumber or awaken, that is the question.

* * * *

The sciences have obliquely pointed out over and over, many ways, many times,
That the senses are but evolutionary, neurological creations, weavers of the mind's theater.
How long before the transcendental reality becomes clear beyond doubt,
And awareness reasserts its rightful sovereignty,
Over the conditioned usurper born of imaginary design.

* * * *

Each and every morning, from the very first moments of awakening,
The conditioned recording begins playing its mind-numbing assumptions,
And another day of inevitability, another day of sleep-walking, begins.

* * * *

The destiny, the fate, the kismet, the karma,
Of any given time, of any given moment, will never happen again.
All dreaming is a one-time parade, a one-time show.

* * * *

Quantum mist.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum dream.

* * * *

Your face, your mind-body, is but the outcome of all the Darwinian choices
Your ancestors made since their slime came into being in that long ago pool.
Nothing to be all vain and proud and narcissistic and arrogant about, really.

* * * *

It is the nature of our species to spend every day and every night, believing it is all about us.
Egocentric, ethnocentric, chronocentric, geocentric, heliocentric, cosmoscentric.
Exceptions only, over-and-over, again-and-again, prove the rule.

* * * *

What is that face, that body, that mind, but the genetic outcome of the natural selection
That began long before your most ancient ancestors were but slime in some muddy pond.

* * * *

The Mariana Trench is 36,037 feet deep, Mount Everest is 29,029 feet tall, a total of 65066 feet.
A mile is 5,280 feet, so the distance from the deepest to the tallest points on earth is just over 12 miles.
The gap between the California municipalities of Turlock and Modesto is plus-or-minus 14 miles.
What would ever lead anyone to truly believe all the horrors the human species has inflicted
Would not have at least a teensy-weensy impact on the magical garden that birthed it?

* * * *

The me-myself-and-I in which awareness harbors
Is nothing more than a temporal concoction of imagination.
Even the ineffable, indivisible quantum matrix has no ultimate reality,
And to fantasize it does is to assuage the insatiable mind with deceptions unending.

* * * *

From long before human history's earliest etchings,
The wealthy, the famous, the powerful, have deceived themselves and others
Into believing themselves superior to the masses without.
Smoke and mirrors from the get-go.

* * * *

Assertions without substance mean nothing,
Unless the insubstantial is given weight
By ignorance or darker purpose.

* * * *

What is the expert but someone fooling others
Into believing they truly know something
The bean-counting mind should know.

* * * *

How ludicrous to believe any creed devised by the vanity of humankind
Would ever be anything more than a passing shadow of the reality that is.

* * * *

All any of us are, all any life form will ever be, is a pattern, a loop, playing itself over and over.
Some loops are more byzantine than others, but all have a measure of predictability, nonetheless.

* * * *

Does anyone really aspire to do anything with their finite existence?
Or is it all merely the compulsion of the inherent nature-nurture?
Nothing more than the destined momentum of the given patterning.
An inescapable reverie playing out the delusion of meaning and purpose.
An inexplicable quantum cosmos, ticking away with neither rhyme nor reason.

* * * *

All that experience, all that knowledge, all that accumulation,
The entire frame of reference from which you draw your cosmos,
What is its real purpose but to get you to this very right-here-right-now,
The most you can be, the most you have ever been, the most you will ever be.
There is no more but what the endless cravings of imagination concoct.

* * * *

Every creation across the cosmos is founded upon one pattern or another.
Loops that play over and over until the quantum reality morphs into new designs.

Some may be moderately changeable, but only in relatively superficial ways.

* * * *

Every creation across the cosmos is founded upon one pattern or another.
Loops that play over and over until the quantum reality morphs into new designs.
Some may be moderately changeable, but only in relatively superficial ways.

* * * *

Will you forever remain locked in the loop of your original conditioning?
Or will you learn to process critically enough to liberate your Self
From the confines to which you now so adamantly cling?

* * * *

History is an ever-churning dynamic of interconnected contexts,
Playing out the cosmic patterns, begun in the long-ago-not-long-ago.

* * * *

It is all instantaneously, simultaneously, come and gone as it happens.
Beginnings and endings are but imagination make-believing time real.

* * * *

Outside-the-box thinking first requires perception of the box.
If there is to be any possibility of free will, any perception beyond the given state,
The boundaries of the nature-nurture conditioning must be discerned
By the ever-present attention of immaculate awareness.

* * * *

Far more challenging for the human mind to simply be,
Than it is to mindlessly believe, to pretend, to imagine, the vanity of it all.
True faith, true devotion, true fidelity, is in the being.

* * * *

The newborn is but the tabula rasa of awareness until consciousness is gradually conditioned
By the winds of time, by the agony and ecstasy of the given nature-nurture.
Awakening is to be reborn into that unadorned state.

* * * *

Swaying the masses into not looking inward is what the absurdity of religion is really about.
Focus on mythologies, dogmas, idols, rituals, symbols, dress codes, hierarchies, not your Self.

* * * *

So many things we all have to live with, to endure, like it or no.
Fate is meted out each and every moment from first breath to last.

* * * *

Reality is not as concrete as thought would have it.
In fact, it is not concrete, not tangible, not palpable, at all.
Dubbing it a quantum dream is as close to truth as truth allows.

No need to create, no point in creating, any belief system, whatsoever.

* * * *

Given the nature of the human genome,
The newborn may not be full-on-free-and-clear tabula rasa,
But for all practical purposes the awareness is without a cloud in its windless sky.
Its untrammeled mind is as blank a slate as it ever will be again.

* * * *

Across the world, across all time, every culture has contrived folklore and wisdom
To explain the mystery from which all have come into being.
They are all right; they are all wrong.

* * * *

No one cares about you anywhere near as much
As you in your illusional-slash-delusional way might like to believe.
The challenge is for you to balance the spreadsheet with a detachment equal to or more.

* * * *

So many true believers as to make it impossible
To not descend totally into absurdity and horror.

* * * *

There is no need to believe in anything, whatsoever.
All belief is born of imagination's ceaseless craving for more.
When what it is, is what it is, from any get-go, from any beginning,
The challenge is choosing contentment in whatever existence has offered.

* * * *

Had you been left to your own devices without any input from the given culture,
What might you have imagined this mystery to be,
If anything?

* * * *

You need not participate in the ever-spinning world prescribed
By any given culture, any given groupthink, any given karass, any given anything.
Assume the sovereignty to forge your own path, to chart your own course.
It is your narrative, your chronicle; do with it what you will.

* * * *

Supreme being is not an entity; it is not a dualistic notion.
It is the awareness, the indivisibility, the timelessness, the quintessence,
Within all creations great to small in the omnipresence, omnipotent, omniscient sense.
It is the beingness, the nowness, that reigns unconditional.
It is the absolute, it is eternity.

* * * *

To believe the soul is something that needs saving, or can be saved,

Is an assumption, that has no merit, whatsoever.
Indivisibility requires no saving.

* * * *

Your genetic past is the foundation of the patterning you are right here, right now.
Everything you say, everything you do, was written in your sands,
Long before eternity bloomed into consciousness.

* * * *

What a thing the evolution of the brain, of mind, of cognition.
From a naturally-selected instinctual apparatus to one delineated by the given culture,
Teeming to the nth degree with ever sort of detail, every sort of trivia,
Every variety of mindful and mindless pursuit.

* * * *

Santa Claus was real, until you finally figured out, he was not.
The same with the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Bigfoot, and Harvey the Pooka.
But Jesus? No, Jesus is real. Jesus is not a lie. Jesus died for your sins, that you might exist forever.
Jesus is going return someday to take you up to heaven, no matter what evils you have done.
All you need do is believe, and hand over ten percent-ish to your chosen middleman.

* * * *

Any cult (a.k.a., religion) likely has these usual suspects in common:
Charismatic leader,
Supreme deity with supporting troupe,
Mythology, idols, dogma, rituals, symbols, dress code, hierarchy,
And most importantly, a collection of true believers tithing to support the prescribed mission.

* * * *

You are not your identity, you are not your body, you are not your cosmos.
That is but a temporal part you are conditioned to play in the given vessel.

* * * *

This dreamy universe is all about chemistry playing out in ways beyond imagining.
It is about how the kaleidoscoping quantum theater is every moment patterned.
The entire cabaret is nothing more than an ever-changing puzzle of a matrix.

* * * *

Endorphins are central to human behavior patterns.
How any respond to any given scenario, to any given moment,
Depends on the endorphins that are released into the given mind-body.
No one need give themselves over to any conditioned response
But through the subjective levels of attachment
That rule their version of the cosmos.

* * * *

You need not react, need not respond, need not answer, to anything, but through your own volition.
It is requires only your becoming acutely aware of the chemistries blended of desire and fear.

It requires observing closely, every moment, the feelings any given combination ordains,
Rather than simply giving awareness over to the conditioned mind-body responses.
The endorphin meter is set by the level of attachment to any given scenario.
To be as free as humanly possible is to function at a level of awareness
Challenging to manifest for any great duration of so-called time.
In other words, the indivisible now, the timeless moment,
The awareness you truly are in this reverie of time,
Is, far more often than not, being interminably shanghaied
By the time-bound imagination you are not, were not, will never be.

* * * *

All your life you have followed some so-called religious archetype,
Deceiving your Self in one way or another with the ashes of a cultish tradition.
Yet here you are with that gnawing hunger to finally discover the truth behind the charade.
To finally apprehend, to finally yield, to the immaculate awareness you truly are.
And have only lacked the audacity to fully own, to fully stand alone.

* * * *

True belief, true faith, true knowing, do not flower in dogma.
Discern the indivisible to slash the Gordian Knot of doubt.

* * * *

All judgments, opinions, conclusions, assessments, beliefs, prejudices, stereotypes, and the like,
Are ultimately meaningless, yet largely unavoidable given the dualistic nature of the sensory mind.
Best keep as many to yourself as possible if you aspire to the tranquility of political expediency.

* * * *

What are success and failure to those who seek, those who discern,
Those whose calling is the indelible, indivisible, immortal awakening?

* * * *

Statistically improbable as it well may be in the grand immensity of the ever-expanding cosmos,
It is always possible that we are the one and only civilization that this vast universe as ever spawned.
To assume other worlds were, or will be, the right size in the right sun with the right chemistry
With an evolutionary track that fostered forests with mammalian life, opposable thumbs,
Larynxes, lungs, arms, legs, tool-making brains – or something equally capable –
Might well be dubious, despite the near-infinity of star-crossed possibilities.

* * * *

Resisting the ever-present, indivisible nature of awareness is futile.
Consciousness is but temporal passenger of a mortal dream.
And must inevitably relinquish its reverie at one point or another.
It is the fate of all great to small to drown in the sea of timeless oblivion.

* * * *

What on earth leads human beings to believe any deity worth its salt
Would be at all interested in, at all concerned about, their pathetic tripe?
Imagine listening to all that wretched whining, day after day, for all eternity.

* * * *

Heaven, hell, purgatory, call them what you will, are but conceptual perceptions,
Attitudes, insights, experiences, beliefs, realities, dreamscapes, notions, impressions,
Equally witnessed by the indelibly indivisible, eternal awareness of any given moment.

* * * *

You keep trying to remember, you keep trying to forget.
Holding on, letting go, so incompatible, so paradoxical, so ironical.
The Sisyphean fate of the conditioned mind entangled in the theater of time.

* * * *

You are but timeless awareness peering through a quantum veil.
The you that you believe you are is but an imaginary concoction.

* * * *

Whenever thought attaches to any sort of attribute,
Imagination usurps reality, death raises its conditional mind,
And the indivisible awareness seamlessly dissipates from center stage,
Serenely witnessing the eternal dream from behind the veil of consciousness,
The cloak that flutters amok in every rational and irrational way imagination allows.

* * * *

If there is any calling in this ineffable mystery,
Surely the highest is discerning the unknown.

* * * *

It is the eyes that create the greatest sense of separation within and without.
None of the other senses enhance dualistic notion in anywhere near the same way.
This grand theater matrix, this quantum dreamtime would not be without them.

* * * *

In this ever-changing quantum matrix,
No matter how many times anything is observed,
Neither it nor the mind's eye of the beholder
Are ever even for a moment the same.

* * * *

Whether you discern it or not, I know I am you, and you are me,
And we, no matter the discourse, no matter the fate,
Are ultimately born of the same mystery.

* * * *

There is no 'Me', no 'Myself', no 'I', in the indivisibility of awareness, how can there be?
The given mind that asserts its dream real and true, is but a conditioned illusion,
An ever-changing, temporal, quantum phantom born of imagination.

* * * *

Anyone can fabricate a story,
But to believe it true requires a gullible mind,
Lacking any shadow of doubt, and prepared to pay any cost.
Such is the destiny of the true believer.
Let the buyer beware.

* * * *

When it comes to the instinct to propagate,
Human beings have no more restraint than any other critter.
Rabbits, cockroaches, any creature you might name, is compelled by its biology,
But only for as long as its environment, its habitat, its milieu, its niche, its nook, its cranny, allows.
Which on the whole is not very long when you consider that more than 99 percent
Of all species that ever lived on Earth, amounting to over five billion,
Are estimated to have been snuffed out by the winds of time.
Guesstimates of the living range from 10 to 14 million,
And their extinction is assured down the pike, too.
This whirling orb is a garden, not a museum.

* * * *

You are an ethereal cloud of awareness
Poking about the conditioned concoction
Of a sensory-mind dream of space and time.

* * * *

If you must believe in something, believe in nature,
And draw on science to explore its rhyme and reason.
Or be very, very still, and know all there is to know.

* * * *

If you believe that any words, any numbers, mean anything to the mystery of now,
You must also imagine that wind and clouds mean something to the spacious sky.
Awareness is all, and the motley shards are but players wafting across the stage.

* * * *

The pleasures the Fates offer are balanced if not dominated
By the myriad consequences that will inevitably be endured.

* * * *

All this was set in motion millions of years ago back in the jungles of Africa.
We are all born of a natural selection process that runs through the core of our DNA.
No point getting upset about the fact that men do what men do, and women do what women do.
The contemporary world may make the tango of our species absurdly complex,
But the fundamental patterning is ever very much the same.

* * * *

Awareness is pristine and immaculate and clear of any blemish or stain,
But is it at all possible for consciousness to be without judgment?
Is not everything thought one form of judgment or another?

Opinions, assumptions, stereotypes, conventions, ideals,
Ethics, principles, labels, laws, pigeonholes, beliefs,
Conclusions, notions, expectations, values, norms,
Any patterns, any definitions, any attitudes, whatsoever.
The roots of pride, of vanity, are saturated with all of the above.

* * * *

If what is real, if what is true, is not equally free to all without conditions,
Then it is just another middleman invention, just another middleman scam.

* * * *

Believing your little blip of existence
Will make any significant impact is laughable.
Historical archives are chock-full of the all-but-forgotten.
Oblivion awaits your surrender.

* * * *

To believe yourself wise, to believe yourself sage,
Can be yet another road to purgatory,
Yet another cautionary tale.

* * * *

Dependence on tradition is a stupor that dulls the blade of discernment.
To stay free, to stay alert, to awaken to the greatest vision, best wander alone.

* * * *

No matter how immense or minute, how bright or dim, any given mind –
Musical-rhythmically, visual-spatially, verbal-linguistically, logical-mathematically,
Bodily-kinesthetically, interpersonally, intrapersonally, naturalistically, existentially, morally –
That given mind is ever bound in the limits of space-time by its imaginary potential.

* * * *

All creation is devised of the same common denominator,
The same essence, the same ground, the same matrix, the same quantum,
Conservation of energy, indeed.

* * * *

Evolution has sculpted life into many patterns, many forms, many ways and means,
But it is ever the same soupy essence bubbling away beneath each and every surface.
All separation, all difference, all uniqueness, is nothing more than imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is this human drive, this obsession, for there to be a point to it all?
What is so challenging for so many about not having an explanation for something,
That every stratagem from superstition to science is used to engineer one account or another.

* * * *

However small or large the group, whether twosome or family or tribe or culture
Or organization or country or the entire species worldwide across all time,
What is the will of the people but a continually surging me-me-me.

* * * *

Yet another nuance with which to foster power and fame and fortune,
In whatever combination, whatever sequence, the given fate has in store.

* * * *

The given brain is a quantum tool in which you abide for a fated time,
And with awareness and gumption and grit, and a pinch of good fortune,
You will perchance learn to maneuver it well, and without too much fallout.

* * * *

All chronicles are but piecemeal fabrications of illusory perceptions
Born of sensory minds wandering about a quantum playhouse.
Time is unreal, space is unreal, light is unreal, sound is unreal.
All is but imaginary notion, make-believe narratives from any get-go.
Only the immaculate awareness through which consciousness streams is real.

* * * *

All the gusty flurries of the mind are of absolutely no consequence to the eternal awareness.
The myriad concoctions of imagination are but time-bound fabrications
Of an ever-changing make-believe reality.
If you yearn for tranquility, if you yearn for true Self,
Abide the cosmos kaleidoscoping about you in the ground of awareness.

* * * *

All across the world, the same conversation.
No matter the geography, no matter the time, no matter the culture,
No matter the tradition, no matter the politic, no matter the economics, no matter the technology,
No matter the religion, no matter the philosophy, no matter the language, no matter the dress,
No matter the gender, no matter the family, no matter the education, no matter the work,
No matter the war, no matter the sport, no matter the pastimes, no matter anything;
Each and every human being, males and females of all ages and persuasions,
Are in every way imaginable, essentially having the same conversation.

* * * *

Mother Nature is immortal creator and destroyer.
Every moment simultaneously making and unmaking.
An ever-changing quantum apparition playing at existence.
Ever streaming, kaleidoscoping, appearing, dissolving.
Unconditionally, indivisibly, nothing all the while.

* * * *

Who is your tribe?
Who are your parents, your siblings?
What is you gender, your race, your religion, your culture?

What are all your attachments to this dreamtime world, or some rumored next one?
And what, by the way, makes you so sure any of it is truly real,
Or that you were ever even born?

* * * *

Destiny is founded upon the sands of mind,
Written and unwritten every ephemeral moment
By the imaginary continuum of assumption.

* * * *

All human beings are shaped by the nature-nurture into which they are involuntarily cast.
All are conditioned, trained, programmed, indoctrinated, disciplined, humbled, tamed, cultivated,
Domesticated, subjugated, suppressed, conquered, curbed, pacified, repressed, brainwashed.
To unshackle one's true Self, to un-wash the mind, requires a great deal of discernment.
Each, very much alone, must choose, must grapple, to be free of all the absurdity.

* * * *

Enduring this existence, surviving this existence,
Need not make you guilty in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Heavens, hells, reincarnation, karma, whatever beliefs have been set before you,
Are nothing more than concoctions, speculations, assumptions,
Of the those who would own your mind.

* * * *

Regarding the genomic commonalities, the inherent behaviors of the human psyche:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
It is delusion for any individual, any group, any culture,
To believe itself in any way grander or superior to any other.

* * * *

No matter the culture, the geography, the time,
Every human being is subject to the same Seven Deadly Sins.
Pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth are all potential in any mind.
To have the insight, the discipline, to keep them reigned in, to hold them in check, to keep them at bay,
To play them out as rationally, as temperately, as soberly, as judiciously, as ascetically,
As moderately as possible, is an every-moment challenge for all.

* * * *

No one can change their fate, their destiny, their kismet, their luck, their doom.
All attempts are naught but what it is, kaleidoscoping into what it will be.
What it was, has ever been, will ever be, since the dawn of Creation.

* * * *

Alas to all the migrants and refugees and homeless and countless other disenfranchise souls.
Tough being on the short end of the stick in this so-called civilized, road-to-perdition madhouse.
The one-percenters and their underlings have never given a rat's derrière for the tormented underclass.
They have always manipulated and enslaved the less potent folk to their own ends, and always will.
Revolutions and civil wars and assassinations only put new masks on the same underlying greed.

* * * *

What is this great fear, this great dread,
That harbors ever-humming in this mammalian frame,
But the genomic pulse, the instinctive craving, the conscious obsession,
The ceaseless quest, the endless pursuit of unfeasible-unreachable-unattainable security,
That is never long-satisfied, never long at ease, no matter how we feed it?
Consciousness ever-tormented to churn on and on and on.

* * * *

What is your calling, your vocation, your passion,
But whatever, given every thinkable, every possible option,
You would first and foremost at least part of every day choose to do.

* * * *

Destiny is all, all is destiny,
Naught but a blink, a blip, a flash, a pfft, in all eternity,
Whatever that is, or is not.

Soundbites

The outcome of poor critical thinking skills is laziness and imitation.

* * * *

We are all just actors here; only the rarest not believing their parts real.

* * * *

If you cannot discern heaven now, what makes you believe you will deserve it later?

* * * *

Instinct is the operating system upon which all culture is founded.

* * * *

What is identity but a lifelong habit?

* * * *

How mistaken humankind is to believe itself so intelligent.

* * * *

What need for belief? Attend the moment.

* * * *

What is time but a function of memory cells, make-believing perceptions more than a mirage.

* * * *

The usurpers will use any means to blind you, deceive you, into believing their way true.

* * * *

Why waste your time believing anything? Stand alone, be free.

* * * *

It can be a good thing for people to face their addiction to entitlement.

* * * *

What is calling you right now?

* * * *

Habit rules the undiscerning mind.

* * * *

Freedom? What bother to have ever believed you were not.

* * * *

True friendship is free of conditions, as is true love of the agape variety.

* * * *

What is any language but layers of history, of culture, interwoven into its ever-changing nature.

* * * *

All patterns have been wrought by natural selections beyond counting.

* * * *

Greed, the insatiable drive for more-more-more, is the source of all addiction.

* * * *

Is it true or just something you want to believe?

* * * *

Unclench the mind to free up the conditioning; discern the relativity of consciousness.

* * * *

Sometimes a large wave consumes you, sometimes a small one, fate is like that.

* * * *

Every loop has its fate.

* * * *

We are all of the same Monkey; which monkey you choose to play is that which sculpts your fate.

* * * *

A sloth has more meaning and purpose than a philosopher.

* * * *

Just when you start lulling yourself into believing absurdity cannot possibly get any more absurd …

* * * *

The trick is to not believe your own propaganda.

* * * *

Life can be harsh, life can be kind; fate has no preference.

* * * *

Free will looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

Love or hate, win or lose, believe or not, it will all soon be over.

* * * *

If your observation does not match your belief, do you change the belief, or stop observing?

* * * *

Look closely at the conditioning and see the relativity; none ever the same.

* * * *

From patternlessness to patterning, back to patternlessness.

* * * *

There is a special place in hell for people who believe.

* * * *

It is civilians who often pay the highest price for the rich man's war.

* * * *

That you need to believe anything shows your lack of faith.

* * * *

If that is what you want to believe, who is anyone to tell you otherwise?

* * * *

It has all been nothing more than extremely believable distraction.

* * * *

Sometimes the current is too strong and you must give into it; fate is like that.

* * * *

Why believe in any deity outside your Self?

* * * *

What tradition can last long? What tradition is not ever-changing?

* * * *

Yet another uncivil civil war.

* * * *

What you are gauged to do, what you are gauged to think, that is your fate.

* * * *

Hard to be afraid of things in which you do not believe.

* * * *

Why believe in anything? Is not awareness enough?

* * * *

Die, non-believers! Die! Die, believers! Die!

* * * *

You really believe your labels mean anything to the ultimate?

* * * *

Be not disappointed that your fate does not allow that.

* * * *

To ride doubt until its end is a calling for only the most tenacious upon the quest.

* * * *

Hard to do what one feels no calling to do.

* * * *

Yet another meme playing out its pattern.

* * * *

Belief is capable of inspiring any and every imaginable absurdity and horror.

* * * *

What is a true believer but a delusional contortionist.

* * * *

Imagination is all about endorphins and their hypnotic addiction.

* * * *

And still they believe.

* * * *

What do the Fates have in store today?

* * * *

Nothing like a true believer to sharpen your wit.

* * * *

To immerse in the ultimate aloneness is a rare calling.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are the source of all human vanity, all human delusion.

* * * *

Yet another true believer.

* * * *

We all believe what we are capable of believing.

* * * *

Why is it necessary to believe in anything?

* * * *

Nothing like a true-believer to get your head shaking no.

* * * *

How can awareness ever be tamed by the myriad values born of any imaginary paradigm?

* * * *

Why participate in anything, why contribute to anything you do not believe?

* * * *

Tradition is a form of laziness.

* * * *

Will the true believers still praise their deities when their entitlements dissolve?

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are the harbingers of bother.

* * * *

Revolutions and civil wars only put new masks on the same old me-myself-and-I greed.

* * * *

Every day, time has its way with you and your conditioned responses.

Breadcrumbs

A philosopher!
What a useless calling.
What would your mother say?
Oops, she did, oh, sorry.

* * * *

Believe me, there is no expectation herein that anything in the human drama will change.
I am just reflecting on whatever comes to mind, posing a wide melee of thoughts.

I hold out little hope that our cancerous species is even remotely capable
Of reigning in its passionate mind and myriad instinctual drives.
My predictions for the future are not in any way optimistic.
More of the same-old-same-old is more than a little probable,
But only for as long as Mother Nature condescends our existence.

* * * *

The inevitable oil crash may well be the kickoff to tumultuous waves of famine
That will bring this unsustainable human spectacle to its knees.
After the initial hysteria and chaos moderates,
Thoughts such as these
May receive a bit more attention.
But then again, it is more than a little likely
That this haggard paradigm will adapt to the new scale,
And carry on in the same oafish, no-win pattern that it always has.

* * * *

Through randomness, happenchance, serendipity,
The rare audience for these reflections is stumbled upon.
One never knows for whom these thoughts will toll.

* * * *

If there is some sort of personal deity, as so many incline to believe,
Then, pray tell, answer me this: Where did he/she/it/whatever come from?
Granted, this quantum mystery had to begin somehow, sometime, somewhere,
But some Santa-Claus-heaven-hell fiction does not slice the mustard.
And do not get me started on the alien speculation advocates.
This orb is a garden enough to do it on its own.

* * * *

The point and purpose of these way more than too many babblings,
Is to inoculate all with the seed of doubt, the key to awakening.

* * * *

These many thoughts merely point out what seems obvious to these eyes.
What outcome they may, or likely will not serve in bringing about,
Are the choices of consciousness that play out in every mind.

* * * *

Having for all practical purposes written off the human species,
I really should cease and desist from further commentary,
But no, I blather on and on, basking in the play of wit,
Such as it is in this temporal gray-matter dream.
It is, indeed, a waste of time, but what else is time for?

* * * *

Just shake my head at anyone who truly believes
Humankind will ever get off this planet in any meaningful way.

And what is the friggin' point of colonies on the Moon or Mars or anywhere else,
That will be unsustainable without absurdly expensive supply chains?
And with all the dominos a-quivering on this dying planet,
How will anything even get off the ground?
The absurdity is boggling.

* * * *

All this articulation means nothing, changes nothing, the Fates are at the wheel.

* * * *

What I have to teach cannot be taught; it is a fate to which few feel called.

* * * *

Thank the Good Lord I was born in tradition-free Kaliforny,
And don't have to play any way but whatever comes naturally.

* * * *

This is what this mind does.
Another example of a fate less chosen.
Accept it for what it is; any critique is meaningless.
Make it your own if you discern it so.

* * * *

A brief, narcissistic existence, replete with fabricated, delusionary meaning,
Surrounded in all directions by an eternally infinite ocean of purposelessness.

* * * *

Not necessarily the greatest writings out there,
But it will help get you started if it is your calling.

* * * *

Not a big believer that anyone is going to save anybody here or any elsewhere.

* * * *

These many thoughts began bubbling out in 1989
After a head and neck injury invoked by a miscalculated wave
While boogie boarding with my fifth-sixth grade class in Southern Kaliforny.
It was the finale of a short teaching phase, and the entrée to an assortment of switchbacks
In the ever-kaleiscoping wanderfest of imagination, in work and recreation and every other whatever,
That has materialized all this whimsical chitter-chatter into this quantum playground.
It has been my way to allow spontaneity to fashion this destiny.

* * * *

He was not disappointed that his fate did not allow that.

* * * *

Written for those whose calling it is to be a mind of god.

* * * *

Can't … stop … it …
It … just … won't … leave … me … alone …
Oh, bitter, sweet fate.

* * * *

Of that quasi-neutral condition called slumber in these close-to-endgame times:
One or two hours happens; three is tolerable; four, typical; five, desirable; six, a miracle;
Seven a gift from God; and eight or more, last seen in the vicinity of childhood's end.

* * * *

Another meditative day for words of a random nature
To flow uninhibited from the matrix of consciousness.

* * * *

True believers can take all their political correctness,
And shove it back up the abyss from whence it came.

* * * *

This is my calling; to what end I neither know nor care.

* * * *

Must have Missouri blood in me bones: I only believes it if I sees it.

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

Free will looking forward; fate looking back.

* * * *

A culture that does not invest in its young has no vision for its future.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

Why wait for the Fates to decide your end by some other foul hand?
Whose hand is better suited for your own departure than your own?

* * * *

Time is a creation of the human mind.
The timeless moment is all there is.
All meaning and purpose is illusion.
Only the mind moves the clock's hands.
Only the mind travels the calendar's pages.
Only the mind measures all things imaginable.
Only the mind imagines its world, its universe, real.

* * * *

All religion, all spirituality, is nothing more than the drivel,
That individuals and groups incessantly drone on and on about,
To give their tawdry lives meaning and purpose where there is none.
Massive piles of hooey-balooey inanity to occupy otherwise empty minds.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of everything.
The cosmic universe, the world,
All things sentient, all things inanimate,
All cultures, all languages, all deities, all dogmas,
All histories, all sciences, all mathematics, all music, all art,
All industries, all technologies, all measurements, all space, all time.
Every illusion, every vanity, every everything, under any and every given sun.
All nothing more than imagination.

* * * *

In the ever-evolving human paradigm,
With its thus-far ever-snowballing population,
And seemingly interminable propensity for tool-making,
There has been a steady shift from generalization to specialization,
From individuals being competent in several different fields or activities,
With a broad array of knowledge and ability on a variety of subjects, useful or not,
To one where industry and expertise are ever divvied up for efficiency's exalted objectives.
The specialist narrows down his worldview to fulfill his work, his calling, his genius.
The generalist, the jack-of-all-trades, sails many oceans, wanders many ports,
Witnessing and appreciating the talents of those tied to one anchorage.

* * * *

Why pretend, why make-believe, why fantasize, why feign, you know,
Who-what-where-when-why-how all this is happening,

When you do not, when you cannot.
It is a mystery.
Leave it, weave it, at that.

* * * *

Every culture has a history, every culture has a narrative.
Every culture makes every conceivable-feasible effort,
To manipulate the future into its enduring likeness.

* * * *

The endpoint of the philosophical quest,
Is the realization that there is no meaning and purpose,
Other than what the moment offers, other than what the moment calls for.
It is the vain therapy of fools seeking a greater that is not.

* * * *

Never hesitate to change the way you habitually do something.
Amazing how often a different approach, a different strategy, a different tactic,
Can be for the better, or at least confirm the one in play.

* * * *

Every culture that has ever existed has had its deities and demons,
All nothing more than the fabrications of imagination,
None more or less real than any other.

* * * *

The identity you pretend is only as capable of functioning,
As the given mind-body the awareness you truly are inhabits.

* * * *

The ephemeral dream of consciousness is without tangibility,
Without meaning or purpose, without beginning or conclusion.
Any given existence is nothing more than a fiction of imagination.

* * * *

Rest easy in the forebrain, where all dreaming appears and disappears each and every moment.
The space, where from nothing, imagination weaves its reverie of space and time
In the thunder and lightning of the conditioned mind.

* * * *

What is sanity, what is insanity,
But all the standards of any given culture
Asserting this or that is or is not acceptable behavior.
Standing alone, standing sovereign, is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

Ethics in warfare is rooted in complete and utter absurdity.
If you are steadfastly resolved on annihilating an individual or group,

Why should-could-would it possibly matter how you do it?
Dead is dead, no matter the ways and means.

* * * *

Knowledge is perception recalling.
All futures are but empty speculation.
Speculation does not count as knowledge.
It utilizes knowledge to predict possibilities,
But can never transcend its veiled nature.

* * * *

How many women are only interested in a man's youthful pastimes,
For as long as it takes to reign him in for their own domestic purpose?

* * * *

The drive of life to sustain itself is the only real meaning and purpose.
Without it, nothing: zero, nil, zilch, void, extinction, annihilation, oblivion.

* * * *

Each and every moment is a new beginning, a new ending.
Why believe, why imagine, you can ever hold on to anything?

* * * *

Did something happen for a reason? Or did something just happen to happen?
Fallacies are mistaken beliefs, especially ones based on unsound argument.
Piecing together things to give meaning and purpose where none exist.
Mind is good at connecting dots, but often into great absurdities;

* * * *

You are indelible awareness.
Try not to believe what you see.
Try not to believe what you hear.
Try not to believe what you taste.
Try not to believe what you smell.
Try not to believe what you feel.
And most of all …
Try not to believe what you think.

* * * *

From small tribal bands to the greatest civilizations,
What has any cultural grouping ever been,
But ideas born of vanity.

* * * *

All values, all standards, all morals, all ethics, all ideals, all principles, all tenets, all beliefs,
Are subjective, arbitrary, fallacious, sentimental, distorted, idiosyncratic,
Skewed, prejudiced, colored, slanted, biased, personal.
Meaningful only to minds conditioned, habituated to believe them.

* * * *

Existence becomes a preoccupation, an obligation, a predictable routine,
A commitment to enduring endless rounds of monotony and suffering
Between relatively brief respites of what is considered exiting or pleasurable,
To what end only death (perhaps) knows, if knowledge is at all important in oblivion.

* * * *

It is imagination that clings to all its imaginary notions,
Founded upon the sensory-mind quantum matrix.
Reality is ever-changing in its ever-same way.

* * * *

Glance over at the weary old woman sitting very alone at the thieving slot machine three stools away;
Chain-smoking cigarette after cigarette, downing as many gin and tonics as the waitress will allow.
Though she does not even begin to fathom it, she is just as much the indivisible mystery as you.
So do not get all pride-filled and judgmental believing you are special for discerning the obvious.

* * * *

Become a stranger to the mind-body that the timeless awareness you truly are inhabits.
Be as aloof toward your passing dream of consciousness as you would be to any other's.

* * * *

Cultures across every time and geography have always added imagery and idolatry
– gratuitous, frivolous, meaningless usurpations ever born of imagination –
To their ceaseless speculations regarding this unsolvable mystery,
All of which are utterly pointless when it comes to the quest for truth.

* * * *

No, not that.
And not that, either.
And throw out that one, too.
Such is the destiny of all speculation.

* * * *

How can you be sure it was not your nature-nurture conditioning,
The patterned interplay of your genetic inheritance and other biological factors,
And the countless influences of external factors after conception,
That tacked you left, not right, or right, not left?
Free will is a dubious assumption.

* * * *

The human paradigm is an outcome of memory cells created through evolutionary happenstance,
Through natural selection in such a way as to conjure up an imaginary self,
And the rest is the make-believe we call history.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm has never been about free will.

It was ordained, predetermined, destined, fated,
Genetically sequenced from the get-go.

* * * *

Someone creates a story.
Someone else believes it true.
Someone else builds a toll booth.

* * * *

So hypnotized by our genomic patterning and cultural conditioning
That we cannot easily discern, easily transcend, anything but differences.

* * * *

Alive or dead, what does the mystery care?
Here or there, what does the mystery care?
Light or dark, what does the mystery care?
Happy or sad, what does the mystery care?
Kind or cruel, what does the mystery care?
Black or white, what does the mystery care?
Sane or insane, what does the mystery care?
Witty or obtuse, what does the mystery care?
Infinite or finite, what does the mystery care?
Creation or destruction, what does the mystery care?
Atheist or believer, what does the mystery care?
Subtle or blatant, what does the mystery care?
Wealthy or poor, what does the mystery care?
Smart or stupid, what does the mystery care?
Right or wrong, what does the mystery care?
Male or female, what does the mystery care?
Straight or gay, what does the mystery care?
Love or hate, what does the mystery care?
Good or evil, what does the mystery care?
Sage or fool, what does the mystery care?
This or that, what does the mystery care?

* * * *

Be exceedingly wary of those who believe their own propaganda.
Regarding your own self-deceptions, your own fallacies,
Do your best to keep them to a minimum.

* * * *

We are all actors upon the stage.
Most believing their parts real and true.
Some more believable than others,
But all dreams, nonetheless.

* * * *

Amazing how much pain and suffering we all put up with in this sensory-mind inspired,

Three-dimensional, touchy-feely, extremely finite, extremely illusory, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Tangibly intangible, ethereal, electromagnetic spectrum quantum matrix of a dreamtime.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness.
What is to intellectualize?
What is to mythologize?
What is to dogmatize?
What is to illuminate?
What is to symbolize?
What is to systemize?
What is to idolatrize?
What is to translate?
What is to elucidate?
What is to canonize?
What is to ritualize?
What is to worship?
What is to convert?
What is to believe?
What is to imagine?
What is to venerate?
What is to persuade?
What is to interpret?
What is to formalize?
What is to evangelize?
What is to proselytize?
What is to propagandize?
What is to institutionalize?
What is to traditionalize?
What is to anything?

* * * *

There must be a purpose … It was meant to be …
What do those stale fallacies mean anyway?
Here you are, right here, right now.
What need for it to be more than that?

Soundbites

How is it so many relatively intelligent, rational people still believe in magical thinking?

* * * *

The first and last delusion is believing you exist.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning are nothing more than concoctions of imagination.

* * * *

All the memories, all the habits, all the stuff, are the albatross of time.

* * * *

The conditioned mind cannot hear outside its monotonous drone.

* * * *

As easy as it is, the habit of thinking is not easily undone.

* * * *

So vain as to believe we are the only ones; so vain as to believe we are not the only ones.

* * * *

And why would most if not all of what you believe matters, matter to anyone but you?

* * * *

All beliefs are declarations of delusion, even the belief in nothing.

* * * *

What meaning and purpose can be attached to that which is timeless?

* * * *

All principles are subject to the whims of vanity.

* * * *

To believe one fable is to believe them all; believe none, and peace is the bargain.

* * * *

Greed sows many outcomes, many if not most not pretty.

* * * *

Regarding truth, what you want it to be, hope it to be, believe it to be, means diddly-squat.

* * * *

Trying to alter a true believer's catechism, why bother?

* * * *

Thinking is an addictive habit to the juggernaut of imagination.

* * * *

If you must believe in something, believe in nothing.

* * * *

You are lost as long as you believe any story real, especially your own.

* * * *

The force of habit guides the everyday for all.

* * * *

Such is the fate drawn.

* * * *

Rest assured, Mother Nature does not give one iota of a hoot what you believe.

* * * *

Which is more arrogant, to realize you are that which is god, or believing you are not?

* * * *

What is anyone's fate but the result of the character the mystery has played.

* * * *

You cannot save someone from themselves; you cannot save someone from their fate.

* * * *

You are the quantum matrix; the quantum matrix is you.

* * * *

And what great difference do you believe you have really made in this cosmic swirl?

* * * *

You are an eye of the mystery; what need to believe?

* * * *

Being in the moment requires no belief; being in the moment is not capable of belief.

* * * *

What's you addiction?

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are the spice of imagination.

* * * *

What's your obsession?

* * * *

Be cautious about believing you know things you cannot.

* * * *

Fate throws many curves.

* * * *

Whether a mind reared in civilization can ever let it go completely is a "Needs Research" question.

* * * *

And what do you believe you have accomplished that will matter at all to eternity?

* * * *

If you truly believed in God and Heaven, would you not be seeking to get there quickly?

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are lies; embrace the futility.

* * * *

Seems like a lot of people still believe that world exists.

* * * *

Change your nature-nurture conditioned programming? Good luck with that.

* * * *

So, this is where Manifest Destiny gets you.

* * * *

The unconditioned mind is as free as it gets.

* * * *

Fair or foul, the Fates have you in their grip.

* * * *

Same pattern, different day.

* * * *

Anybody who believes they are not crazy is crazy.

* * * *

The human condition is founded entirely on imagination.

* * * *

Yet another talking head believing their yabber really matters.

* * * *

Whatever you believe will tinge whatever you see.

* * * *

Gravity deceives you into believing you are not floating in space.

* * * *

To believe the jungle owes you anything is a first and last error.

* * * *

Behavior may be modified, but the essential underlying perceptions ever remain the same.

* * * *

How ludicrous to believe any label, any meme, even begins to encapsulate anyone.

* * * *

How free of your conditioning can you ever really be?

* * * *

No belief is real belief; no faith is real faith.

* * * *

True belief requires no belief; true faith requires no faith.

* * * *

When it comes to assumptions of free will, the Fates just laugh.

Breadcrumbs

Alas that I have been such a disillusionment to so many people
Along the long and winding road that has woven this mind's tapestry.
Such is the destiny of those for whom their cosmos is the first and last pearl.

* * * *

An articulate destiny.

* * * *

How monotonous to be surrounded by true believers,
Followers, minions, sycophants, groupies, toadies, gofers, hangers-on,
Devotees, disciples, flatterers, adherents, supporters, admirers, enthusiasts, underlings,
Cronies, yes men, fans, acolytes, favorites, optimists, subordinates, slaves,
Fawners, bootlickers, brownnosers, and ass-kissers.
Give me a nitpicking skeptic and a grousing cynic any day.

* * * *

Spent life looking for meaning and purpose until I finally realized there is none.
That the entire human drama and the dreamtime in which it is set,
Is but an illusion, a game rigged for delusion.

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A few epiphanies and other hallmark moments

The First Koan

Sometime in the very way hazy long ago, cousin Debbie Hunt
had a boyfriend named Teryl, who was my intro to the Buddhist slant.
At some point, the three of us were hiking Mount Tamalpais in the Bay Area,
and I uttered some comment about how astounding San Francisco Bay must have been
before Manifest Destiny took root, and things begin their descent into the world I so decry today.
Teryl's Zen-ish response was that it was really the same as it had always been.
It was likely my first koan; one I am still trying to crack.

The Nightmare

Dreams have never been a high priority in this existence,
But there was a recurring one that began back in the years before adolescence.
One in which I felt helplessly, hopelessly, powerlessly trapped beneath a suffocating, bean-like torrent,
Which only ended when I finally realized it was my spirit being conditioned by the world.
It may well have been the first intuition of all that has since transpired.

These Many Thoughts

These many thoughts are left for humankind's unfolding reverie,
written by a witness, a seer, who was born in 1953 A.D.
to what duration he cannot at this writing say.
Geographically, it was called Northern California
during the agricultural-industrial-technological epoch
of the United States of America, a nation-state
in what seemed the zenith and early decline
of civilization as he elected to perceive it.
But history knows many such epochs,
so the accuracy of all predictions in time
is for future scholars to ponder and pontificate,
as they always have, and undoubtedly, always will.

The True Cathedral

To all Christians and other faithful true believers:
While you have paid out ten percent of your hard-earned treasury
to sit in hard wooden pews, listen to mind-numbing sermons, and sing tedious hymns,
pretending to love people you loathe, fearing a deity who is but an invention of irrational imagination,
idolizing a martyr long dead that you might well detest if he were to actually show up,
I have spent many a Sunday sunrise enjoying long, contemplative wanders,
breathing in and breathing out the one and only true cathedral.

The Miscalculated Wave

These many thoughts began bubbling out in 1989
After a head and neck injury invoked by a miscalculated wave
While boogie boarding with my fifth-sixth grade class in Southern Kaliforny.
It was the finale of a short teaching phase, and the entrée to an assortment of switchbacks,
In the ever-kaleiscoping wanderfest of imagination, in work and recreation and every other whatever,
That has materialized all this whimsical chitter-chatter into this quantum playground.
It has been my way to allow spontaneity to fashion this destiny.

Random Babble

All this random babble has been scribed since leaving a teaching job in Ojai in 1989.
Apologies for all the repetition, but it has been more a journal of whatever sprang into mind,
than any kind of cohesive narrative, or cohesive anything, for that or any other matter.
Basically, it all boils down to this fact: You are the indivisible, timeless mystery,
and for all practical and impractical purposes, you are on you own.
Rotsa ruck, best wishes, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Sugar … sugar … sugar … in every form and fancy.
A daily routine for addicts who waddle
From binge to binge.

When it comes to this Grand Mystery,
Why would anybody believe, trust, imagine, accept,
Anyone else truly knows any more than they?

I putter, therefore I think I am.
But what am I, but awareness locked in a vat of flesh and bones,
Witnessing a figment of imagination wandering an illusory matrix of space and time.

An illusory matrix, chock-full of vain dreams of becoming.
But what more can any truly be,
But the way it is, right here, right now.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

Belief, faith, hope, certainty, conviction,
And other notions of a whimsical nature,
Do not long dwell in the arena of doubt.

* * * *

Great doubt, whether through hesitation or disbelief,
Is the motivation, the momentum, the impetus, the stimulus,
That sets canvas and rudder to whatever parts known and unknown,
Any given wanderer, any given rambler, any given gypsy, any given sailor,
From harbor to harbor, from adventure to adventure, from birth to death, may tack.

* * * *

Consciousness, judgment, belief, imagery, measurement, inventiveness,
Imagination, visualization, fantasy, hallucination, meditation, contemplation, revelation,
Perception, thought, reflection, deliberation, observation, conception, prescience,
Creativity, understanding, planning, problem-solving, problem-making,
Dreaming, opinion, notion, theory, philosophy, theory, design …
All very much the same time-bound movement of mind.

* * * *

Why would anyone even begin to believe, to imagine,
The indelible mystery could ever not be whole,
That it could ever separate in any way from its awareness.
You are the mystery, you are the awareness, witness to all and none.

* * * *

One of our bigger errors was thinking, believing, expecting, it would be any different.
Giving power to the masses has generally been frowned upon by the bigger club-carriers.
To in any way hope that might change in these our modern times, was naïve from the get-go.

* * * *

Is humankind really all that different from the panda,
Whose daily-without-fail regimen is ninety-nine percent bamboo?
How probable is it that any creature can sidestep its nature-nurture patterning,
No matter how apparently complex evolution has sculpted it.

* * * *

Vanity plays out the narrative to which you are so attached,
So conditioned by nature-nurture to every moment play out.

* * * *

Those who control the narrative, shape history's perception,
Down whatever future-past its tenuous nature lays claim.

The routine of tradition is a strong force in the human psyche,
So there is a loyal penchant to cling to whatever story is provided.
How many cultures have played out in humanity's relatively brief epoch,
Is but one of the beyond-countless things that can never be more than speculated.

* * * *

Why is it so enticing, so beguiling, for you to know that which can never be known?
Why is it necessary for you to continue believing whatever imaginary stories your culture has spun?
Or for you to continue believing whatever imaginary narratives you have yourself spun?
Why is it so arduous to be in concord, in harmony, with the mystery you are?
To just serenely be the moment to which awareness is witness.

* * * *

One moment you are the dreamer, the conditioned part imagination routinely plays.
And the next, you are the awareness, the one and only you, dreaming.
Dreamer and dreaming, back and forth, forth and back.
Not at all an easy thing to stay awake.

* * * *

The fate of the universe is the fate of the universe.
The fate of the world is the fate of the world.
The fate of all life is the fate of all life.
The fate of you is the fate of you.
All just aspects of the same mystery
No need to make anything more than it is.

* * * *

Doubt is the key ingredient.
Believing anything, assuming anything,
Is the sure road to any and every imaginable delusion.

* * * *

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.

It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.
It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is a adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.

It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.
It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.

It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.
It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.

It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is … a mystery.

* * * *

Your sensory mind-body, your world, your cosmos, is a quantum construct of imagination.
Since birth, you have been conditioned, mesmerized, brainwashed, compelled,
By the given nature-nurture, to play a part that partakes it all real.
Few see it for what it is; fewer still live it for what it is.

* * * *

Cultures across all times, all geographies, have all fashioned mythologies,
Legends, folklores, traditions, fables, sagas, fairytales, parables,
Allegories, beliefs, creeds, convictions, and dogmas.
All founded on imaginary underpinnings
Stemming from the same inexplicable, unnamable mystery.

* * * *

You know that you do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And you do not believe nor trust nor hope that anyone else truly does, either.
And thus, you wander all alone, through any and all camps, watching, waiting, wondering.

* * * *

What a bizarre thing to supposedly be created by some supreme being,
Only to be cast forever into hell or purgatory for not falling into line
With a controversial collection of desert-dweller commandments,
Or an implausible messiah and his frothing cult of true-believers.
Even if there is some sort of Santa Claus rendering of a god on high,
Have you really lived such a despicable existence to be all that apprehensive
About being eternally damned in the byzantine abysses of some Dante-esque inferno?
I mean, seriously?

* * * *

A vast horde of conglomerate empires, voracious dinosaurs, insatiable lizard-brains,
Daily, bit by bit, greedily devastating this garden planet and all its creations.
What hope can there be in the face of such overwhelming synergy?

* * * *

Any language evolves from its history,
Any history is imbedded in its language,
For as long as the given culture abides.

* * * *

Books wait patiently detached for any minds seeking to feast on whatever it is they offer.
A book without plot, without goal, without purpose, without meaning, what is that about?

* * * *

You know that you do not know what the fuck is going on here,
And you do not believe, do not trust, that anyone else really does, either.
But for the greater part of the human mass, and its paradigm of vanity and greed,
The belief, the faith, the assumption, the conviction, the confidence, that someone else does,
Has directed the human absurdity into the deafening crescendo it has become in these modern times.

* * * *

How can something be either ‘meant’ to happen or ‘not meant’ to happen?
It simply does or does not; there is no higher power moving you about some chessboard.
Only vanity contrives deities to give meaning and purpose to a mystery that is oblivious to any and all.

* * * *

How can you possibly let go of it, until you every moment discern it all illusion?
And is it truly worth all the exertion? All the effort? And for what, really?
When it does not at all ultimately matter in any way-shape-form.
So … Red Pill? … Or Blue? … You choose, as destiny (i.e., vanity) calls.

* * * *

No one is at the helm of your illusory fate but you.
Calm or stormy, you will sail on and on,
To one sorry end or another,
This brief existence being what it is.

* * * *

The quantum theater, time and space, are ultimately not real,
So, beginnings and endings are little more than moot assertions.
Illusory fabrications of the senses feeding into the neural transmitter.
A biological matrix founded on the Darwinian happenstance of evolution.

* * * *

Has there ever been even just one human culture across all times, all geographies,
That has not contrived a belief system of one sort or another?
Is a question that can never be answered.

* * * *

If you are of a contemplative, reflective, pondering, meditative nature,
Cease hunting for meaning and purpose, knowledge and wisdom, in this world or any other.
It is nothing but the ceaseless distraction of a quantum dream.
Journey the still abyss within.

* * * *

For all practical purposes, you are as anonymous to the universe as it is to you.
Even the most powerful, even the most wealthy, even the most known,
Are already forgotten in the timeless expanses of eternity.

* * * *

You are not your mind.
You are not your body.
You are not your mask.
You are not your nature.
You are not your nurture.
You are not your imagination.
You are not your perceptions.
You are not your memories.
You are not your vanities.
You are not your dreams.
You are not your hopes.
You are not your values.
You are not your history.
You are not your language.
You are not your identity.
You are not your name.
You are not your ethnicity.
You are not your gender.
You are not your family.
You are not your tribe.
You are not your caste.
You are not your culture.
You are not your country.
You are not your religion.
You are not your work.
You are not your talents.
You are not your hobbies.
You are not your things.
You are not your successes.
You are not your failures.
You are not your desires.
You are not your fears.
You are not your ecstasies.
You are not your agonies.
You are not your time.

You are not your space.
You are not your world.
You are not your universe.
You are not your dimension.
You are not anything; you are not everything.
You are not … You are not … You are not … You are not …
But the awareness, the indivisibility, the mystery, permeating all … and none.

* * * *

Time is the creation, the dance, the dream, the frolic, the bane, of memory cells.
It was the means for imagination's gradual usurpation of instinct,
The make-believe of self, and the pretense of free will.

* * * *

The trick to not collecting followers is to become somewhat unappealing in one way or another.
It is enough for any who cross your path to have gleaned your message.
Far better they wander on under their own steam,
To do with their nature-nurture dream, whatever the Fates deign.

* * * *

How can time be wasted if there is no such thing?
Only vanity would ever contrive meaning and purpose.

* * * *

A frame of reference is a stew, a blend, a fusion, a union, a brew, a mélange,
A double-double-toil-and-trouble-fire-burn-and-caldron-bubble,
That the fate, the destiny, the kismet, the nature-nurture,
Has through happenstance-happenchance,
In imagination played.

* * * *

The expert is someone who has studied something so much,
That s/he really truly believes they actually know something.

* * * *

All self-imagery is based on the blend, on the fusion, on the synergy,
Of all the patterning, all the molding, all the conditioning, of the given nature-nurture,
Including all the cultural, political, religious, racial, linguistic, educational,
Gender, socio-economic, emotional, et cetera, influences.

* * * *

As much as you might believe it to be more,
As much as you might achingly yearn for it to be more,
It is not more, nor has it ever been more, nor will it ever be more.
Nor is it less, nor has it ever been less, nor will it ever be less.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

If you make it about any person or place or thing,
Then you have missed the whole point and purpose.

* * * *

The so much that you believe you know, is infinitely dwarfed by all that you do not.
And what, pray tell, do you really know of anything, but the huff ‘n puff of imagination?

* * * *

The incessant recording the inner voice plays over and over in your mind
Is the conditioning of your frame of reference, your nature-nurture programming.
Naught but an algorithm born of genetic design … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

As long as you believe you are the sensory body,
You will suffer its perpetual potpourri of agonies and ecstasies,
As you meander all the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and touches,
That the mind’s cosmos has to offer in its nature-nurture realm.
To be liberated is to surrender without reservation,
To the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Existence is only as viable as the neuron matrix,
Which facilitates consciousness (a.k.a., imagination)
To dance away, to whirl and twirl in eternal awareness.

* * * *

All anyone can know about the mystery, about the awareness,
Is all the speculations that traditions around the world have contrived.
Stories, stories, and more stories, none more valid than any other.
Not authentic knowing in any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

The genetic lottery spins a matrix in which the dreaming you imagine real and true,
Will witness the agony and ecstasy of each and every moment destiny has in store.

* * * *

Have you ever beheld even one moment of awareness,
Where ethics or any other imaginary notion or sentiment,
Had any say, any validity, any reality, any truth, whatsoever?
The eternal mystery does not give a flying hooey about anything.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Irony and paradox and absurdity rule.
Practice detachment.

* * * *

You did not choose your birth.
You did not choose your body.
You did not choose your mind.

You did not choose your family.
You did not choose your gender.
You did not choose your culture.
You did not choose your tradition.
You did not choose your language.
You did not choose your geography.
You did not choose your education.
You did not choose your ethnicity.
You did not choose your customs.
You did not choose your politics.
You did not choose your history.
You did not choose your mores.
You did not choose your creed.
You did not choose your status.
You did not choose your caste.
You did not choose your time.
You did not choose your space.
Have you ever really had any choice,
In your long and winding journey to destiny?

* * * *

The only way to undo the patterning of mind and body is to become very still in every way.
Only in pure, unadulterated, absolute awareness can you be free of all claims.
And then, alas, only for as long as you manage to stay there.

* * * *

No matter how you meditate or breath or practice asanas or whatever else,
If it is not your destiny to wake up, then so it goes and oh well,
To all the revelry and whoring you missed out on.

* * * *

There is no yoke, no millstone, no chains, no shackles, in seeing, in being, the mystery you ever are.
No idolatries, no tribes, no traditions, no dogmas, no symbols, no rituals, no rewards, no punishments.
Just you, pristine awareness, the eternal eye, the mystery itself, witnessing the ever-present moment.

* * * *

Tribe, family, clan, kin, community,
Society, culture, tradition, faction, company, congress,
Council, assembly, convention, conference, meeting, circle, crew, force, corps,
Troop, unit, troupe, party, bloc, team, band, set, clique, cadre, coterie, herd, flock, drove, pack, group.
All signifying the highly social, uniquely cooperative keystone of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Every other tribe, every other group, every other culture,
Is barbaric, brutish, bestial, savage, inhuman,
And you, the same to them.

* * * *

Perhaps it will be your fate, your destiny, that words such as these,
Will foster unlocking your mind into the freedom of the unknown.

* * * *

The mind-body has its fate, the imaginary persona has its fate,
But the real You, the awareness, the moment, Self, itself,
What fate can there possibly be but all and none.

* * * *

Awareness does not require faith.
Awareness does not require belief.
Awareness does not require dogma.
Awareness does not require anything.

* * * *

For those not inquiring deeply, for those with misguided intent,
The destiny of any teachings, any writings, risk becoming dogma.

* * * *

If it is belief, it is false.
Nothing more than an invention born of consciousness.
Seeing is not believing.

* * * *

True believers lack the wit to grasp the subtleties of irony and paradox,
And the nuances required for deep refection in the earnest quest for truth.

* * * *

So many ways to view history:
First that come to mind: politics, economics,
Science, culture, language, art, music, architecture, war …
But one onscreen academic source has come up with twelve branches:
Military history, history of religion, social history, cultural history, diplomatic history,
Economic history, environmental history, world history, universal history,
Intellectual history, gender history and public history.

* * * *

Regarding the fate of the human paradigm, is there really any point in saying anything,
When the species is careening full bore towards the edge of the Petri dish,
And not more than the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.
All hopeful endeavors are destined to fail.

* * * *

All mythologies, all legends, all folklores, all traditions, all customs,
Are nothing more than human-created, fear-based, greed-laced,
Egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric mind gorp.
When they are not imparting pearls of wisdom, that is.

* * * *

No matter how tainted, no matter how corrupt, no matter how vile, no matter how despicable,
The imaginary, the make-believe, the fictitious, the pretend, the illusory role you play,
The you that is real, the you that is true, the you that is eternal, is immaculate.
Free of all that the ever-ebbing-ever-flowing currents of consciousness are capable.

* * * *

What is ambition but vanity's hungry cry for more, more, more.
For imagination's insatiable craving to be renowned, celebrated, notorious,
Through whatever combination of power and fame and fortune the Fates condescend.

* * * *

Do you really believe every group, every culture, across the human experience
Was not, is not, very much the same in their own very unique, very distinct way?
How much all humans have in common is far more defining than all the differences.

* * * *

Imagination swells larger and larger in the matrix of space and time,
But the moment, the awareness in which it transpires, is ever the same.

* * * *

If timeless awareness is all that is, and is not,
Then how can it hold on to anything, or anything hold on to it?
How would reincarnation, heavens or hells or purgatories, or any other afterlives,
Be even remotely possible as anything more than imaginary, illusory, fictional, make-believe identities,
As unreal as all to which humankind has so steadfastly clung through all its history?

* * * *

Why feel obligated to believe in, to idolize, to fear, any deity or deities,
Or any other so-called spiritual notions formulated by imagination, human or otherwise?
Being the awareness, being the moment, is the matchless state of existence.
No need for faith, no need for prayer, no need for doctrine.

* * * *

Aloneness is without vanity … without point, without purpose, without meaning,
But the voyage into the unfathomable enigma begets every distraction imaginable.

* * * *

How can there be any more meaning and purpose to existence,
Than giving complete attention and right response,
To the passing moment, ever the same?

* * * *

Awareness is eternal witness to the omnipresent, kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
All identity, all personality, is but the conditioned response of imagination
To all the causes, to all the effects, played out in each and every mind.
The you that you think you are, the you that you believe you are,
Is but an electromagnetically-induced chemical perception,

An illusion, a delusion, a deception, born of a mystery
Whose immeasurable truth can never be known
But by those rare seekers who become it.

* * * *

Regarding reincarnation, which so many belief systems endlessly speculate,
What exactly is it that can be reborn other than imaginary notion?
How can spaceless awareness, how can timeless awareness,
Ever be blemished by any imaginary attribute?
Any given seed is but a one-ride-only space-time machine,
Playing out the nature-nurture patterning into which it is spawned.

* * * *

There is no time in awareness, there is no space in awareness.
There is no cause in awareness, there is no effect in awareness.
There is no beginning in awareness, there is no end in awareness.
There is no purpose in awareness, there is no meaning in awareness.
There is only the indelible moment, to which awareness is witness.

* * * *

What is any culture but a dynamic stew of agreements and disagreements,
All playing out their groupthink over their given duration of time and space.

* * * *

Tradition inevitably binds a culture to such a degree,
That it becomes terminally inflexible to the ever-changing moment.
The world is strewn with the carcasses of peoples and civilizations come and gone,
Because they could not discard the history, the mindset, that bore them.
They could not surrender to the changes required for survival.

* * * *

Awareness is the eternal moment.
It is without time, without space.
It is without cause, without effect.
It is without beginning, without end.
It is without purpose, without meaning.
It is absolute aloneness, unborn, undying.

* * * *

Everyone has a conditioned mindset,
A worldview that can, only with great discrimination,
Be only partially undone, redirected into something just as habitual,
But perhaps more enlightened, and a tad freer to carry on the long and arduous trek,
Down the long and winding road less traveled.

* * * *

The imaginary you, believes you exist, that you were born, that you will one day die.
That time, that space, are real, that the mind and senses distinguish the universe.

That the rise of humankind and all its civilizations, all its countless creations,
Is somehow ordained by deities on high, machinating with demons below.
And if not that, perhaps some grand, all-encompassing, scientific theory.
Or perhaps the artless nature of the fool too oblivious to even question.
Wake up, wake up, wherever you are, it is but illusion, You, its mystery.

* * * *

… Stop believing …
… Stop believing all you know …
… Stop believing in the world …
… Stop believing in the universe …
… Stop believing in deities and demons …
… Stop believing you are a human being …
… Stop believing you are alive …
… Stop believing you will die …
… Stop believing you were ever born …
… Stop believing you are more than awareness …
… Stop believing you are even awareness …
… Just stop …

* * * *

Despite imagination's interminable penchant for make-believe,
There is no other time, there is no other space, that you can possibly be,
But this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, eternally absolute moment.

* * * *

For all practical purpose, vanity is hardwired into the human genome.
Some religious folk like to call it original sin for their own pious reasonings,
But it is really nothing more than the long and arduous path of natural selection.
The morphing evolution of breeding choices in the brewing stews of cultural theaters,
As the species gradually migrated every direction out of the African jungles of so long ago.
It is much less about sin than the inevitable outcome of all the dynamics this mystery has coined.
And awareness, the eternal, indivisible, unborn-undying witness in every sentient creation.

* * * *

The challenge is not making such a challenge of it.
Learn to endure the rises and falls, the ebbs and flows of the given mind.
As much as imagination would like to believe, nothing you do really ultimately matters even one iota.
Look for yourself, let go all the propaganda endlessly contrived for selfish purpose
By all the parasitic middlemen throughout the human epoch.
You are it, it is you, it is that simple.

* * * *

What is ego but little self's identification with, little self's attachment to,
All the assumptions, all the habituation, that consciousness has imagined.

* * * *

The deities, singular or plural, were all fabricated by the mind of humankind.

They are vanity's narcissistic-hedonistic need for meaning and purpose.
For some raison d'etre for this often banal, often painful existence.
For validation of the unquenchable craving for the unattainable more.

* * * *

Ethics and aesthetics are so vainly subjective in any given mind,
As to warrant little more than a token sidebar of serious discussion.

* * * *

Religion is a shell game
In which truth is veiled from the masses,
Who are mindlessly satisfied with titillating make-believe.
The endlessly absurd bunk of all their deities and dogmas and superstitions,
And were it possible, be chucked into the trash heap of history, and forever more disregarded.

* * * *

What will your existence manifest if you are irrational?
Unwise, silly, senseless, wild, cracked, stupid, outrageous, unrealistic,
Outlandish, ridiculous, bizarre, peculiar, useless, eccentric, odd, zany, daft, hollow,
Passionate, fanatical, mad, extreme, preposterous, absurd, unreasonable, incredible, nonsensical,
Crazy, zealous, foolish, nutty, dippy, rash, reckless, foolhardy, lacking, wacky, screwy, futile,
Unconventional, preposterous, vain, futile, meaningless, fantastical, eccentric, illogical,
Capricious, implausible, farfetched, empty, unlikely, unbelievable, preposterous,
Strange, weird, whimsical, incongruous, ludicrous, pointless, offbeat, odd,
Farcical, idiotic, purposeless, fanciful, wacked out, off your head,
Generally, just jam-packed with every assortment of magical thinking?
What will it manifest, what will it convey, if you are at least reasonably rational?

* * * *

Only consciousness conceives.
Only consciousness believes.
Only consciousness judges.
Only consciousness cares.
Only consciousness loves.
Only consciousness hates.
Only consciousness wants.
Only consciousness creates.
Only consciousness preserves.
Only consciousness destroys.

* * * *

All ideas, all theories, all beliefs, all opinions,
Are conceptual frameworks concocted by imagination.
Awareness is the moment prior to all movements of consciousness.

* * * *

Every moment you are born, every moment you die.
Unborn-undying every moment, why hold fast to anything?

Unborn-undying every moment, why be troubled about anything?
Unborn-undying every moment, why believe in anything?

* * * *

Space-time is a quantum illusion, an unfathomable theater,
Created by the magic of evolution, playing out in the mystery of awareness.
There is really only the inexplicable, intangible, immeasurable, unknowable, timeless moment,
Through which dreamtime streams, unfolds, unfurls, displays, kaleidoscopes,
In the mind-body patterning of each and every sentient being,
All extemporaneously interacting together,
All very much alone.

* * * *

Mind-bodies too dynamic to keep still, have concocted everything imaginable under the human sun.
Culture, religion, commerce, industry, art, music, writing, architecture, war …
Even the most still ones rarely stay still for all that long.
The order of chaos rules.

* * * *

Science, philosophy, religion, spirituality, belief, superstition,
Dogma, worship, exaltation, glorification, adulation, conviction, respect,
Idolization, praise, veneration, reverence, devotion, ceremony, sacrament, adoration,
Commandment, law, creed, canon, doctrine, principle, theory, code, rule, ritual, formula, model,
Speculation, conjecture, estimation, inference, intuition, fantasy, guess, notion …
What use does awareness have, what use does the moment have,
For any arbitrary invention of consciousness?

* * * *

Whether many deities or just one, all religions, all mythologies,
Are nothing more than human vanity's superstitious, delusional need,
To pretend it is of first and foremost relevance to the inexplicable unknown.
Only path-less-followed minds see through the make-believe,
And stand alone, clear and unknowing.

* * * *

Who wrote this?
Who do you think? And why would it matter?
All that matters is that you have the keenness to read it, and unlock the given mind,
From the shackles of a conditioned nature-nurture dream.
Awareness is all, all is awareness.

* * * *

What is the meaning, what is the purpose of existence?
Why, everyone unremittingly telling everyone else,
What they should believe and do, obviously.

* * * *

Something may seem strange or wrong now, but obviously did not in whatever when.

What point judging history and all the numberless values the times of mind do ordain?

* * * *

The quickest, easiest way to put any given true believer behind you
Is to listen for a bit, nod a few times, offer thanks, and then meander on.
If you discuss or argue further, you risk wasting who knows how much time,
That would be better spent wandering alone in your own sovereignty.

* * * *

All nothing more than the make-believe-pretend
Of the electromagnetic spectrum (a.k.a., quantum)
Riding the coattails of the mystery of awareness.

* * * *

Everything you think is a record of your nature-nurture habituation,
The conditioning that plays over and over and over, until death do you part.
Understand the difference between believing the record, and witnessing the record.

* * * *

Despite all evidence, all beliefs, all theories, all assumptions to the contrary,
It is nothing more than a manifest dream, a touchy-feely mirage,
That has no ultimate meaning or purpose, whatsoever.
Only vanity ever make-believes it more.

* * * *

What concern have you for any heavens and hells,
For reincarnation, karma, or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, you have no memory; of future lives, you have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now timeless moment.
As it would have been, will be, in any future-past ever coined.

Soundbites

Tradition losing its grip on the future, would that be such a bad thing?

* * * *

When cultures collide, sometimes they meld; sometimes they decline and forever disappear.

* * * *

Alliances have their collective purpose, but alone, you are free.

* * * *

Doubt requires no belief.

* * * *

The quantum matrix offers whatever draws, whatever distracts, the churning monkey-mind.

* * * *

So that's your fate: Both unpredictable and predictable.

* * * *

Both believer and atheist assume they know something they do not, never could, never will.

* * * *

Hope is akin to believing you can win in Las Vegas.

* * * *

A book without plot, without goal, without purpose, without meaning, what is that about?

* * * *

Only vanity believes there is a problem; only vanity believes there is an answer.

* * * *

Can you ever really do more than flail at your fate?

* * * *

Observe the matrix about you with the same detachment you would any stage or screen play.

* * * *

It is but vanity that believes its self or anything else matters.

* * * *

Hard to believe how stupid, how insane, how absurd, so many can be.

* * * *

The vanity of science is believing all its measurements count for something.

* * * *

Every moment streams you closer and closer to your final fate.

* * * *

Only vanity believes anything matters.

* * * *

Enjoying what you do is meaning and purpose enough.

* * * *

Life values life, life endures; death values nothing.

* * * *

The karmas of consequence are the hydras of future-past.

* * * *

You really believe that!?

* * * *

No questions, no answers, no purpose, no reason, why would there be?

* * * *

Why believe in anything?

* * * *

The blame game is a predicable outcome to any clusterfuck.

* * * *

Believing your thoughts real and true is the first and last delusion.

* * * *

Destiny is dust.

* * * *

Embrace your fate, or resist it, your destiny will happen just the same.

* * * *

Fate is like an asshole, everyone has one.

* * * *

You cannot outwit a destiny that cannot be changed.

* * * *

Death trumps destiny yet again.

* * * *

Suicide is fate interrupted.

* * * *

Good agnostic that you are, treat aliens like you do God, believe in ‘em when you sees ‘em.

* * * *

Brainwashing, there ain’t nothing cleansing about it.

* * * *

Some decisions, some doors in the maze, are far more fateful than others.

* * * *

Your destiny is the ever-present moment.

* * * *

The moment happens; only vanity gives it reason and purpose.

* * * *

The faces and names change, but the patterns ever remain the same.

* * * *

What the Fates have in store can never be more than speculated.

* * * *

Fulfilling one's destiny can be filled with agony or ecstasy, you decide.

* * * *

One destiny, all.

* * * *

Seeing is not believing.

* * * *

There you are – right here, right now – fulfilling this imaginary fate.

* * * *

What is history but the play of patterns.

* * * *

Patterns within patterns within patterns within patterns within pattern within patterns …

* * * *

Why write a story when the moral is the point and purpose?

* * * *

If dallying with imagination is your calling, you likely will not dally long here.

* * * *

Break through the fog of conditioned thinking.

* * * *

Breaking through the fog of conditional thinking is easier than you think.

* * * *

It is all the make-believe of vanity, the whole shebang, the whole enchilada.

* * * *

Imagination believes it lives; imagination believes it dies.

* * * *

Ethics and aesthetics are so subjective as to not be worth more than trifling discourse.

* * * *

If it requires belief, it is not truth.

* * * *

Less a belief system, than a seeing dynamic.

* * * *

Good or evil, modest or vain, rich or poor, sage or fool, fate holds none aloft.

* * * *

You cannot change your fate, you cannot avoid your fate.

* * * *

It is only as real as you believe it.

* * * *

Just because billions of people believe something delusional, does not make it any less absurd.

* * * *

Brainwashing, nothing cleansing about it.

* * * *

Any given life is chock-full of miscalculations that lend themselves to the fated endgame.

* * * *

Are you really any more than a lifetime's collection of habits?

* * * *

Toga or three-piece suit, the patterns are the same.

* * * *

If you believe humanity's endless parade of deities and dogmas, really mean anything, guess again.

* * * *

Patterns unending.

* * * *

Anatomy and character are the sculptors of destiny.

* * * *

The final vanity is believing you are enlightened.

* * * *

How you end your window of time is the final pattern.

* * * *

History toys with all who believe.

Breadcrumbs

Books wait patiently detached for any minds seeking to feast on whatever it is they offer.
A book without plot, without goal, without purpose, without meaning, what is that about?

* * * *

I do not believe, expect, or in any way, hope,
These words will have any meaningful impact on the future, at all.
Writing and editing and organizing them on the world wide web for free, was just too hard to resist.
Believe me, when I testify that none of this would have ever happened to the degree it has,
If I had, had to write books, generate a following to buy them, build an ashram,
Sit up on stage having every word be closely judged, maybe filmed,
Pose on some golden throne for hours and hours comforting the miserable,
Or arguing over absurdly meaningless dogmatic details with true believers of every ilk.

If you make it about me, you have missed the whole point and purpose.

* * * *

How weary I sometimes am of the intensity of this conditioned mind.

* * * *

It would be hard to believe that most everything yappable
Has not been yapped about somewhere in this aphoristic edifice.

* * * *

My vocation, my fate, in a nutshell, seems to be to spend many years scribing all sorts of thoughts,
That will more than likely only be read by me; many, more than a few times.
Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

* * * *

This lifetime exploration of consciousness, of imagination,
Has been a long and winding expedition down the road less traveled.
A destiny to which I have been haphazardly, matter-of-factly, irrevocably drawn,
As the world, the universe, gradually lost its hold over the intelligence prior to consciousness.

* * * *

This mind has become like one of those Magic 8-Balls,
The plastic sphere, made to look like an eight-ball,
That is used for fortune-telling or seeking advice.
Each thought placidly coming into mind's eye,
Slowly finding its way to those whose fate it is part.

* * * *

Good agnostic that I am, I treats aliens like I do God, I'll believe in 'em when I sees 'em.

* * * *

No grand Nietzsche-esque treatise to be usurped in this body of work.
Hopefully, history will either use these many thoughts to rational ends, or ignore me entirely.
If not, at least hopefully it will not seize them for abominable purpose,
As it has the writings of far too many other seers.

* * * *

By this mind-body, and the cosmos and world it has somehow fashioned,

I, whatever ‘I’ imagines itself to be, will not much longer be afflicted by this reverie of space and time.
One moment in some relatively near-soon, by, if the fates deign it, this own crippled hand,
This inexplicable awareness shall back into the serenity of oblivion be cast.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

You are alone, You have always been alone.
You were born alone, You live alone, You will die alone.
There has never been even one single moment when You were not alone,
When You were not pure awareness, when You were not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times to countless worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of You, is utterly inconsequential.
And how You discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In its myriad imaginings.
It is but a reverie.
You, alone, are.

* * * *

Seers have explored the mystery in countless ways throughout all times, all geographies.
And no matter their conclusions, or the traditions that evolved,
They are all the same elephant.

* * * *

Perhaps the mystery created this dream of space and time,
That the rare few might fathom its mystery, its wonder, its truth.
And those who are not called to inquire, live their lives as fate dictates.

* * * *

It is your dream; do with it what you will.
Do with it what time and circumstance allow.
Do with it what the quantum matrix ordains.

* * * *

Though human beings are complex genomic sequences, patterns, that imply free will,
They are patterns, nonetheless, each playing out their daily Sisyphean routine,
All perform their temporal existence as predictably as any algorithm,
Wandering through each moment as the nature-nurture ordains.
All live out their brief dreamtime as was set in motion,
The instant the mystery burst into the space-time continuum.
The You, You truly are, is witness to your splinter of that creation.

* * * *

You are the electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix,
Come to life, come to consciousness, come to imagination.

* * * *

Stories are easy to hear or read, and to remember and share.

They teach lessons about given cultures, and offer insights into human nature.
They may leave listeners, perhaps happier, perhaps more hopeful, perhaps more united, perhaps wiser.
No matter the time, no matter the geography, they are the foundation of the human paradigm.
Used rightly, they can create great futures; wrongly, they can disparage and destroy.

* * * *

What a painful thing it can be,
For that sentience, your awareness has been, by nature-nurture, conditioned,
To experience the body's pain and suffering,
As a tree, its rings.

* * * *

What is it but another metaphor –
Idiom, simile, allegory, expression, symbol, image –
That no other culture, no future time, will ever even begin to comprehend.
All languages are but the dynamic – ever-changing, quickly-changing – gyrations of imagination.
It is impossible that any translation will exactly mirror any writer's intent.

* * * *

Is your dream motivated or indifferent? Driven or lackadaisical? Energetic or apathetic?
All fates find the same grave; will yours strike a note in history?
Or be resigned to an unmarked grave?

* * * *

Forms project an illusionary duality, that the indivisible quantum matrix in no way confirms.
Yet, even in realizing all this, you must still daily wander through the dreamscape.
Only in death, figuratively or literally, can the sensory mind-body,
Give itself over to the essence of the ever-present.

* * * *

Separated only in imagination's Shakespearian touchy-feely, space-time theater,
The crunchy-chewy-gooey vehicle will sooner or later fall victim to the Reaper's fell scythe.
But You, the awareness, You, the moment, You, the instantaneous, You, the ever-present right-here now;
You will ever remain, unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffaceable, interminable, timelessly infinite.
Some call it existential, nihilistic, but it is the reality in which all dreams come to fruition.
What You believe does not at all matter; mystery is what You are, it is what all are.
Dreamtime is a quantum matrix, in which the mystery, through imagination,
Equally plays all forms, all parts, in all the theaters across the abyss.

* * * *

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.

Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness of all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

* * * *

If you are concerned only with the ultimate truth, who said it, who did it –
What mask, what costume, what culture, what language, what geography, what time –
Is immaterial, irrelevant, inconsequential, of no importance, whatsoever.

* * * *

Where is your face? What does it really look like?
What about the back of your noggin? Or either side view?
What about your back? Or the back of your neck? Or your shoulders?
Or your derrière, without a mirror? What do others see, when you are walking away?
Discerning the matrix vista, that state of awareness, prior to consciousness –
Detached, relativistic, indivisible, timeless, spaceless, boundless –
Is ample proof, if You are fated to achieve such a feat,
That you are indeed the mystery, unto Self.

* * * *

Violent behavior is largely learned, though breeding plays a factor.
Chances are, very few children are prone to the violent thoughts and behaviors,
That they may in abundance exhibit as adults, in the whirl of whatever world they participate.

* * * *

What is this craving of our kind for meaning and purpose?
Why is it that existence, that the next breath, is not gift enough?

* * * *

There truly is no point to existence, but the omnipresent moment,
In which the timeless awareness, perceives a sensory universe,
So touchy-freely-three-dimensional real, that minds are easily bent,
Into, with nary a doubt, playing whatever part, nature-nurture has deigned.
Only rare lifeforces are called to doubt the kaleidoscoping dream unfolding about them;
Such that their courses are reset, and the true game afoot.
A matrix thing, to be sure.

* * * *

Once that little, imaginary, conditioned, inner voice, gets its tongue, it is ever a challenge to shut it up.
There is no end, but death, to the ways and means, imagination can ecstasy-and-agony its imaginary self.
And awareness, ever-present, ever-still, ever witnessing, the nature-nurture mind-body illusion-delusion.

* * * *

If you are seeking god, look to the awareness within.
Awareness is awareness, no matter the state of consciousness.

Awareness plays whatever part it is allotted with the same equanimity.
Awareness has no attachment to any form, to any function.
Awareness boils down to a tranquil mind.
Kind of a matrix thing.

* * * *

Blame lead apes for the state of the world, if you like,
The path of chaos and destruction the human paradigm has taken,
Really falls upon the shoulders of the toolmakers, the architects, the builders,
Whose minds only rarely pause to reflect upon the wayward course,
They have inflicted upon the natural world's web of life.
The spin of greed and vanity have but one fate.

* * * *

Loss, regret, guilt, sorrow, grief, distress, defeat, concern, despair,
Agony, doubt, disbelief, qualms, dread, misfortune, mistrust, misery, fear,
Are among the endless ways and means the suffering of consciousness manifests.
A rolodex of tormenting memories, of recollections, that imagination ever regurgitates,
When there are a dearth of real and pressing problems for the problem-solver mind to solve.
Conscious breathing holds the mind aloof from unnecessary drama and intrigue.
Living, as if you never born, as if you will never die, is s rare feat.

* * * *

The one-percenters have, since the jungles of long ago, set the tone and tempo,
To which all the puppets below dance, however might-makes-right dictates and allows.
Any well-rewarded, ranking position, is determined by whatever they and the many minions value,
Which statistically boils down to avarice and power and vanity; to a pile of gold,
And whatever entitlements are at hand in the given time and place.
It is patterns, not history, that play out ever again.

* * * *

There many ways cards can be dealt,
By the powers-that-be and their minions,
To align the masses to their point and purpose.
Every variety of carrot and stick is ever on any given table.
The victors, the puppeteers, the masters of the game,
Neither know, nor care, that you ever existed,
As anything more than grist for their mills.
A harsh truth, but the truth, nonetheless.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative; that is for the dream.
You are playing the part that all the vanities will remember, until they do not.
All dreamtime histories are replete, unto their entireties, with forgotten everything, sooner or later.
Imagination is but a flickering candle in the quantum wind.
Its reality is highly suspect.

* * * *

Nature-nurture conditioning inevitably fashions all life forms into self-perpetuating automatons.
Even the most astute, even the most resolute, are bound to their fate,
Which may well be why you are reading this.

* * * *

It is a mystery, it has always been a mystery, it will always be a mystery.
Why resolve it? Why personalize it? Why dread it? Why measure it? Why worship it? Why dogmatize it?
Why pretend it is something that can be named, can be grasped, can be altered, can be saved?
Why play make-believe games, pretending to know what can never be known?
It is but dreamtime illusion, You are but dreamtime illusion.

* * * *

Always a good habit, a good discipline, to not be too impulsive, to not be too reactive,
For those whose preference it is to avoid the agonies and ecstasies of unnecessary drama.

* * * *

Do not believe your own narrative, your own projection, your own propaganda, your own myth.
That is for the dream to play out, however it will, through all the perceptions about you.
"Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

* * * *

And what point, and what purpose, can there possibly be,
To that little piece of trivia rolling around in that noggin?

* * * *

Dominos are falling across the board, and likely will for the rest of time.
Our species has passed through the apex of what the human paradigm had to offer.
The only question, the only curiosity, is how long it will manage to stave off the fated die-off.
Darwinism has always been the way of this spinning garden mystery.
And were it not for tool-making endowments beyond all pales,
Malthus would have long ago been deemed a prophet.

* * * *

Quality breathing is an awareness enabler.
So much bother boils down to oxygen deprivation.
Returning to the ever-present is the challenge, the razor's edge.
Not an easy calling to become a conscious witness to the mystery we all are.
To have taken the ruby-slipper red pill launches a destiny none could ever have anticipated.
The blue pill would perhaps have made it all so much easier, in so many ways.
But alas, there is no going back; alas, there is no rewind button.
All life is born to live out whatever fate the seed calls.
All any can do, is do it as well as possible.
Breathe it in, breathe it out.
Be here now.
You.

* * * *

Why does it matter so, why does it matter at all,

Who-what-where-why-when-how, others witness you?
Why are you, why is our kind, so mesmerized by our vanity?
Is it possible to wander unconditionally in the midst of all the fanfare?
Is it possible to wander in an utterly detached, disinterested, uninvolved, state?
How far would our species have come, could our species have come, were we all alone?
Despite the very apparent, very mysterious, very ineffable, fact, that we are, all, unutterably alone.
This momentary awareness, this now, and its absoluteness, its indivisibility, its solitude,
Is very much the same, within each and every one, throughout all creation.
All the other, is but a quantum illusion, a quantum delusion,
In minds given over to imagination's whims.

* * * *

You are an electromagnetic, biological phenomenon; a beast, a savage,
Domesticated to serve whatever tradition, natural selection has spawned you.
Is it possible to reverse engineer the conditioned mind-body you imagine you are,
To such a degree, as to become the infant, the innocence, the tabula rasa,
You were before the dreamtime took you by the scruff of the neck?
It is a question that compels focused, undivided attention.
A laser, burning away the dross of imagination,
Until only the awareness remains.

* * * *

For the up and coming, saturated in every conceivable technology,
Intelligence, wit, cunning, ingenuity, shrewdness, talent, skill, adeptness,
Are going to be far less the issue, than entitlement and work ethic and slothfulness.
Believing one deserves it all, without having to trudge through the sludge,
Has more than likely never been a successful survival strategy.
Darwin and Malthus are shaking their dusty heads.

* * * *

The grand strands of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) that have created you,
Are only concerned that you generate as many offspring as possible, by any means.
Whether or not any given strand carries on, is always subject to natural selection downstream.
Ethics has never been an issue, in the one and only immortal quest, truly in play.
The constructs of imagination, of illusion-delusion, notwithstanding.

* * * *

If there were somehow several hundred clones of you as an infant, randomly scattered all about the world,
In every variety of culture, every variety of language, every variety of socio-economic orientation,
And those replicas, totally unaware of each other, were brought together at some point,
What would the muster be like? What would be the reaction of all involved?
How similar would they be? How different would they be?
How well, or how badly, would they get along?
And how quickly might they pull out the steely knives?

* * * *

Delve as deeply as one might, the mystery ever remains a mystery.
Ultimately, no one really has any choice, but to do whatever needs doing:

Breathe in, breathe out, hunt, gather, eat, pee, poop, breed, ponder, sleep, repeat.
Life need not be as complex as vanity and greed would have us all imagine and believe.

* * * *

So, what is it you think you are looking for? What is it you think you might find, will find?
Unless you are no longer a seeker, unless you have already figured out the irony-paradox absurdity,
Any answer, any guess, any speculation, means you already have some sort of assumption,
And that means you may not be as serious as you would have yourself believe.

* * * *

To beat any habit, to change any habit, to minimize any habit,
It must be scrutinized with a disciplined, momentary exactness.

* * * *

No matter how much you learn, no matter how much you study, discover, analyze, realize;
No matter how known, how affluent, how powerful, how influential, you might become;
You are very much quantum-equal from the elemental, indivisible, matrix perspective.
All the vanity, all the pride, to which humanity inclines, is as empty as empty ever is.

* * * *

With the advent of the tribal mindset as a key factor in the rise of the human species,
Civilization has made us all subject to the will of others to one degree or another.
Even the greatest tyrants are subordinate to those who grant them their throne.

* * * *

The problem-solving monkey-mind has evolved through natural selection since life's beginning.
In its unassailable patterning, in its ceaseless hunter-gatherer quest for problems to solve,
It can, in some drama-laden lives, be prone to creating them out of little or nothing.
Oftentimes, of a perpetual nature; oftentimes, leap-frogging between many.
To employ the given mind as the as-needed tool nature intended, requires an attentive wit.
An intelligence, to which, as history has again and again shown, more than a few, have little or no access.

* * * *

The sights! The sights!
The sounds! The sounds!
The smells! The smells!
The tastes! The tastes!
The textures! The textures!
The thoughts! The thoughts!
The vanity! The vanity!
The hunger! The hunger!
The algorithm! The alsorithm!
The division! The division!
The creativity! The creativity!
The greed! The greed!
The hypocrisy! The hypocrisy!
The sorrow! The sorrow!
The discordance! The discordance!

The subtlety! The subtlety!
The laziness! The laziness!
The love! The love!
The paradox! The paradox!
The wealth! The wealth!
The poverty! The poverty!
The loneliness! The loneliness!
The disparity! The disparity!
The dullness! The dullness!
The violence! The violence!
The obesity! The obesity!
The pain! The pain!
The disharmony! The disharmony!
The genetics! The genetics!
The novelty! The novelty!
The ambition! The ambition!
The stress! The stress!
The predictability! The predictability!
The ugliness! The ugliness!
The brilliance! The brilliance!
The dogma! The dogma!
The monotony! The monotony!
The matrix! The matrix!
The bullshit! The bullshit!
The wisdom! The wisdom!
The stupidity! The stupidity!
The boredom! The boredom!
The hate! The hate!
The tradition! The tradition!
The suffering! The suffering!
The bother! The bother!
The corruption! The corruption!
The loyalty! The loyalty!
The worry! The worry!
The rigidity! The rigidity!
The cacophony! The cacophony!
The deceit! The deceit!
The pleasure! The pleasure!
The viciousness! The viciousness!
The irony! The irony!
The repetition! The repetition!
The conflict! The conflict!
The beauty! The beauty!
The harmony! The harmony!
The insanity! The insanity!
The tribalism! The tribalism!
The cruelty! The cruelty!
The industry! The industry!

The emptiness! The emptiness!
The drama! The drama!
The inanity! The inanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The horror! The horror!

* * * *

How to dissolve the binds of post-traumatic stress,
That permeate any given mind-body like rings in a tree,
Requires a meditative attentiveness, challenging to maintain.
We are all captive in our biological cauldrons, prisoners of destiny,
Coded with whatever history has been written in the sands of imagination.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery, the same awareness, the same eye,
Swathed in a mortal container, with which we all identify,
And sustain, in whatever way nature-nurture has in dreamtime ordained.
It is part, a fate, a destiny, a dream, an illusion, we must all together, all alone, endure.

* * * *

Some may truly believe they can rhetorically, pretentiously, irreverently, debate the sciences,
But they cannot debate the quantum physics upon which true science is founded,
Upon which the indivisible nature is codified in every particle,
Across all whatever this mystery is, and is not.
The true law is not man-made, and those who violate true law –
Or their progeny, their tribe, their world, their cosmos – will suffer the consequences.

* * * *

Science has had quite a long slog wandering the helter-skelter of absurdity,
Of ignorance and superstition and tradition, bound together in imaginary minds.

* * * *

Another talking head, doing the circuit, trying to make a buck, promoting yet another book.
How is it anyone even begins to believe this madhouse can be somehow be made sane?
The Titanic, even be one degree turned; the fate of Easter Island somehow averted.
Consciousness is well on its way to the abyss; its brief window, rapidly closing.

* * * *

It is but an imaginary quantum space-time-dream-time that has enticed you,
Conditioned you, trained you, bound you, into really and truly believing, it real and true.
It is totally on you, to awaken to the true reality, the true You, the awareness beneath all surfaces.

* * * *

How many generations did it take since life's first etching,
To finally reach the genomic sequence, You now inhabit?

* * * *

No moment can be undone, what is done is done, no point looking back.

If you are pleased with what happened, do it again; many times, if possible.
If you are not satisfied with an outcome, do not, if at all possible, do it again,
It works that way, so long as given moments allow more harmless choices.
However, if a moment forces a harsh hand, then do whatever is required,
And meander on, serenely, without the shadows of guilt and remorse.

* * * *

Why would karma ever be inflicted upon a dream?
Why would a dreamer ever be punished, ever be rewarded,
For dreaming a dream, about which he or she or it, had no choice?
It is avaricious predators who create and use imaginary deities against you.
Depending on circumstances, you may, or may not, be free, to put them behind you.
It is not fun being shunned and/or tortured and/or executed for being a sceptic (a.k.a., heretic).
Might makes right, and histories across the board, have times beyond counting,
Proven far less than egalitarian, towards those who question.

* * * *

Yup, your distant cousin, the worm, has the same alimentary canal design.
As do an unknowable number of other critters, across all the ages, across all the times.
Anatomy is, indeed, fate … and choice … but a perpetual debate, regarding degrees of absurdity.

* * * *

To all the true-believers, who spend their existence entangled in any given religion,
Would discovering it was all a lie, all a charade, all make-believe, all entirely meaningless,
Make you wonder what you coulda-shoulda-woulda done with all the time you wasted?

* * * *

The deeper meaning.
The greater buzz.
The higher high.
The bigger big.
The fuller full.
The nth degree.
The larger large.
The farthest shore.
The greater purpose.
The grander whatever,
Where more is never enough,
And forever never ends.

* * * *

True believers are always in the hunt for followers
– acolytes, devotees, disciples, adherents, admirers, enthusiasts –
To join their groupthink, and more than likely relinquish a tithing, large or small.
To stand alone, free and clear, of all imaginary notion, is not for all.

* * * *

Death is the mercy of the mystery to its Self, that it not be forever trapped,

In all the illusions, in all the delusions, in all the ironies and paradoxes,
In all the absurdities of awareness, falsely believing itself to be you.

* * * *

All that knowledge, all that trivia, all that irony, all that paradox,
No matter how profound, no matter how trifling,
Is made-up from all get-goes.
Make-believe tends to be like that.

* * * *

Wrapping one's wee little brainstem
Around a three (or four) dimensional, kaleidoscoping matrix,
Is not for the weak of wit.

* * * *

That urge to always leap ahead, to strain at the bit, is a conditioned one.
One that is prescribed by the time-bound culture into which the seed is cast.
A mind in the present, has no need to be anywhere, but the right-here-right-now.

* * * *

It is the ineffable quantum mystery that is born again and again and again, not the mind-body identity.
The imagined you, is but a delusional dream of awareness, of Self, attached to a corporal figurine.
Of Self, deluded by, attached to, imagination, and its ever-kaleidoscoping legion of illusions.
Of Self, deluded by a dream concocted by a mind and five senses, feelers into the quantum matrix,
Playing out the destiny that the quantum mystery set in motion in a space-time that never really existed.

* * * *

Democracy is something of an experiment – a hypothesis, an inquiry, an audition – in history's playbook.
A means of managing civilization; a modus operandi, in no way natural to the human paradigm.
If representative democracy is to succeed, if power is to attain some degree of balance,
All parties must walk away from any given table at least partially dissatisfied.
Everyone must explore a way to achieve some sort of compromise,
In which all parties can be at least somewhat satisfied.
Any by-the-people-for-the-people-of-the-people governance,
Requires an autonomous perception, to which relatively few are disposed.
Requires a sagacity steeped in resolute determination to ward off the despotic inclination.

* * * *

And just think, all those minds, dumb-downed by an educational system in decline,
Becoming the next generation of teachers, and they the next, and they the next, ad infinitum.
The one-percenters do not much care for the slaves to be too bright anymore.
Automatons do not question, nor do they cause vexation.
They consume-consume-consume all things,
For their point and purpose,
Is but to serve the insatiable bottom line.

* * * *

Is a memory of something that happened a few moments ago,

Really any more or less tangible, than one that was perceived decades ago?
They are just random perceptions, from a long and winding line of random perceptions,
Yesterdays that are but vague dreams, vague dreams that only delusion believes, ever really happened.

* * * *

The sense of self is not the body, not the mind, not the life.
Imagination usurps the eternal awareness for its own mortal schemes,
For its time-bound creations, that are, in reality, no more lasting than the moment.
Reincarnation is but an imaginary concept; no thespian returns to center stage again and again.
All are new seeds, new actors, in which the awareness, the mystery, performs yet another one-time show.
All who are born to the stage, are the same awareness, the same consciousness, the same witness.
Call it theater, call it matrix, call it god, call it whatever you will, it is one in all, all in one.
It is quantum stagecraft: unscripted, extemporaneous, serendipitous, happenchance.

* * * *

Too many straws in the milkshake make for Darwinian outcomes.
Every gold rush peters out to the glut of prospectors and their despair.

* * * *

There is no need to care one way or another, about anything or anyone.
The conditioning, the indoctrination, the domestication, is a powerful dynamic,
But you can be free of it, if you choose to abide in the awareness prior to imagination.
It is not easy, but an attentive, well-sharpened blade of discrimination, can cut through the veil.
Despite all claims to the contrary, there is no divinity requiring you to suffer all the mindless absurdities.
This is naught but an illusionary-delusionary dream, so be as free, be as mindful, as you are able.

* * * *

You need not get all weird and out-in-left-field in this quest into the Self you truly are.
There is every sort of esoteric, magical, clownish groupthink, all around you.
All of them seeking acolytes with the potential to be true-believers.
And though they may be tantalizing for a few moments,
They are but distraction from the true course.
Learn from them, as you will,
But surrender the rudder at your peril.

* * * *

You really believe more than a random few even notice you?
And so what, really, if even billions know of you,
And the history books laud your name.
Do you even know your Self?

* * * *

Try not to get too upset that true-believers will never give up their child-ish things.
Do not hold your breath that the human species is going to ‘wake up’ just because you want it to.
Besides which, what exactly are you believing-hoping-praying, our kind might become?
And what would it really take to get to that magical-mystery place in the sun?

* * * *

Why would you really believe you are more exceptional than anyone or anything else?
Try imagining them, try playing their role, their world, their universe,
And try it with any other living creature, as well.
How can you not be humbled,
By this incredible mystery You are, all are.

* * * *

Male and female, Mars and Venus, the way it is,
In this uncivil civilization we have become.
How well did it work way back when?
Back when it first evolved into a partnership,
That together survived the garden of claw and fang.
Obviously well enough to reach this contentious point in time.

* * * *

Egocentric
Ethnocentric
Phallocentric
Androcentric
Anthropocentric
Chronocentric
Heliocentric
Theocentric
Geocentric
Solarcentric
Cosmoscentric
All orbiting the me, the myself, and the I.
A flesh-wrapped blob believing itself to be whatever its imagination imagines.

* * * *

How can you even begin to believe this momentary awareness is anything but the mystery itself?
Equally permeating all dreams, all worlds, all universes, across all times, across all spaces.
There is nothing that is not connected, except in imaginary notion, imaginary delusion.

* * * *

Are you really any more than a flesh-packaged-wrapped-sheathed-incased-bundled blob?
Are the human body's five sensory accessories– eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden skin –
Anything more than Mr. Potato Head mechanisms wired into an organic central processing unit?
Are all the things that make the human paradigm what it is – opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera –
Anything more than the happenstance of natural selection?
The mystery is the master of all possibilities.
Nature is its ever-changing, ever-evolving expression.
The device You inhabit, is but current issue in a timeless dance,
Eternally kaleidoscoping, for as long as the enigma of imagination endures.

* * * *

All that fear, all that dread, all that sorrow, all that anger, all that tension, all that pain, all that suffering,

Is the post-traumatic stress, that, like tree rings, mark all the forces that have driven you to this moment.
All the agonies and ecstasies that have shaped your seed into the Shakespearian role you imagine you are.
Just because you play it, just because you see that mask in the reflection, does not mean have to believe it.

* * * *

If you want to believe the mind-body more than an imaginary blob,
Who is anyone to argue with the absurdities of delusion?
We will all be feeding daisies soon enough.

* * * *

If existence has meaning and purpose,
Then surely at the top of the list, is to wake up,
To the awareness prior to consciousness, that you truly are.
The distractions are many; narcissism and hedonism are in their sway.
Few have the interest or wit to suspend the algorithm of the given nature-nurture.
For most, to even once, doubt all things, to even once, peer behind the veil,
Is so beyond the realm of possibility, that only fools brood over it.
And even if every human being, was somehow to awaken,
You would still be pure, unadulterated awareness,
Peering out upon the mystery, totally alone.

* * * *

Existence does not require meaning and purpose; it is the meaning and purpose.
The quest for more-more-more draws all into the insatiable rabbit hole of imagination.
But if pretending, if make-believe, is the lie, the delusion, that keeps you slogging, so be it.
Truth will still be here if any inkling of doubt is ever enough to be drawn back into its awareness.

* * * *

Can any following ever not create some sort of unnecessary mischief?
Best to retain this variety of eternal questing in the solitary confines of your mind,
And if you do pass it on, try to be sure to chance into the recipient only as serendipity allows.

* * * *

See if you can observe the impromptu scene playing before you,
Without believing it, without any attachment to it, whatsoever.

* * * *

You see only see what you perceive.
You see only see what you know.
You see only see what you believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.
Patterns born of the mystery prior to all.

* * * *

A twitch in any given right-here-right-now moment,
Can forever change, for good or ill, any given existence.
And any given fate is likely flush with more than a few.

* * * *

Is your existence, your fate, some deity's plan?
Or is it all merely spontaneous, impromptu, quantum theater,
You, center stage in the one-and-only performance?
Listen for the applause in the graveyard.

* * * *

What choice has anyone ever had in anything, really?
Nature-nurture, the genetic lottery, coupled with the given backdrop –
History, culture, politics, religion, language, wealth, status, gender, and whatever else –
Fashion all, as surely, as deftly, as a mold does any lump of quantum terra-cotta.
Human consciousness may vainly, in so many ways, deem itself superior,
To the churning instinctual algorithms of all its fellow earthlings,
But primordial instinct is the underlying operating system,
That has been running this state of so-called existence,
Since long before the first hint, the first tethers, of imagination.
Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

* * * *

Science's Big Bang Theory is about as meaningful for the layperson,
As any creation mythology is, from any tradition, from any time, from any geography.
All those who claim to know what this unfathomable mystery is about, are all only pretenders pretending.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery, and will forever remain a mystery,
In any and all forever-mores, that will ever be, forever more-ing.

* * * *

Given the mind and body for it,
Anyone could probably live ten thousand years or more,
But the process, and the inevitable conclusion, would just be enduring the same tedious routine,
So why put it off?

* * * *

Every moment awaits the arrival of your presence, your awareness, in the space-time construct.
The quantum matrix to which your imaginary, temporal existence, is habitually bound.
Free will looking forward, every moment, morphs into fate looking back.

* * * *

Why has humankind created so many deities,
So many paradises, so many purgatories, of every variety and ilk?
Because the ever-churning imagination, required meaning and purpose, rhyme and reason,
To explain the inexplicable, to battle the futility, to lessen the fear of oblivion,
That followed them like shadows, in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

You really believe you have free will?
Could you be free of your time?
Could you be free of your space?
Could you be free of your genetics?

Could you be free of your body?
Could you be free of your face?
Could you be free of your eyes?
Could you be free of your ears?
Could you be free of your nose?
Could you be free of your tongue?
Could you be free of your touch?
Could you be free of your language?
Could you be free of your ethnicity?
Could you be free of your gender?
Could you be free of your status?
Could you be free of your knowledge?
Could you be free of your memories?
Could you be free of your beliefs?
Could you be free of your wealth?
Could you be free of your religion?
Could you be free of your politics?
Could you be free of your feelings?
Could you be free of your emotions?
Could you be free of your prejudices?
Could you be free of your reflections?
Could you be free of your insights?
Could you be free of your appetites?
Could you be free of your family?
Could you be free of your friends?
Could you be free of your acquaintances?
Could you be free of your adversaries?
Could you be free of your heritage?
Could you be free of your tribe?
Could you be free of your work?
Could you be free of your habits?
Could you be free of your foods?
Could you be free of your liquids?
Could you be free of your pleasures?
Could you be free of your pains?
Could you be free of your sexuality?
Could you be free of your things?
Could you be free of your hobbies?
Could you be free of your loves?
Could you be free of your likes?
Could you be free of your hates?
Could you be free of your reactions?
Could you be free of your banter?
Could you be free of your algorithm?
Could you be free of your world?
Could you be free of your cosmos?
Could you be free of your moment?
Could you be free of anything at all?

The human paradigm is as fixed as any.
It may seem a complex, superior pattern,
In which consciousness reigns over instinct,
But you are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.
Even your most unpredictable actions are predictable.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
Your destiny awaits your arrival.
Die to it now, if you can.

* * * *

Why would an elephant envy you?
Why would a snail envy you?
Why would a tree envy you?
Why would an ant envy you?
Why would a bear envy you?
Why would a mouse envy you?
Why would a sparrow envy you?
Why would an eagle envy you?
Why would a jellyfish envy you?
Why would a tiger envy you?
Why would a dolphin envy you?
Why would a salmon envy you?
Why would a cockroach envy you?
Why would a snail envy you?
Why would a monkey envy you?
Why would a deer envy you?
Why would a crab envy you?
Why would a badger envy you?
Why would a rose envy you?
Why would a weed envy you?
Why would a salamander envy you?
Why would a snake envy you?
Why would an alligator envy you?
Why would a microbe envy you?
Why would a butterfly envy you?
All life forms are masters of their given worlds.
Why would any fellow earthling ever envy any human?
Why would any ever want to be anything other than what it is?
Only human beings are at all dissatisfied with their roles,
The parts, into which the genetic lottery has cast them.
All existence plays whatever fate has been ordained.

* * * *

So many believing their window of history, their slice of geography, their groups of like-minded –
Their family, their tribe, their country, their school, their city, their church, their world – so important.
There is absolutely no reason to hope, even for a moment, that the human species will ever get over itself.
It would require a transformation, a revolution of consciousness, absurd to all but the most astute.

* * * *

How many people who have crossed your path even remember you,
Much less think about you more than just occasionally,
As a vague and quickly-passing thought?
Even your mother-dearest has other things to do.
And there you are, always living for what they might be thinking.
The patterning of the human psyche that was crafted in the treetops of long ago,
Tethers our species as surely now, as it has through all the migration across this whirling dust ball.

* * * *

The Darwinian forces, the natural selection,
That shapes the successful adaption of any given species,
Often play a significant basis for its inevitable inability to adapt, as well.
An inelastic pattern does not make for a long-term chain of succession at the genomic level.

* * * *

Believe and hope and pray as you might, that there is more, alas, no.
You are a one-time sensory-mind dream, a Shakespearian player,
Wandering a touchy-feely, multi-dimensional, quantum holodeck.
An imaginary matrix of the original nature, flawless from all get-goes.

* * * *

History is nothing more than imaginary notion,
A pattern, a habit, to which the human paradigm, the human genome,
In some long ago, some unheralded moment, succumbed.

* * * *

Everything – culture, language, history, status, gender – is imprinted long before it becomes absorbed.
To believe you are anything more than a quantum algorithm humming away your little part,
In this grand theatrical production, that encompasses all creation, best think again.
In your next decision, see if you can come up with an unexpected move,
Without thinking at about it.

And if you managed something, how unpredictable was it, really?

* * * *

Every decision you make, large or small, left or right, good or bad,
Carries you down the long and winding Yellow Brick River
To whatever destiny awaits your inevitable appearance.
Each moment is equal, each moment is absolute,
Each moment is done as soon as it begins.
When death does eventually arrive,
When all those memoires are erased,
It will all be as if nothing ever happened.

* * * *

Your deeply, resolutely, believing you know something,
Does not alter it, in any way, in any shape, in any form.

* * **

Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose.
It is generally best to play both outcomes the same.
Aloofness and indifference, make for clear, rational thinking,
And clear, rational heads, have much better odds of abiding any given day.
Emotion clouds minds with shadows of misery and weakness.

* * * *

If you want to see how beyond-absurd your fellow two-leggeds can be,
Ask them about the rabbit hole they have burrowed to store all their beliefs.

* * * *

Every living creature is imprinted by the environment surrounding it.
The given genome will adapt, will blossom, into whatever niche is provided.
All it need do, is survive long enough to hand-off its genomic sequence to the future.
To believe there is any such thing as free will in this circuitous trek,
Is errant Sophistry, ablaze in all its pointlessness.

* * * *

To all true believers: Duality makes no sense, whatsoever.
Why would any deity not want to experience everything for itself?
The awareness you are, is the mystery itself, witnessing its own creation,
Through the given nature-nurture, spawned long before your parents copulated.
This is a preordained dream; there is no partition, there is no wall, there is no division.
There is only one mystery, there is only one unknown, there is only one truth, and it is … You.
This is surely what Jesus meant, when rumored to have declared, “I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way.”
What was not recorded, what was not transcribed, or worse yet, edited out, was, “And so are You.”
This all assumes, of course, that Jesus of Bethlehem was not some storyteller’s tall tale,
Conceived after spending a few hours with a naive young woman named Mary,
Whose husband, Joseph, had pimped her out to pay for their stable,
Where their baby, Jesus, was serenely asleep in a manger.
That the storyteller, a prankster named Paul,
Realized a ‘divine’ opportunity,
And spun it into a rather lucrative livelihood,
Which, alas, ended badly when it touched the flame of Rome.
Paul’s carny act, however, did survive, and has played every imaginable circus ever since.

* * * *

It is far easier to stay with what you started, to stay with what you know,
Than it is to adventure into the unknown, into the insecurity of new beginnings.
Of new people, new places, new ways of looking at things, new ways of doing things.
A questing life offers a sea of agonies and ecstasies in the unending universe over the next hill.
It is not for all, but it is for some; it is for those who cannot resist at least a taste, at least the dip of a toe.
But realize that you can never come back to what was left, for the cave of origin can never be the same.
Because you are not the same, and you can never unsee, can never undo, whatever was seen and done.
Sages, seers, oracles, mystics, prophets – are the tribeless tribe, fated to wander alone,
Across all times, across all geographies. across all dimensions.

* * * *

In the annals of the vast unknowable,
The entire human paradigm and all its imaginary theatrics,
Could be summed to being nothing more than a relentless torrent of mental masturbation.
The interminable make-believe of a species assuming its sensory illusion tangible.
Laughably absurd, steeped in the inanity and insanity of irony and paradox.
Unequivocal meaninglessness from any and all imaginary get-goes.

* * * *

The nature-nurture conditioning is so powerful, so strong, so imbued,
That to even be aware of it, much less even an iota free of it,
Requires absolute attention, committed witnessing,
A yogic feat to which very few are inclined.

* * * *

You have done your part,
You have said your piece,
You have played your fate,
You have had your fun,
And here,
Is where it got you.

* * * *

Abiding in pure awareness, without the screen of memory, without the sense of self,
Every moment is the first and last time the conditioned mind,
Will ever read the sensory input that way.
Continuity is illusion coupled with delusion.

* * * *

What is time but the indivisible quantum matrix,
Kaleidoscoping multi-dimensionally;
You, its faceless witness.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than the hum of quantum programming,
Nothing more than an ever-churning, self-perpetuating algorithm,
Set into undying motion at the inception of all creation,
Guided by the serendipity of natural selection.
You are helpless to change anything.
With or without a master, you are but a puppet.

* * * *

You can be pretty-darned sure, that for you to be right here, right now, this moment,
Your ancestors, your lineage, from the inception in the quantum soup,
Consumed whatever it could, whatever it had to, to survive long enough to cast a seed,
That through Darwinian selection, spawned the mind-body, the sensory matrix, inhabited solely by You.

* * * *

Who really cares what you believe?
Who really cares what you feel?
Who really cares what you are?
Really only You, and You, alone.
And that, but for the dreamtime allotted.

* * * *

This moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.
No who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
Nothing to know, nothing to be, nothing to be curious about.
That there is nothing to conceive, is so amazingly slam-dunk obvious.
In fact, it is impossible to conceive, to imagine, anything, within any given moment.
Even if the momentary, unborn-undying awareness, could, somehow, stop long enough to consider it;
Could somehow, make the quantum space-time matrix, stop its kaleidoscoping merry-go-round;
Could somehow hold absolutely still, for even one single poof of an eternal moment;
It would all boil down to: this moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

Observe anything keenly enough, and its pattern will become self-evident.
There are no black boxes; only those who lack the keenness,
Or the interest, or the time, to observe acutely.

* * * *

All are witness to the same mystery,
Witness to the same indivisible theater of quantum origin,
But how each patterning, each algorithm, plays out its nature-nurture dreamtime,
Is its own incomparable adventure, its own incomparable fate,
From imagination's beginning, to its end.

* * * *

What conflict could there have ever been in sentient beings for more than food and turf,
Until imagination usurped the awareness, rose into Planet of the Apes glory,
And grafted self-absorption, identity, into the instinctual algorithm.
And thus, a long and winding, ever-present expedition, to You, reading this,
Somewhere along the path that your nature-nurture is, to its imaginary fate, wandering.

* * * *

In the craft, the art, the cunning, of politicians, of rhetoricians, of manipulators, of Machiavellians.
That all humans, through natural selection of the species, possess to some degree,
The important thing, the pragmatic thing, the sensible thing,
Is not whether you heard or understood them,
But that they believe you did.
Keeping the peace keeps it peaceful.
Respect oils the ceaseless machinations of power.
Disregarding the balance is a sure road to mayhem and suffering,
All based upon patterns that our kind evolved since inception in the primordial stew.
Long before space, long before time, long before imagination usurped the genome for its imaginary ends.

* * * *

Diverse as all the speculations – in all times, in all geographies – of how all this creation came to be,
The dice of the original patterning were thrown long before there were any stories to weave,
And have been whirling and twirling their tango down the craps table ever since.
Call it by whatever name has been drilled in, it is ever the mystery of You.
That which is prior to all beginnings, that which is after all ends.
No need to believe anything, but what the palette of nature reveals,
But what your awareness, what you, your Self, alone, clearly discerns.

* * * *

Imagination is the Original Sin.
Until it usurped awareness, good and evil did not exist,
And their reality is a still an unproven doctrine, one left to philosophers who pontificate on ethics,
And the rest, to those who ceaselessly spin their self-absorbed realities,
Into every imaginable form of self-righteousness.

* * * *

Everything you know, everything you trust, everything you consider real and true,
Everything you spent your life accumulating, everything you will likely depart believing,
Is nothing more than whatever your imaginary nature-nurture quantum reverie, has concocted.

* * * *

Challenging not to allow imagination to believe this mystery,
To be more than it is, more than it needs to be, more than it ever can be.
Imagination has an extremely long rap sheet, of difficulty leaving well enough alone.

* * * *

In the prehistoric times when Darwin ruled,
No creature could assume it would survive any given day.
That is still true, but with seatbelts and air conditioning and insurance.

* * * *

Whether you say yes, whether you say no,
Whether you go right, whether you go left,
You fate, your destiny, is decidedly assured.
And all equally occupy the same dusty graveyard.
And the worms do not care who you were, or what you did.

* * * *

No need to believe anything, but what the palette of nature reveals,
But what your awareness, what you, your Self, alone, clearly discerns.

* * * *

For a healthy, vibrant civilization,
A certain pruning-thinning-grading state of mind is required.
There is no surviving, no enduring, no thriving, a Darwinian jungle world without it.
Unfortunate actions like abortion, sterilization, death sentences, final exits,

Are not irrational, if carried out with compassionate rationality.

* * * *

After who-knows-how-many thousands of years of inquiry,
In all strata of all cultures, across all times, across all geographies,
The unanswerable questions are still as unanswerable as ever.

* * * *

How did you ever come to believe that You, were this mass of crunchy and chewy and gooey?
This double-double-toil-and-trouble vat of quantum, patterned into life,
That somehow, through countless Darwinian choices,
Came to be but the current chariot,
From which to witness your eternal creation.
Be not too attached to it, for it must go the way of all the rest.

* * * *

An unmindful breath is imagination's most potent weapon in the usurpation of awareness.
One can only speculate, how much of the human paradigm, is really about oxygen deprivation.
What strange things these endorphins, these chemical reactions, in this magical electromagnetic body,
That has taken all genesis, all creation, gazillions of trips around our wee little star,
To create the one You are in, in this particular space and time.
You are witness to a sensory-inspired theater,
A sensory-inspired matrix,
A sensory-inspired, ineffable mystery.
There need be, there can be, no more explanation.

* * * *

There are many writers writing, there are many speakers speaking.
All describing the same mystery though the prisms of different frames of reference.
Different times, different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different everything.
There is no need to favor one over another; only to ascertain if the voice is the same.

* * * *

The awareness you are, requires a mind, a vehicle, a theater,
In which to envision its imaginary quantum creation.
To believe you are the vessel, is to miss entirely,
That no vain notion carries water for long.

* * * *

If you feel called to serve, serve the awareness, serve the matrix, serve the moment, serve the now,
Whose quantum mystery casts into all sensory theaters the illusion of space and time.
Walk spontaneously, walk anonymously, do whatever the moment calls.
No need to make a big thing about the imaginary character.
The mystery you truly are, is beyond all need of vanity or avarice.

* * * *

It would seem extremely rare, extremely atypical, extremely dubious, likely all but impossible,
That a mind that has been heavily conditioned, could even begin to escape its taloned clutches.

It would take an extremely doubtful, an extremely adroit mind, to embark on such a journey.

* * * *

What happened to the Egyptians,
What happened to the Persians,
What happened to the Chinese,
What happened to the Greeks,
What happened to the Spanish,
What happened to the French,
What happened to the English,
What happened to the Germans,
What happened to the Russians,
What happened to the Aztecs,
What happened to the Incas,
What happened to the Zulus,
What happened to the Romans,
Is what happens to all robust tribes.
Everything that rises, sooner or later falls.
That is the statistical certainty of all manifestation.
Including this genesis, this matrix, and any and all creations prior and hence.

* * * *

This corporeal mind-body, too, must one day dis-incorporate, as all mortal shells do.
The ultimate You, the quantum matrix You, the electromagnetic spectrum You,
Has, through awareness, experienced every life form, every sentient creature.
Congratulations on getting to perform an at least somewhat awakened role.

* * * *

Show me what will happen in one minute,
Just a few miles away, or half-way across the world,
And I will believe space-time is more than an imaginary notion.

* * * *

If you are paying very close attention to the impenetrable awareness,
You are waylaying your patterning for at least a few moments, maybe.

* * * *

Storytelling will never end, because that is how imagination reigns,
Over the emptiness, the pointlessness, the tabula rasa, of immaculate awareness.
Or so it seems to believe, across all the many variations of vanity,
Humankind has, since jungles ago, played out.

* * * *

Whether you ‘Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you’ Golden Rule it … or not,
Is an every-moment, nature-nurture, choiceless choice, sculpting your imaginary destiny.

* * * *

Re: Tattoos: What is the likelihood (a.k.a., probability),

You would wear the same t-shirt, the same baseball cap, the same whatever,
With the same message, the same image, the same meme, for the rest of your meaningless existence?
Many if not most, destined to become indistinct blobs on aging, likely flabby flesh.
Unless, of course, you are a (enter favorite team here) fan,
Or a religious fanatic, born to forever follow,
With too much money, too much time,
And too little sense, on your hands.

* * * *

Fitting your Self into an idea,
Believing a role nature-nurture has dictated,
Is not necessary, and is often counter to the quest for freedom.
Words are tools for communication; not ends, not goals, not realities, in themselves.
Never believe you can be encapsulated by a sound given concept.

* * * *

Relax, you will probably get away with thinking whatever questionable things you think,
Whatever it is, upon which your mind ever again dwells, upon that which your destiny unfolds,
If you are pragmatic enough, chameleon enough, anonymous enough, strong enough, decisive enough.

* * * *

What are all life forms, but blobs of all shapes and sizes, wrapped in one covering or another.
Only blobs that call themselves human beings have imagination enough,
To play out their temporal existence as thespians.
Actors who believe themselves more real than real can ever be.

* * * *

Like cattle, like sheep, driven down from rolling hills,
The young of human descent are gradually herded
Into the chutes of their given nature-nurture destinies.
Civilization is founded upon the domestication of everything.
Only in the evolution, the revolution, of consciousness, of imagination,
Can the inherent wildness, the inherent fierceness, of origin, be at least whiffed.

* * * *

If you are called to something greater than your imaginary dreamer,
All you need do is serve the awareness, serve the moment,
Serve the matrix, serve the mystery, there is no other.
No need for crystal cathedrals climbing to divine summits,
Nor charlatans between you and whatever they claim the mystery to be.

* * * *

How many life forms have been domesticated and slaughtered and tortured for humankind's purpose?
How much longer can the tattered web of life continue to endure, to survive, the cancer we have become?

* * * *

We all play the part, the role, spun by the genetic lottery.
Nature-nurture spins character, and they, together, spin destiny.

Only in looking back, can there be any awareness, any understanding,
Of what it took for you to have reached this moment,
In your performance, in your spectacle.
And you, its solitary, dispassionate, eternal witness.

* * * *

When you get right down to it, stars shining from across the universe,
Are about as meaningful as lights on a Christmas tree across the room.
Always calling to astronomers and astrologists to measure and calculate,
But relatively meaningless for plebeians just trying to survive the day.

* * * *

What an idle, meaningless pipe dream,
To even bother thinking the Titanic could have avoided the iceberg,
That was its destiny.

* * * *

How can any mortal witness ever be totally free of the given conditioning,
But through unreserved surrender to the momentary awareness?
Something to do with staring blankly at a blank wall,
At least on the first few million attempts.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.
And when it all comes to a close, when the Reaper is but a breath away,
How conscious will you be? How insightful will you be?
How composed, how content, will you be?
What will your god judge?
Assuming you even care anymore.

* * * *

As we have witnessed many times, in all times, in all geographies,
Spiritual inquiry so often becomes more about the charismatic leader,
More about the followers, more about the dogma, than the original message.
It is an abyss into which the undiscerning, the true believers, again and again fall.
It is about middlemen, who, consciously or not, mold the me-myself-and-I,
Into an us-versus-them group mind that casts all non-believers,
Into a nadir that seals off all possibility of resolution,
But through submission to the group's will.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.
Awareness can do nothing more than witness; it is the unborn-undying, sleepless eye of eternity.
Taking the Red Pill, the no-stone-unturned existence, is a quest to which few are inclined.
Any fallacy, any delusion, any lie, can only usurp the truth in undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Regarding the patterning to which all are witness, always be mindful that it is every moment,

Patterning along, humming along, with the entire universe, with the entire mystery.
None can ever, in any way, any shape, any form, be a free-will-free-agent,
Because the mind-body cannot, for even one moment,
Disconnect from the sensory theater to which it is mortally bound.
And thus, it is imagination, the creator of all delusions, the architect of all destinies,
To which the dualistic task of individuality falls, and every absurdity played, in the fall from grace.

* * * *

Yes, anything may well be possible:
Gods, angels, demons, ghosts, vampires, zombies, goblins, fairies, aliens,
Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy, Cupid, Saint Patrick, Father Time … and yes, Jesus, too.
But should you not want it corroborated by a number of reliable witnesses,
Including your Self, the most sober truth-seeker you know,
Before you go all-in True Believer on it?

* * * *

No worries if you are still very attached
To your mind-body, and the dream about you.
The matrix, the carnivàle, is full of blue-pill zombies,
Who believe it all enough to play on for as long as possible.

* * * *

What can be reincarnated in the timeless, unborn-undying moment?
Consciousness, imagination, is but creator and creation of this ineffable mystery.
Awareness is without intention or concern; what need does it have to be born again and again?
Consciousness believes it is an individual drop, playing out some glorious destiny.
Awareness is the ocean, in which all drops are indivisibly one.

* * * *

If you believe you are the seed and the mind-body it becomes,
Then you are caught in the willy-nilly illusions and delusions of consciousness.
If you are the awareness prior to consciousness, you are the ever-present, transcendent moment.

* * * *

How can you ever hope to explain this mystery to a true believer,
Too shuttered in, to closed off, too certain, to listen, much less hear?

* * * *

It has all happened so that this matrix of a moment could happen.
And now this one, and this one, and this one, and this one,
And all the ones before, and all the ones after, too.
Not that that means time is real, of course.

* * * *

However it began: genesis, big bang, does it really matter?
It has been rolling like dice down a Las Vegas craps table ever since,
Everything as destined, as fated, as ordained, as kismet, as sure as sure can be.
You believe there is really free will? You believe there is really choice?

Well, I have not found them, so the burden of proof is on you.

* * * *

Jesus was a troublemaker, and Buddha, too.
Both were tortured as the given cultures saw fit.
One died painfully on a cross, that turned into a cult.
The other, tormented still, as a garden statue,
Shit on by birds scavenging for worms.
And Nietzsche, poor Nietzsche, poor Nietzsche.
He is still one-flew-into-the-cuckoo's-nest, bat-shit crazy,
Over the way his life's work was usurped, and twisted into doublespeak,
By Hitler & Crew, with the aid of his sister, that ultimately killed and scarred so many.
Which brings up the fact, that Jesus is not happy about how many have suffered in his name, either.
None have come back to save us, to lead us to God, at least, that any true believers,
Or town-criers, have thus far noted in the unpopular popular press.

* * * *

Your fate, your destiny, your kismet, is whatever you were programmed to do,
In the touchy-feely dream of space-time you have been allotted.
Some get a Royal Flush, some, not even a high card.
All you can do, all you need do, all you will do,
Is play the hand dealt by nature-nurture as best you can.

* * * *

You are ever the same You.
Everything is ever the same You.
There is nothing that is not the same You.
No matter the dimension.
No matter the quantum.
No matter the matrix.
No matter the universe.
No matter the galaxy.
No matter the star.
No matter the world.
No matter the space.
No matter the time.
No matter the culture.
No matter the language.
No matter the mind-body.
No matter the dream.
No matter the gender.
No matter the costume.
No matter the vocation.
No matter the dogma.
No matter the politics.
No matter the attitude.
No matter the whatever.
You are ever the same You.

* * * *

The precedents of history, of tradition, of culture, of any imaginary brew,
Are binding only to those whose minds have been molded to believe them.

* * * *

This here-now, ever-present, eternal moment, this timeless awareness, is all there is.
There are no other moments, no other space-times, no other dimensions, no other dreams.
You are captive to its kaleidoscoping intrigues for as long as the mind-body is fated to endure.

* * * *

Rest assured, your fate, your destiny, your kismet, will find you, will define you, will confine you.
Trying to prevent it, trying to flee it, trying to alter it, even trying to tweak it,
Are but pointless acts, gestures, theatrics, born of vanity.

* * * *

How can anyone ever truly perceive, truly understand, truly inhale, any culture,
To which they do not have first-hand entrée from the earliest etchings.
The harmonies between all dreams cannot be discerned,
But in the relative light of a relative mind.

* * * *

All any child need do is look at their parents and grandparents and other elderly family members,
To see how temporal, how ephemeral, youth and beauty, health and well-being, truly are,
And that their mind-body's fate will be of similar caricature, if they live so long.

* * * *

Neither the quantum universe, nor garden orb, require the human species
To carry on longer than it can manage, can naturally select,
In its ill-fated genomic quest for immortality.
We all know cockroaches are trailblazers in that race.

* * * *

There is no changing the human paradigm.
There is no transforming the human paradigm.
There is no solution or key to the human paradigm.
There is no answer or remedy to the human paradigm.
It is what it is, it is what it has always been, and will ever be.
And it will, in due course, play out its written-in-the-sands destiny.

* * * *

Except in lofty, exalted, grandiose, majestic, tributes to one absurdity or another,
No one will be remembered forever, nor exist forever, nor whatever forever.
There is no forever in which anyone or anything can be remembered.
The matrix of space-time is but a magical illusion playing out in the abyss.
What is there to say, but "Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on."

* * * *

Seeing through the artifice of the genomic sequencing in this ineffable quantum matrix,
Is a vocation to which relatively few are called, relatively few are fated.
Blue pill, red pill, did you really have any choice?

* * * *

And what is the point and purpose of all this knowledge?
All this curiosity, this never-ending flow of busy-busy minds.
Maybe a paycheck, maybe some applause, maybe some influence.
How long before you wake up to the depths below the churning waves?
How long before mind stills enough to finally discern the mystery within all?

* * * *

The inner voice, the inner narrative, the inner soliloquy, everyone has one.
Each a world, a universe, unto its Self, some realized, most fated otherwise.

* * * *

How is it that so many true believers only attend church on Sundays?
What that means is they are missing out on the other six days.
And nights, and all the dusks and dawns between and betwixt, as well.
True religion is each and every moment, unbounded by the constraints of mind,
Unbound by the constraints of any other, and the scripts to which their destinies are bound.

* * * *

Regarding the utilization of hallucinogens in this quixotic quest
Is for some an open-to-debate-why-why-not issue,
Being a user, not an abuser, is the trick.
Might be best to drive on without aid if addiction is an issue.

* * * *

If you ever really wonder why Jesus (a.k.a., Lord and Savior) hasn't,
And probably ain't, coming back to save all the true believers,
Just look around at the calamity he'd have to clean up.
Anyone sane would be disappearing into a cave.
Or maybe a bar; at least a coffee shop.
You may even have run into him the other day.
He was with Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, and Tooth Fairy.

* * * *

What is the state, the condition, the quality, of mind,
When time and space cease to exist as imaginary notions?

* * * *

Any group is capable of believing they are the Chosen Ones.
Any individual is capable of believing s/he is the Chosen One.
There is no summit to which vanity is not adept at ascending.
There is no gutter to which vanity is not adept at descending.

* * * *

Except in fictional literature, except in fictional movies,
Nobody comes back from the annihilation of death,
Unless they were never dead and done in the first place.
Hope and pray as much as you will, oblivion is the fate of all.

* * * *

The human pyramid scheme in a nutshell:

One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percent One-Percenters
One-Percenters
Five-Percenters
Twenty-Percenters
Overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseer overseers
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Overseers
Régime slaves
Self-Employed slaves
Middlemen slaves
Rancher slaves
Farmer slaves
Salary slaves
Wage slaves
Intern slaves
Future slaves
Homeless slaves
All-purpose slaves
Not yet dead slaves
Not yet born slaves

* * * *

Who created this Supreme Being that so many revere?
A query true believers will neither, can neither, question nor answer,
For every response quickly becomes turtles all the way up, turtles all the way down.
And what matter whether there is a peerless deity on high or not, really?
This touchy-feely 3D dream is equally the same mystery,
No matter imagination's perspective.

* * * *

Any push, any nudge to change a fate, is only a few moments of that same fate.
There is no escaping, there is no avoiding, there is no denying,
For to be born, is to one day endure dying,
And the lineage of perceptions between, is destiny.

* * * *

Anything organic or inorganic can be manipulated once its patterns,
Its capacities and limitations, are even just partially comprehended.

* * * *

Whether your view is founded on scientific inquiry or magical thinking,
You may well believe you know something of this dreamtime's beginning,
But rest assured, you will never, you can never, more than imagine its ending.

* * * *.

New concepts, new jargon, new idioms, new metaphors, new beliefs, new sounds, new whatever,
Always have the potential to burst into consciousness any given linguistic moment,
All further mystifying and exacerbating an already polarized species.

* * * *

There is only awareness.
Only its timeless presence, only its unending constancy.
Nothing to believe, nothing to deify, nothing to worship, nothing to decree, nothing to join.
Nothing to buy, nothing to sell, nothing to barter, nothing to give or take.
Everything to alone see, nothing to alone be.

* * * *

Memories are but electromagnetic-chemical reactions, perceived by awareness.
They can never be what really happened from more than a single perspective, yours.
Your frame of reference, your translation, your values, your opinions, your judgments.

* * * *

Every decision, every choice, every selection, every option, every like, every dislike,
Every left, every right, every nook, every cranny, every this, every that.
Plays its equal part in the long and winding road to your fate.

* * * *

Existence is enough.
The moment is enough.
It does not require stories.
It does not require philosophies.
It does not require deities or dogmas.
It does not require more, more, ever more.
It does not require meaning, it does not require purpose.
It does not require power or wealth or celebrity.
It does not require pedestrian groupthink.
It does not require political sanction.
It does not require consciousness.

It does not require knowledge.
It does not require anything.
Not even the illusory you.
The moment is enough.
Existence is enough.

* * * *

You can only know the frame of reference
Molded by the habituation of the mind-body
Into which you were cast by the genetic lottery.

* * * *

You believe your salvation is yoked to your creed?
You believe your salvation is tethered to your prayers?
Pfft, my friend, you are but tossing your hard-earned coin
To a scam artist, a shyster, with just enough talent to fool you
With one ruse after another, with one hope after another.
Take back the rudder of your reverie, take more walks,
More sits, more any and all ways, that get you home.
Explore the singular aloneness within all dreams,
The timeless awareness through which all pass.

* * * *

It is not at all important what anybody sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels.
It is not at all important what anybody thinks, believes, hopes.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery.
Well beyond the scope of consciousness,
Of imagination, to encapsulate.

* * * *

You have become habituated to playing this imaginary role,
In this exceedingly teensy-weensy slice of the grand theater.

* * * *

Only vanity believes it is real.
Only vanity believes it is important.
Only vanity believes in gods and demons.
Only vanity believes in ghosts and monsters.
Only vanity believes in messiahs and saints.
Only vanity believes it is harbor to change.
Only vanity believes in more, more, more.
Only vanity believes nil is not an option.
Only vanity believes imagination exists.
Only vanity believes itself immortal.
Only vanity believes belief is true.

* * * *

Who is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?

What is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
Where is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
When is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
Why is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?
How is the “I” who learns, knows, thinks, believe, assumes?

* * * *

What a limited, constricted view of God, so many, if not all, religions espouse.
And so many, if not all, sincerely believing they are the one and only true religion.
The self-absorbed absurdities of the human mind are surely without compare.

* * * *

As if any imaginary religion, any imaginary belief,
Any imaginary doctrine, any imaginary dogma, any imaginary value,
Any imaginary principle, any imaginary view, any imaginary code, any imaginary canon,
Any imaginary idea, any imaginary conviction, any imaginary philosophy,
Is required, has ever been required, will ever be required.

* * * *

Why should you ever believe anything you cannot discern for your Self?
Always keep an open mind, but do not give your over to fallacious thinking.

* * * *

The mind is, the mind is not, a dream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a delusion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a habit.
The mind is, the mind is not, a truth.
The mind is, the mind is not, a practice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trance.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fixation.
The mind is, the mind is not, an obsession.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fondness.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tendency.
The mind is, the mind is not, a bent.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fabrication.
The mind is, the mind is not, a lie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pretense.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chameleon.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hope.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reality.
The mind is, the mind is not, a passion.
The mind is, the mind is not, a reverie.
The mind is, the mind is not, a hallucination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a leaning.
The mind is, the mind is not, a desire.
The mind is, the mind is not, an aspiration.
The mind is, the mind is not, an idea.
The mind is, the mind is not, a notion.

The mind is, the mind is not, a mirage.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a preference.
The mind is, the mind is not, a memory.
The mind is, the mind is not, an irony.
The mind is, the mind is not, a paradox.
The mind is, the mind is not, a figment.
The mind is, the mind is not, a daydream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a wish.
The mind is, the mind is not, an ambition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pattern.
The mind is, the mind is not, a frame.
The mind is, the mind is not, a nightmare.
The mind is, the mind is not, a trick.
The mind is, the mind is not, a tradition.
The mind is, the mind is not, a thought.
The mind is, the mind is not, a window.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fear.
The mind is, the mind is not, a template.
The mind is, the mind is not, an artifice.
The mind is, the mind is not, a custom.
The mind is, the mind is not, a convention.
The mind is, the mind is not, a chimera.
The mind is, the mind is not, a projection.
The mind is, the mind is not, an impression.
The mind is, the mind is not, a goal.
The mind is, the mind is not, a pipedream.
The mind is, the mind is not, a word.
The mind is, the mind is not, a deception.
The mind is, the mind is not, a fantasy.
The mind is, the mind is not, an addiction.
The mind is, the mind is not, a problem.
The mind is, the mind is not, a mold.
The mind is, the mind is not, a character.
The mind is, the mind is not, a liking.
The mind is, the mind is not, an inclination.
The mind is, the mind is not, a matrix.

* * * *

Real faith is a beingness so indelible, so absolute,
That no word or act, no belief or creed, is required.

* * * *

Surely, you do not in any way believe your eensy-weensy window of perception
Witnesses even an infinitesimal smidgeon of the mystery's infinite indivisibility.

* * * *

To interpret anything clearly, accurately,

The translator must possess a wide-ranging frame of reference,
Including language, history, culture, art, philosophy, folktales, myths, metaphors, symbols,
And whatever else intersects, intertwines, the present context,
With that of the original source.

* * * *

How can you continue believing this imaginary self is at all real, is at all true?
It is an ever-kaleidoscoping quantum theater of ecstasy and agony,
Swirled in the nature-nurture dream of the given seed.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Without thought, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench your mind.
Let go your world, let go your universe; be eternity.

* * * *

Do you truly-without-doubt believe God gives a rat's ass whether your team wins?
Are you really so pathetically self-absorbed to believe he or she or it,
Is focused entirely on you or your wretched little tribe?
That all your hopes and prayers mean squat in some divine plan?
Just perhaps next year's New Year Resolution should be to fucking wake up.

* * * *

Who is the perceiver but the one in all.
Who said there must be meaning and purpose?
Who said this mystery has to make sense?

* * * *

That we even believe there is, or is not, a god or gods,
Is among the first and last vanities born of imagination.

* * * *

Imagination is but a pattern, a habit, born of nature-nurture's evolutionary happenchance.
A touchy-feely dream in the electromagnetic spectrum's beyond-all-pales mystery theater.
No need to get more attached to the apparent reality of it than the given moment calls.

* * * *

The mystery is a field of meshing patterns,
All indivisibly synced in timelessly harmonious vibration.
Each and every drop in the ocean is equally saturated with mystery.
How is it humankind is seemingly incapable of seeing this ultimate relationship?

Soundbites

Destiny's final curtain descends, when no more choices remain.

* * * *

Do you really believe all those words, all those numbers, all those anything, really matter to the mystery?

* * * *

How is your fate different than a bug going splat on a windshield?

* * * *

Unknown looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

Do not believe the poof of your own imaginary myth, or any others, for that matter.

* * * *

The hoity-toity have always mesmerized themselves into believing they are especially special.

* * * *

If you really believe you are that blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey, then think again.

* * * *

No need to believe in anything.

* * * *

Try not to believe your own hype.

* * * *

Any existence is replete with countless choiceless choices; all harbor to the given fate.

* * * *

What choice does any seed have, but to endure whatever fate is prescribed.

* * * *

Fate is sculpted by all the choices, all the decisions, voluntary and involuntary, every moment calls for.

* * * *

Be careful what you think, what you believe, what you assume, your Self into.

* * * *

You want a point, a purpose, well, good luck finding one that is tangible.

* * * *

Your fate keeps the wheel of destruction lubed.

* * * *

Every seed has its fate inexorably written in the sands of timelessness.

* * * *

Coincidences are not.

* * * *

Destiny is all, when illusion and delusion reign.

* * * *

Likely, there are far worse fates.

* * * *

If you believe in god, how can it not include you?

* * * *

Serendipity is not.

* * * *

It is only coincidence, only serendipity, if you believe in free will.

* * * *

A complex pattern, but a pattern, nonetheless.

* * * *

What pathetic endgame are you fated to endure?

* * * *

What, but unutterable delusion, makes anyone believe anyone can save them?

* * * *

The conditioning that nature-nurture molded, is what whips you into the clutches of imagination.

* * * *

Yup, kind of a matrix thing.

* * * *

If there is some deity that wants you to believe in it, how is its vanity, any more or less than yours?

* * * *

Habits die hard, if they die at all.

* * * *

Discerning the source code to the conditioning is imperative for any meaningful change.

* * * *

What culture has ever been free of slow or sudden changes, of hiccups in the tribal synergy?

* * * *

It is patterns, not history, that play out ever again.

* * * *

It is not about believing anything; it is about seeing everything.

* * * *

Not caring is a very relaxing habit.

* * * *

Try not to believe your own hype, much less any other's.

* * * *

You really believe you are this blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey?

* * * *

Human history is full of horror; why would anyone believe the future exempt?

* * * *

A calling is like living in a rainbow, if you are fortunate enough to find it.

* * * *

Traditions must be adaptable to change, to avoid the staleness that crashes upon its reef.

* * * *

Death is the fate of every seed.

* * * *

Life need not be as complex as vanity and greed would have us all believe.

* * * *

Prior to all creation, prior to all patterns, all forms, all functions, all plays of consciousness, You are.

* * * *

Patterns cannot churn if they do not have a matrix in which to churn.

* * * *

The Fates are indifferent to all.

* * * *

A true-believer will do whatever the food chain dictates.

* * * *

Not all patterns are created equal; all patterns are created equal.

* * * *

True believer, or true be-er?

* * * *

Most habits are programmed for a lifetime; good luck breaking the shallow ones.

* * * *

Matrix or imagination; chicken or egg.

* * * *

Civilization is not what natural selection had in mind.

* * * *

Funny, how good so many are, at circumventing their values for a paycheck.

* * * *

Try not to believe in all the pain, nor anticipate it, either.

* * * *

If something touches you negatively, you must believe it, at least in part, true.

* * * *

It is on you, alone, to get un-educated, un-conditioned, un-brainwashed, un-mesmerized.

* * * *

Civilization is just a fancy word, an adroit euphemism, for domestication.

* * * *

Surrendering to one's fate, is not a choice.

* * * *

Embrace or reject your nature-nurture patterning, that is your patterning unfolding.

* * * *

So, you really believe no one else has ever done that?

* * * *

There is no meaning and purpose but what the usurper, imagination, arbitrarily concocts.

* * * *

Fate is a whirlpool, through which all are flushed.

* * * *

Trying to break a bad habit proves why they are bad.

* * * *

Fate makes dust of all.

* * * *

Attachment to outcomes is a great source of pain and suffering.

* * * *

All life forms, from the single-celled to the many, have an appointment with destiny.

* * * *

Your vocation is whatever you spend the end of your life most enjoying.

* * * *

Embrace your fate or not, something is going to happen.

* * * *

True believers are like that.

* * * *

A life of serendipity is not for all.

* * * *

Once again, you mistakenly believed it mattered.

* * * *

We were all born to do whatever we are doing; fate is as fate does.

* * * *

Destiny is, each and every timeless moment, choreographing your arrival.

* * * *

Your destiny awaits your arrival; die to it now, if you can.

* * * *

Yours may seem a complex, superior pattern, but you are as caught in it, as any jellyfish is its.

* * * *

Why feel the need to believe in anything?

* * * *

‘Twas fate, drove you here.

* * * *

As the fates allow.

* * * *

That old brain just ain’t what you like to believe it was.

* * * *

Why would any deity not want to experience its creation through the eyes you believe yours?

* * * *

Everyone has an appointment with destiny, which only imagination differentiates.

* * * *

If you believe you have a choice, pull that trigger now, or not.

* * * *

Slavery has many faces, shaped by culture, by time, by geography, and who is carrying the whip.

* * * *

Human beings so love history, so love tradition, that little or none is required to make them up.

* * * *

All fates are imagined.

* * * *

Even the greatest civilization cannot suspend the Darwinian selection being every moment spun.

* * * *

We all gots our fate.

* * * *

If you believe your imagination has any reality, whatsoever, you are a prisoner of its dream.

* * * *

Civilization is founded upon the domestication of everything.

* * * *

Any actor who believes the part they play, real, is a fool in search of a wake-up call.

* * * *

What happens to all the deities and demons, when the cultures that worshipped them disappear?

* * * *

Never believe you can be encapsulated by a sound given concept.

* * * *

Habits die hard, and are inevitably replaced by new ones, not always better.

* * * *

Serendipity at its finest.

* * * *

Serve the awareness, serve the moment, serve the matrix, serve the mystery, there is no other.

* * * *

Fate’s alliance with death is in every history.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.

* * * *

Sons into sons, daughters into daughters, all cultures weave anew as mindsets dictate.

* * * *

You want someone to believe what lie?!

* * * *

So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

Your calling, your vocation, your passion, is what first and foremost draws your attention.

* * * *

Due diligence is a good habit, a good discipline, for those wishing to keep bother at a minimum.

* * * *

The moments that shape any fate are a long and winding, exceedingly serendipitous trail.

* * * *

So, you really believe you exist as more than an imaginary concoction.

* * * *

And what is the point and purpose of all this knowledge?

* * * *

The matrix is all, but all are not chosen.

* * * *

How can the indivisible quantum matrix ever be tainted by imagination?

* * * *

Believe in nothing, literally.

* * * *

History's point and purpose is the continuity of imagination, and all the drama it entertains.

* * * *

Whatever made you believe it would be any different?

* * * *

Every choice you make in any given right here, right now, is a player in your fate.

* * * *

Hard to fear something you do not believe in.

* * * *

Your entire life is nothing more than make-believe.

* * * *

So, you really, really, really believe that, eh?

* * * *

You have just enough genius to play out your fate.

* * * *

Why should you ever mindlessly believe anything you have not for your Self discerned?

* * * *

Why believe any of it?

* * * *

Does it ever really serve any profound purpose to compare yourself to another?

* * * *

Ethics is the offspring of a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

Ethics: Neutered, sterile, empty, absurd,

* * * *

Why blindly believe anything you cannot for your Self discern?

* * * *

There are worse fates.

* * * *

As if any religion, any belief, any creed, any dogma, any conviction, is required.

* * * *

If you believe you know something, guess again.

* * * *

‘Tis the nature of any gift to not know its fate.

* * * *

Any god worth believing in, is far greater than anything that can be imagined.

* * * *

Make-believe can never be real; it is all make-believe, an epoch of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

It is not a matter of believing; it is a matter of seeing.

* * * *

How can you believe what you believe means diddly-squat?

* * * *

Death is the inevitable outcome of every existence; no need for hope nor faith nor creed.

* * * *

Imagination’s turf is a quantum matrix of sensory proportion.

* * * *

But for the habit of it, there is nothing in which you must believe.

* * * *

Make-believe, a worldwide game of make-believe.

* * * *

Grunt or high-five, the politics of recognition is an obligatory ritual of civilized life.

* * * *

If you believe in a god locked in some Santa Clausian form, you are likely not reading this.

* * * *

Die full, die hungry, no matter, every fate finds its own way.

* * * *

Who said there must be meaning and purpose?

Breadcrumbs

I am alone.
I have always been alone.
I was born alone, I live alone, I will die alone.
There has never been even one moment when I was not alone,
When I was not the pure awareness, when I was not the unborn-undying moment.
It is a wondrous state, given over at times, to many worldly distractions, but ever alone, nonetheless.
How the many others that come or go, that think of me, is utterly inconsequential.
And how I discern them, is but as clouds drifting across a sky.
There is no meaning, no purpose, no raison d'être,
But what the imagination imagines,
In all its many imaginings.
It is but a dream.
I, alone, am.

* * * *

And what did you, Pilgrim, perchance imagine a god-mind would be,
If not capable of journeying any and every way it was disposed?
I have embraced nothingness since it first became apparent.
The specter of death has ever been a constant companion.
So, Fate, do what you will, I stand ready to greet you.

* * * *

Could probably jot down just about anything I please,
In this, for-all-historical-impact-practical-purpose, largely unread manifesto.
Confess to every form of murder and mayhem, violation and pillage, I may, or may not, have done.
And more than likely, few, if any, would ever read or hear, much less imagine it.
And perchance they did, how many would not shrug their shoulders,
And quickly move on to the next scandalous headline,
In this absurd world full of horror galore.

* * * *

It is not about me, it is not about this temporal identity,
It is about the awareness, that which I sometimes call, for the lack of a better word, god.
Lower case, to keep it generic for marketing purposes.

* * * *

What pathetic endgame am I fated to endure?

* * * *

If there is some deity that wants me to believe in it, how is its vanity, any more or less than mine?

* * * *

If there is some deity that wants me to believe in it,
It had better hurry up and do some serious show and tell,
Before this debilitating mind-body turns to dust.

* * * *

Never had any distinct vision for this life,
So, I naturally kept wandering, adventure after adventure,
Until my calling finally rose its scribing head.

* * * *

Am I something of a true believer, a cheerleader, for the mystery? Zeig heile, mein Mystery?

* * * *

I have studied many writings, many philosophies,
But I have never joined any so-called spiritual groups.
I have never much cared for allowing any collective mindset,
To orchestrate, or to usurp in any meaningful way,
What are my choices, and mine, alone.
A solo act, from the get-go.
And to the best, my ability allows,
I hopefully have not laden the unknowable future,
And anyone draw to awaken, with anything less than total veracity.
From a laptop, I opine all seekers to sally forth through as little muddle as possible.
Eschew all cultures, traditions, tribal mindsets, groupthinks, that ever strive to own You, in all or part.

* * * *

There was a moment, when I first began scratching ditties on napkins in 1989, I threw a few away.
For some reason, long out of range of memory, they were a bit too much – even for me, he now laughed.
It was perhaps one of the many moments of choosing; those many moments, wherein fate calls.
The fork in the path, where I have always indulged my Self first, in the feast less eaten.
So, as you see, I did not tarry away from the sword, nor thoughts upon scraps.
And what is it all, but an homage to You, should you happen upon it.

* * * *

The aging process has gradually reached the piteous point,

Where I often cannot recall what drew me to another chamber in the labyrinth.
It could be Alzheimer's, chronic traumatic encephalopathy, or a variety of other less-than-witty fates,
Or it might be any of the alternative chemistries, to which I have naturally inclined,
Times beyond counting, throughout this erstwhile walkabout.

* * * *

Odds are, you would not want to be around me for long bursts, if at all.
My chit-chat is pretty routine, pretty repetitive, pretty mundane, pretty boring, pretty yawn.
I am a recording of a frame of reference, to which relatively few are inclined.

* * * *

True believers are always looking for acolytes; ergo, I must not be a true believer.

* * * *

The last romance was most definitely the last.
Way too much effort for way too little return.
And too many, weavings not worth the cloth.
Male and female, Mars and Venus, the way it is.
Certainly, in this uncivil civilization we have become.

* * * *

Spontaneous serendipity is what I do.

* * * *

A life of serendipity is not for all.

* * * *

Once again, I mistakenly believed it mattered.

* * * *

This entire soliloquy has been scribbled
In the day-to-day existence of work and play that I have wandered.
All very happenstance, very happenchance; rhyme and reason have got little or nothing to do with it.
It appears that I was born to transcribe this, if such wonderment warrants mention.
Surrender to your fate, your destiny, surrender to its whimsies,
Is all I can sincerely offer, in way of advice,
To the empty theater.

* * * *

I have done my part,
I have said my piece,
I have played my fate,
I have had my fun,
And here,
Is where it got me.

* * * *

Like all writing scribed in previous times, this edifice of scribblings will need

At least several hundred years to percolate into whatever fate is in store.
Whether or not, what Mother Nature is brewing this every moment,
Will allow that much time, is the stuff of dystopian nightmares,
To which imaginary time machines give imaginary access.

* * * *

These writings are entirely stream of consciousness.
As haphazard as haphazard can be in this patterned theater of the absurd.
Far, far, more than enough, to befuddle those who will never begin to discern, never begin to comprehend,
The unfathomable, ineffable, indivisible mystery, they every moment are.

* * * *

I walked among you –unnoticed, unobserved, undetected, invisible –
Because I was no different than you, because I was the same mystery as you.
A student of life, a philosopher, inspired to experience, to learn, whatever life offered.
And the resulting thoughts are my gift to whoever's fate it is to find them.
Written for those who hunger for that which is prior to more.
For those ready to discern the mystery within all.

* * * *

Have wandered many camps in this dream, but none ever drew me enough to spend an entire lifetime,
Until the tail end of the 80's, at the age of 36, when thoughts began coming, one after another.
And so, this imaginary destiny finally took on a clarity, something of a perpetual wave,
One that appears not to be crashing for as long as 'so far' is fated to endure.
And even if it does crash, the deed is done, and done well enough.
The only question is whether or not it will find some legs,
And saunter on into some telling role in the dreamtime to come.
But there are far too many stacks and stacks of lost and forgotten writings,
In every variety of used book store, library book sale, and garage sale, to plan a party.

* * * *

Another day of putting into words that which words can never tell.
What comes of them was well beyond my control the first time they were shared.
I will never be able to more than guess, than speculate, their destiny.
It is a truth all teachers and storytellers well know.

* * * *

Socrates was served up hemlock for all his ramblings.
The official charges were:
(1) corrupting youth.
(2) worshipping false gods.
(3) not worshipping the state religion.
Surely, my ditties are as deserving of such a destiny.
Good thing I do not live in the Muslim world, or one of its affiliates,
For I would have long since been a flaming marshmallow casting ash into the wind.

* * * *

Serendipity at its finest.

* * * *

So much left to do in this ever-expanding philosophical project.
Anyone interested down the road is welcome to do with it what they will.
There are no family, there are no friends, there is no following, tethered to its fate.
What happens to it is entirely up to the mystery from whence it came.

* * * *

I serve the awareness, and the matrix, whose quantum magic gives us the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

I know what my values are, but I would hesitate to inflict them on others.

* * * *

A lot of nice guys wake up next to their women every morning,
With their manhood still secure in the lockbox beneath her pillow.
How I escaped that abysmal destiny is a chronicle I barely remember.
How many nets I stumbled around or through, is a tale I will never know.

* * * *

Yeah, I still believe in Santa Claus, so I get it.

* * * *

I serve the awareness, I serve the moment, I serve the matrix, I serve the mystery, there is no other.

* * * *

Unless someone else has written down their truth about me,
And it is somehow unearthed from the landfills that dot the landscape,
Any readers will only know my version; the lie I believe true.

* * * *

Spent my life experiencing, exploring, swinging from vine to vine in my little jungle,
Looking for something that called me, something that would engage me.
And at some point in the middle years, words began to come,
And without the fanfare of drums and trumpets,
Destiny took on a reality, a clarity, as never before.
I have wielded pen and keyboard as well as ability allows,
For what point and purpose, if any, can be no more than speculated.

* * * *

We have an independent streak in this slice of the world,
That does not go well with being as bound to tradition and custom,
As the parts of the world that have thousands of years of history.
We started off with an empty slate, a tabula rasa, of sorts,
After we killed off or imprisoned the indigenous folk.

* * * *

So much already said, already written,

Across all times, across all spaces, come and gone before.
How can this life work ever be known, ever have any meaningful impact?
How can the species ever change its evolutionary context, its genomically-induced patterning?
How can a species compelled, bound, to a narcissistic-hedonistic paradigm,
Ever hope to survive a universe, that has never cared,
About anything ever created?

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.

* * * *

What is any existence but a progression of moments,
Spontaneous, inadvertent, unforeseen,
As only the Fates can be.

* * * *

Yes, yes, I get it, I get it, anything may well be possible:
Gods, angels, demons, ghosts, vampires, zombies, goblins, fairies, aliens,
Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy, Cupid, Saint Patrick, Father Time … and yes, Jesus, too.
But how can you expect me to not want it validated by a number of reliable witnesses,
Including my Self, the most sober, reliable, earnest, truth-seeker, I know,
Before I go all-in-ape-shit-true-believer on any nonsense?
"Show me," declared the man from Missouri.

* * * *

Yes, anything may well be possible,
But I need to have it corroborated
By reliable witnesses, including moi,
Before I sally all-in True Believer on it.

* * * *

The eternal philosopher, historian, anthropologist, scientist, mathematician,
And any other academic arenas this mind was drawn to reconnoiter,
All together, pervade the ever-expanding frame of reference.
So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

Is it possible I might someday be deemed, through the happenstance-happenstance of serendipity,
One of the most dangerous spies, the most dangerous anarchists, the world has ever known?
I was given access to the keys of the kingdom. and from the steps of that ivory tower,
Have used the technologies of these times to sprinkle many a breadcrumb across the world.
What will come of it, if anything, who now knows? The steady slog of time, is in that sense required.

* * * *

I be quantum matrixing.

* * * *

Someone could spend years, perhaps a lifetime, reading and re-reading,

All that I have written and posted on a variety of online platforms,
Including the works of other thinkers across space and time.
There is no shortage of material for any whose fate it is to witness.

* * * *

Spreading my word, one conversation, one email, one website business card, at a time.
Under the radar, to be sure, and no sign it is finding any wings at this writing.
For me to believe it might meaningfully change the human paradigm,
Requires a level of vanity to which I endeavor not to succumb.
As the human species is not even close to waking up in any meaningful way,
Far easier to continue anonymously enjoying the writing and posting, and depart content.

* * * *

I am retired unto a quiet, moderate, relatively anonymous routine;
One largely focused on these writings, and the rest, whatever else calls.
It could be family, it could be friendships, it could be entertainment,
It could be a long, nondescript, aimless-wandering, walkabout.
Casually waiting for the Reaper to come settle all scores.
What more needs doing? What more needs saying?

* * * *

Just writing for writing's sake.
Have posted it on the internet for anyone interested,
But have no concern about whether or not anything ever comes of it.
Ramblings of a mind bent by serendipity toward observing and writing about the mystery.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How this philosophical work has scribed itself in the second half of this dreamtime,
Has been a beyond-all-pales, unanticipated, unsought, uninvited, please-no-not-me, sort of destiny.
What a remarkable expedition to be fashioned into a herald of this ineffable mystery.
Yet another thinker leaving a long and winding trail of breadcrumbs,
All pointing to the unknowable within and without.

* * * *

If you're looking for point and purpose, it ain't in this corner.

* * * *

I am incapable of believing anything other than it is an insoluble mystery.

* * * *

Most everything this mind has ever created has been given away, lost, tossed, forgotten.
Who can answer what will become of all this esoteric wordplay but what the Fates deign.
From this vantage, it is already in the pile of so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

* * * *

There are worse fates.

* * * *

Habits die hard.

* * * *

These many thoughts
Will one day suffer the fate of all such works.
Such is the dustbin of history.

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Matthew 5:29
And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee:
for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish,
and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Who comes up with this bullshit?! And who believes it?

* * * *

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed: Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
They have known him in the daily routine of his life,
And he has never been all they would hope, all they would expect, a prophet to be.
You cannot carnival-trick or cult your way out of that bag.

The Standard Ripostes
he Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

Every seed has its fate.

* * * *

We all gots our fate.

* * * *

It takes a matrix.

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

The fate of every seed

* * * *

Truth serves all purpose; truth serves no purpose.

* * * *

Fate is as fate does

* * * *

I did my part,
I said my piece,
I played my fate,
I had my fun,
And here
Is where it got me.

* * * *

We all gots our fate

* * * *

All fates are imagined

* * * *

Destiny in a nutshell

* * * *

Fate is

* * * *

The destiny of all

* * * *

There are worse fates

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Under Construction

The Return to Wonder

One

If it is your calling, your fortune, your kismet, your fate, your destiny,
You will discern the me within you, the you within me, the same me,
The same awareness within and between all things great to small.

* * * *

Surrender that which was never yours.
Your fate can be serendipitously eternal.

* * * *

Man and woman merge in the throws of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman's dark womb,
In the eternal stillness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism
Wired for a fate yet unknown
Into a universe of its own conception.

II

In all destinies there is an executioner, an assassin, a slayer,
Ever formed of the earth-air-water-fire of all things here-now ether.
There is no escape for the awareness you are, only an abiding endurance.
Spurn the Fates, they cannot touch you once the shadow of karma loses its hold.

* * * *

If all sentient beings were to awaken at once,
Consciousness would not, could not, be the adventure it is.
So the relentless, gnashing, grinding, kaleidoscope of bondage and suffering
Spins on in its mysterious, unfolding dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

Nothing is lost, nothing is forgotten.
Each alone must search for it, each alone must discern it.
Each alone must let go of all that is known, release all that is held near and dear,
To realize the eternal truth fated to forever remain unknown.

III

It will be your voluntary destiny
To reside in the kaleidoscope of bondage
Until duality no longer suits you.

* * * *

It is perhaps your destiny to awaken,
And unravel the manifest existence that seemed so real
Into yet another journey into the only reality there is, ever was, will ever be.
The only reality that is not, never was, will never be.

VI

The personality is merely a complex interaction of patterns.
Thoughts and emotions playing out the mind-body theater.

* * * *

All manifestation is subject to the patterning,
While the source to which all patterns essentially subscribe,
Remains timelessly inexplicable, timelessly inscrutable, forever unknowable.

VIII

All that is, is of the patterning, but what resides prior to all patterns?
Who cares whether you exist once, or expire times beyond counting?
Every moment's kaleidoscoping streamtime is the story’s true telling.

XI

The countless abuses of affluence have ever been set before you.
Those whose greed controls their destiny have neither heart nor mind for eternity.
Their absorption with gold and other shiny things blinds them to reality.

XII

You can never go back, you can never return, to what you once were.
You have seen too much, and can only carry on wherever the fates lead.

XIV

It may be disturbing to realize that you do not really exist,
But the fact remains that your ultimate destiny is oblivion.

XV

Seekers of truth are like moths to a flame, their destiny oblivion.

* * * *

It is what it is, take it or leave it, into the fires of fate.

* * * *

How easy it is to fall into a descending spiral of self-pity over one's lot in life.
To stay strong, to stand tall in the bittersweet winds of fate, is ever a challenge.

XVIII

Inattention is often the catalyst of misfortune.

XX

Any given fate is a timeless sculpture carved in every moment.
All fates are already written in the shifting sands of awareness.

* * * *

The state of the world is a natural consequence
Of the synergy of our all our imaginary interactions.
It has nothing to do with any plan, any conspiracy
Concocted by any god, any gods, any demons.
It is we alone who have created our destiny.

XXI

Humanity, not really much bigger than ants,
Crawls about, feeds and clothes the body, completes tasks,
Builds dwellings and pathways, exercises mating rituals, customs and wars,
All the while thinking itself so important to the welfare of the universe.
God will surely save us for we are humble and deserving
Of a better fate than we have chosen to create.

* * * *

Is not some far off harsh, future fate,
But the here-now you in aloneness create.
And that heaven is that same space,
But wherein you see your Self
Well past the human race.

* * * *

These words tinker with the destiny of humanity.

* * * *

Fate cannot be denied.
To one conclusion or another,
All must surrender a lifetime of process.

XXII

Of all the creatures great and small
To whose extinction humanity has contributed,
Do you seriously believe your line immune to such a fate?

* * * *

Destiny is the play of free will born of illusion.

XXIII

If it is your destiny to awaken, what can stop you?

* * * *

Humanity's fate is the synergy of countless choices born of dualistic thinking.

XXIV

Few, if any, know their manifest fate, and rejection of any resists all.
To be ready and waiting for any possibility embraces the quantum die roll.

* * * *

There is only one awareness, there is only one moment.
All mind-bodies, all facades, born of consciousness,
Are fated to dissipate into its indivisible oblivion.

XXV

Dissolve into true Self, surrender to your fate; it will all be over soon enough.

XXVI

To merge into the impersonal moment, is to know what your destiny has ever been.

* * * *

You are totally responsible for your slice of humanity's destiny.

* * * *

The only real problem is the dysfunctional use of the mind.
Our paradigm is dashing us toward an unnecessary destiny.

XXVII

Leave Sodom without looking back, for it will suffer the fate of its own free will.

* * * *

No nation will stand, no fortune will hold,
No fame will be more than fleeting.
All are puppets of the changing.
All fates are as dice eternally cast.

XXVIII

Unless humanity discerns a harmonious paradigm,
Its destiny will be punctuated by time's end.
The cosmos awaits our maturation.

* * * *

As the moment happens, it appears an acting of free will; in time, it becomes destiny.

XXX

Whining and bemoaning your fate will not win eternity.
Only a strong heart and a strong mind earns the fare.

XXXI

The ultimate fate of this garden world,
Of this entire universe, and of any creation,
Is complete, absolute, unmitigated annihilation.
So why be burdened by a temporary, surreal dream
You can never more than superficially change?

* * * *

Clinging to any dualistic notions is a hellish fate of your own choosing.

XXXII

You are that which is godness, but every conception formulated about you
Has ever been meaningless, and only fated to create more and more confusion
In minds capable only of blindly stumbling through duality's tattered weavings.

XXXIII

Words such as these upset many not prepared to comprehend their ultimate fate.

XXXIV

Pride undermines your spirit’s return to its total nature.
Even the greatest angels are subject to such hellish fates.

XXXVI

By supporting the forces that venerate the false gold of Maya,
You doom the progeny to a fate you would not wish upon yourself.

* * * *

The eternally damned are those who wander the heavens and hells of space and time,
Through which they indivisibly, timelessly kaleidoscope, ever-present,
Beckoned on and on by the many others,
Only too willing, only too able, to share their hellish fates.

* * * *

Another curious fate, indeed.

XXXVII

All creatures from great to small
Participate in this play of consciousness
In whatever fashion natural selection is taking them.
Our current narrowing approach to all other life
Is wreaking havoc on manifest diversity.
We shape our own fate in the way
We choose to shape others.

* * * *

Your consciousness will be drawn
To the fate your desires wills into manifestation.
To what end, you as witness will have neither say nor concern.

* * * *

Release the memories, release the projections, your destiny is now.

XXXVIII

The painful dings of fate are the eternal blacksmith shaping you for eternity.

* * * *

Oblivion is the destiny of all.

XL

If you tie your happiness to the fate of another, you will suffer incalculable burdens.

* * * *

Why would anyone wish for a peaceful world, anyway?
Loving your neighbor, keeping your brother, sharing good fortune,
Treating others as you would have them treat you, creating heaven on earth,
Would be far too unpleasurable, a senseless existence,
Which only angels long to play.

XLI

Like it or not, you have a fate; resist or surrender, the outcome is the same.

* * * *

Each of us plays out a fate wandering through an illusory quantum maze,
Yet who-what-where-when-why-how does the timeline continue on and on,
When the awareness, the moment, is all there truly is, all there truly is not.

XLII

The creatures of the wild exhibit noble spirit and union
Merely by their surrender to that which they are naturally.
They have no inflated need for undo rancor or imaginary fuss.
They do not lament or rue their fate, nor seek vain explanations.
They are what they are, pure and simple, free and absolute.

* * * *

At the movies you are drawn into a scripted plot.
Your own participation in this dreamtime is a spontaneous creation,
Based on the role you have been molded by the fateful winds of nature-nurture to play out.

XLIII

To not value the diversity seals the fate of all.

XLIV

Humanity is so locked in its fear and greed,
The monkey hand is so clenched within the coconut,
That a swift hack of the machete is becoming an inevitable fate.

XLV

You are not some far-off future fate, but the now this moment in time creates.

XLVI

Why be at all concerned what destiny might have to say?
Even words written in stone become sand on some shoreline.

XLVIII

Those rare few who are ready to awaken to a greater vision,
Cannot help but timelessly embrace the liberating destiny of realization.
Ripeness is beyond any and all choices born of attachment.

XLIX

What is proclaimed god is within all that is.
If you do not discern this simple fact,
It is your life's missed fortune.

* * * *

Every manifest form, whether alive or inert,
Is conscripted by spontaneous circumstance
To an inevitable, unavoidable, impartial destiny.
It is an individual timeless experiencing played out
In the indivisible infinity of intelligent awareness,
Mysterious and unknowable at every juncture.
To zealously tether to a single limited perspective
Misses the true wonder from which all creation springs.

L

Karma is a very simple fact
Made complex by dogmatic traditions.
It is quite obvious that the existence anyone leads
Is an outcome of the many events in time's manifest continuity.
Both sword and plow create likely fates.

LI

How astounding, how frightening, how ridiculous,
That for the ceaseless wanting of sensory gratification,
Humanity would sentence the future to a fate
They would not wish upon themselves.
And then bring children into the world to boot.

LIII

Why so many allow so few to rule their destiny,
Is an ever-confounding human reality, a cyclic dance of desire and fear,
Played out in every corner of this earthly garden.

LIV

What is yet to come in any space, in any time, only the witness can tell.
Existence is ever the play of spontaneity, which only seems fated
When the myriad paths memory weaves is fully recalled.

* * * *

You are the guiding hand of your fate.

LV

These words sculpture concepts in time, seeking to explain their origin and their fate.

* * * *

Free will makes your destiny a voluntary fate.

LVI

Even two or five or ten thousand years ago,
It was probably not difficult to project how
Humanity's destiny would likely unfold.

* * * *

How quickly the spontaneous moment turns into destiny.

* * * *

Sometimes you wish you could again believe the delusionary world as you once did,
But no, your destiny, your fate, is the eternal, and the world is for the meek,
Too blind for the immortality in which you swim with languid ease.

LVII

Humankind has surely extinguished enough seed lines
To comprehend its own is not immune to a similar fate.

LVIII

The flame is the fuel's potential, the destiny into which all is consumed.

LX

All life is influenced by so many things
Which create such a varied range of views.
A network of paths whose Soul destiny is one.

LXII

Your fate is assured; look beyond it for the answer to all riddles.

* * * *

The sage sees adversity and fortune with the same impersonal equanimity.

* * * *

Accept life for what it is; all resistance to fate is futile.

* * * *

Life is filled with struggle.
Why do some thrive in its midst,
While others surrender and seek its end?
Is there a serenity prior to all the psychological anarchy
Creating so much divisive strife and mischief?
All of it the same, yet every variation
Fate seems intent to play.

LXIII

You are doing what it is your fate to do.

LXIV

The Great Consumption must eventually fall prey to its fate.

LXVI

All born of time play out the destiny of the patterning.

LXVII

With collective dismay we watch our fate unfold.

LXVIII

Suffering is resistance; equanimity is the natural outcome of not battling one's fate.

* * * *

By the time you hear about a gold rush,
It is usually over for all but the most determined,
And the few whose fate it is to be lucky.

* * * *

Your ineptitude may save your children the same fate.

LXIX

All those mosquitoes and flies and spiders you have annihilated,
What makes you think your end, your fate, should be any different?

* * * *

It is that near-constant state of anticipation
That creates the burden of tension and anxiety.
Be open to your fate, no matter how painful

* * * *

Those who harbor a sense of manifest destiny
Will one day find out god's benevolence
Is a razor-sharp, two-edged blade.

LXXI

The upshot of history is the parable of the Titanic.

LXXII

Violence is a part of our nature.
How we choose to compete or cooperate
Is the balance which engineers an inevitable destiny.

LXXIII

The slightest twist in fortune alters any life for its duration.

* * * *

If you have time to ponder life, then realize your good fortune
To abide in a fair-weather point in this mystery manifest theater.

* * * *

The misfortune of a first-rate memory is recalling what you would rather not.

LXXIV

You wail about your fate, yet pity offers no reprieve from a destiny etched in dust.

* * * *

May the curse of your parents, your ancestors, fail in every way.
May your fate, your lot, your destiny, your kismet,
Be better than it now appears.

* * * *

Are you bounty or cull in the harvest of imagination?
Will you be in or out in the illustrious tabulation of speculation?
Will your fate be a grander heaven, or a more irate hell?
Ah, the never-ending quest for a better ending.

LXXV

History is full of extinct peoples whose fate played out.

* * * *

Trust your fate, trust your destiny, trust your fortune.
You are doomed to being barely a twinkle of a memory
In the few minds who will also soon dissolve into oblivion.

* * * *

Fear not Dorothy, your fate will bring you home.

* * * *

Fate draws many conclusions.

LXXVI

All that effort, to control something over which you have none,
All that resolve, exercising remedies to a fate which lacks any.

LXXVII

You wander the path of your own destiny.

* * * *

It is vanity which makes humanity's destiny intractable.

* * * *

No one can avoid their fate.

LXXVIII

If you tempt fate by putting yourself in harm's way,
Be prepared for the consequences.
And try not to whine.

* * * *

You will only know, only see, what it is your destiny to perceive.

* * * *

We must each heed the call of our destiny.

* * * *

Wander into your fate.

LXXXII

Fate will not open every door to you.

* * * *

May as well surrender to your existence, you will do whatever your fate ordains.

LXXXIII

These words are for those few whose destiny it is to see.

* * * *

You smash the mosquito, letting its body lie
In a crumpled heap, quickly forgotten.
Is your fate truly anything more?

LXXXIV

Is a fully cooperative paradigm even possible?
Unlikely we will ever find out as the point of possibility
Quickly recedes into memories of happier times.
As passion and pride bludgeon their way
Into a fate already far too predictable.

LXXXV

How interesting that our arbitrary measurement systems so align with our arbitrary fate.

* * * *

Humanity came to a point
Where it vainly believed
It could redesign the game,
Never visualizing the misfortune
It was passing on to its descendants.

* * * *

Fulfilling one's destiny takes effortless effort.

LXXXVI

May as well surrender to your fate; ain't gonna do no good to resist, no how.

* * * *

Tempt fate, and fate may well nip you.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is discerning
You are the immortal one in all and all in one.
What fate can possibly contain you?

LXXXVII

There is justice for those who endeavor to play by the rules,
Or those fated enough not to be caught by the powers that be.

LXXXVIII

What a wretched destiny to be born in Oz and never see Kansas.

LXXXVIII

Some group is always going to be
On the top of the swarming heap,
And they are the law of the land.
The little people can only hope
Their ax is merciful and quick,
And that revolutions do not
Amplify their painful fate.

LXXXIX

Our fates are all so intertwined.

LXXXIX

Fate is a strange undertaking.

XC

We each offer the drama whatever we offer; what the world does with any of it is fate.

* * * *

You will scribe these thoughts unto your mortal end,
For that is the conditioned nature of your choiceless.

XCI

You cannot really change your fate, much less another's.

* * * *

The fate of the world will take these words where it will.

* * * *

Does one seek a fate, or fall into it?

* * * *

To be truly content with your life, now that is good fortune.

* * * *

Believe it or not, like it or not, fate happens.
You cannot abort it, you cannot hurry it, you cannot hinder it.
You cannot do anything but witness its passing.

XCII

Squash a fly, and know your own fate.

* * * *

What would you do if a knock sounds in the middle of the night?
What would you do if they came to put you in a box car
Whose destination was blanketed by ashes?
How passive are you to your fate?

* * * *

What was matters no more.
What will be cannot be altered.
Fate happens; you will complete it.

* * * *

Play to the dream; complete your solitary fate in whatever way you will.

XCIII

How is it one fortunate and another is not?
What is this thing we call fate?
Such a mystery.

* * * *

It all fades into a meaningless blur once you discern the ultimate fate.

* * * *

No fate, no destiny is distinct.
Change is born of indivisibility, of the immortal nature.
You are none other than Self.

* * * *

Caught in the net of our pattern, we are drawn to our fate.

XCV

A curious fate.

* * * *

Let the wraiths and demons pass by.
They are teachers in their own manner.
None can be saved from their fate.

* * * *

We find so many ways to tempt fate.

* * * *

The winds of fate harvest all.

XCVI

Any culture whose leaders can be bought and sold is fated to decline and ruin.

* * * *

This view allows every possibility, and those whose destiny it Is, will not settle for less.

XCVII

Still trying to figure out your fate?

* * * *

If you want to know your fate, die.

* * * *

What is one's destiny?

XCVIII

Some doors open easily, some stick, some will never budge, fate is as fate does.

* * * *

So many things you have done;
So many, many, many more it is not
Your destiny to ever even ponder.

* * * *

What a mystery any fate is.

CI

There you are, minding your own business,
And, whoosh, another aphorism appears for transcription.
Fate is a mystery.

* * * *

That so many inhabit cyberspace
Is an intriguing, ill-fated phenomenon.
We are so into ourselves and our creations.
How oblivious so many have become to nature.

CIII

Fate is a rather strange illusion.

* * * *

Why is it so easy to laugh at another's misfortune?

CV

Separation creates destiny.
Destiny is the illusion of change.
Change is the play of maya.
Maya is the transient,
The dream of mind.

CVI

No use battling your fate.

CVII

Fates are such strange things.

* * * *

You need not take another's fate as your own.

* * * *

All fates are comprised upon one fact: The same moment transports all.

CVIII

Live to whatever degree your fate allows.

* * * *

How obtuse to blame a devil for any given misfortune.

* * * *

Why bemoan stupidity suffering its due fate?

* * * *

He cannot help it; he is a man. She cannot help it; she is a woman. Patterns rule.

CIX

It is your fate to play out
The destiny you are choosing,
As if you have any say in the matter.

* * * *

Fate is a many-colored rainbow.

CX

It was your fate to explore the world in every way imagination wandered.

* * * *

It is a harsh fate to be cast into a life that memory cannot forget.

* * * *

Who would seek that fate?

* * * *

Your fate is written in time, is written in space.
You will laugh, you will suffer. you will be injured, you will be sick.
You will know great pleasures, you will age, you will die.
But in all that it is, will you have truly lived?

CXI

How locked in habitual patterns each and every one of us.

CXII

Fate is god's plan; chance, god's humor.

CXIII

When it becomes obvious this world of dreams
Must eventually, as all change must, be forsaken.
How challenging it is to, in one way or another,
Participate in whatever way fate dictates.

CXIV

As a newborn you were all potentials,
The eternal faceless nature, mysteriously perfect,
Totally vulnerable to the world into which you had sprung,
Cast from oneness into separation, into a timebound fate yet to unfold,
A fate both cruel and kind, merciless and compassionate in an infinity of flavors.
An uncarved immortal innocently thrust into the struggle of life and death,
In which your choice in the matter remains at best idle speculation.

* * * *

Some people see an ancient, majestic tree
And want to sculpt it into some other form,
Or use it for some critical utilitarian purpose.
Few seem content to leave it to its own destiny,
A block of potential uncarved by the human mind.

CXVI

Does anyone really control their fate,
Or is free will merely the play of ignorance
Parading in the choicelessness of dreamtime?

* * * *

Throw yourself into your fate, there is no other.

CXVIII

World weariness is born of the gradual realization
That you cannot really change anything or anybody,
That you have no real choice in the matter, whatsoever.
It is a stage you can muddle past if it is your destiny to see.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is simply having the fate
To discern that time does not exist as the mind insists,
That this delusion is no more than an illusion,
Touchy-feely-real as it may appear.

CXIX

Seers have planted many reflections throughout time,
That their brethren might realize the same insight.
Can any see that have no inclination to light?
How could they but for that fate's destiny?
Many are called, but few are chosen.

* * * *

Can anyone really help but see what they see,
Do what they do, or play out the fate life creates?

CXX

All patterns submit to the destiny of their origin.

CXXII

When you meet the moment fully, your destiny gracefully unfolds.

* * * *

Good luck, bad luck, or merely the fate of dust
Dancing in the space-time matrix born of light and sound,
The lila of a quantum cosmos and its impromptu collusion of puppets
Manipulated by the awareness of an omnipresent puppeteer,
Who exists only through the guise of imagination.

* * * *

So many fates dancing so many ways.

CXXV

We are all prisoners of one fate or another.

* * * *

Thank god you are not playing that part.
As much as you dislike your fate,
It could be much worse.

* * * *

Like it or not, you will complete your fate.

* * * *

Accepting one's life, one's fate, is challenging if you long for another's.

* * * *

Your fate is calling, a siren beckoning you journey the illusion of space and time.

CXXVI

What a mystery, fate.

* * * *

You cannot even for a moment pause or change your fate.

* * * *

It is not a matter of whether you want your fate or not.
These are the cards you were dealt, and any hand, any destiny,
Is only as pleasing as the context in which it is played.

* * * *

Could not help it, 'twas destiny that this be written.
Another forest on some shelf, to what ends unknown.

* * * *

You have a fate to fulfill.

CXXVII

Another fateful decision.

* * * *

Believe it or not, a lot of other people are suffering here, too.
In fact, some endure a lot worse fates than you,
So please, quit the whining.

* * * *

To tempt fate is to take on a very worthy opponent.

* * * *

In these thoughts are a vision of how it seems,
And how it might be if it is the human fate
To generate a different paradigm
In some distant future
For a brief time.
Not betting on it, of course.

CXXVIII

Some are active, others passive.
Each follows an unwritten, unchosen nature
An intrinsic, unavoidable, undeniable, self-generated fate.

* * * *

A fate worse than death is one that does not die.

* * * *

Every step you take creates your fate.
There is no going back, there is no rewind button,
No matter how cautiously you tread.

* * * *

The winds of time
Will blow these words
To a well-deserved landfill.
Where that will be only fate knows.

CXXX

Grappling with the baffling mystery of it all
Is the old push-the-rock-up-the-mountain schtick.
Completely foolish, meaningless, irrelevant, absurd, futile,
Yet seemingly as fated a drive as that for food and water and air.

* * * *

Is coming to grips with one's mortal fate ever easy?

CXXXI

What a strange thing, fate.

CXXXII

Humankind is powerless to avoid the fate which it every moment is creating.

* * * *

Positive or negative thinking,
Are they a choice or an inclination
Driven by the hand of an unseen fate?

CXXXIV

Feel the whip of our creation lashing us toward a destiny favored by fewer and fewer.

CXXXV

‘Tis the destiny of the day.

* * * *

Another inexplicable fate.

CXXXVIII

We are all drug along in the wake of our fates.

* * * *

Isn’t fate strange?

CXL

You must fulfill the fate you have aided in creating.

* * * *

Fate plays its cruel hand again.

* * * *

Does suicide cheat death, or was that the designated fate all along?

CXLI

It really does not do much good to see all this.
You still have to play out this willy-nilly world’s time-bound epic
In whatever way your destiny, your fate, your lot, calls,
Practicing detachment as often as possible.

* * * *

Reject all form, reject all non-form.
Move prior to all conception.
Your destiny can never be smothered
By the whimsical quicksand of consciousness.

CXLII

Perhaps it is your destiny to sleep through eternity.

CXLIII

Cannot argue fate.

* * * *

Who can do more than speculate
Why some are bestowed this eternal insight
While so many are born to seek out only manifest theater.
What an enigma this weaving of heaven and earth.
These words are dedicated to those few
Who are fated to discrimination
Of the highest order.

CXLIV

The mystery is indifference to fate.

* * * *

You really have no choice but to play out your dreamtime destiny.

CXLV

A mirage whose destiny is unknown.

CXLVI

Do not let pride be your misfortune.

* * * *

It was not your destiny to join into anything for more than short durations.

* * * *

The rare few discern a fate beyond measurement.

* * * *

Some are good, some are bad, some are ugly, but all fates find the same grave.

CXLVII

‘Twas not your fate.

* * * *

It may be your fate to be shuffled to the side; not all can be on the main stage at one time.

CXLVIII

All are the scripted chance of fate.

* * * *

You are the script, the chance of fate, inspired by time.

* * * *

No destiny can be altered.

* * * *

When a door is locked, it is locked.
When a door is unlocked, it opens.
Sometimes a locked door unlocks.
Sometimes an unlocked door locks.
Destiny is really very straightforward.

CXLIX

A pawn of fate.

* * * *

Detach from your fate.

CLI

What better fate would you imagine?

CLIV

Not your fate, thank god.

* * * *

A simple fate for the simple soul,
A complex fate for the complex soul,
And the rest everywhere between.

CLV

Do not allow life's many options to stymie you.
There is just enough time for you to finish your brief fate.
And what you don't complete, what you don't experience, someone else will.
No one can more than sample a small morsel of the potential.
Be content that you had any role to play at all.

* * * *

No parent can ever provide a completely safe haven for any child.
Any given life experiences the bittersweetness of existence
Once a seed of this mystery is unleashed into fate.

CLVI

To discern oneness within, what humbler fate could you ask?

* * * *

A strange fate.

* * * *

Humanity, can you hear your fate knocking?

CLVII

Is there a more unhappy fate than to be cast away
On some desolate reef-bound shore?
Good god, yes,
You might be a FedEx executive.

* * * *

To be known as a philosopher, what kind of fate is that?

CLX

Destiny plays its hand again.

CLXI

Once you are born, whatever the form,
Whatever the time, whatever the space,
The tide of destiny is too strong to resist.

* * * *

You can spend your life resisting your fate,
Or surrender to it without concern or doubt.
All destinies converge in the dust of oblivion.

* * * *

Despite the havoc and confusion, still they selfishly breed,
Unconcerned with the bitter fates of generations to come.

CLXII

For every mountain ascended, there is the journey back down.
Humanity's relatively brief timeline is statistically assured.
It is the destiny of any seed line, no matter the dream.

CLXIII

The twists and turns of fate are many and unpredictable.

CLXIV

The breath of mystery blows you to your fate.

CLXVI

Driven by forces over which we have no control,
A painful destiny is slowly, but surely taking shape.

* * * *

Simply put, there are many things you can do and many more things that you cannot.
Nature and nurture, anatomy and character, capacity and limitation, shape any given life.
Call it fate, call karma, call it what you will, it is the seed principle that governs all life.

CLXVII

Undiscerning sloth is the fate of those worshipping mammon without question.

CLXVIII

To resist your fate only magnifies the suffering.

* * * *

We are all imprinted from birth by the limited mindset of one culture or another.
How can any awaken to a broader view without some twist of fate,
Which escorts them outside their original framework,
To a platform from which they can explore
In whatever way destiny allows.

CLXX

You will do whatever life calls you to do; fate is a rather strange play of illusion.

CLXXI

You continue hoping for some magnificent fate,
As if the glory will prove you are worthy
Of that which you already are.

* * * *

When will you take responsibility
For the outcomes of all your actions?
When will you take custody of your fate?

CLXXII

Not an easy fate.

CLXXIII

Let the cosmos decide the fate of our little window of space and time.

CLXXV

You may as well live courageously.
What point is there to fearing your fate
When all ends find the same grave?

* * * *

Perfection of the personality is a non-issue.
Fusion within is not a matter of class,
Ethnicity, culture, creed, or politics.
Nor any patterning the flittering
Of consciousness might undertake.
It is a journey playing out whatever cards,
Be they fair or not, that any given fate has dealt.

CLXXVI

Humanity's fate is dark beyond the horizon.

CLXXVII

Try not to torture yourself so for being
Forced to play out pretending
You are a human being.
It is really only
A temporary affliction.
The challenge is to make the best
Of whatever fate into which you have been cast.

* * * *

Destiny is a rainbow of possibilities brought to light.

CLXXIX

So many longing to children into existence,
But with seemingly little awareness or concern
About the pain and suffering they are fated to endure
In the degraded, the spoiled world we leave them.

* * * *

Why jot down all these vain thoughts?
Because it is amusing to play out
The stream of consciousness in this fashion.
Because this is the outcome of this life's fleeting sojourn.
And because it seems that others need to be assured that there is no other,
Without saddling them down with more absurd delusions.
No denying that it is probably a useless effort,
But what fate is truly accomplished
Without at least a little irony?

* * * *

Pride must suffer the fate of any overdone balloon.

CLXXX

Some are born to anonymity, others to limelight.
Destiny is an enigmatic mix of blessing and curse.

CLXXXII

It is your destiny to see.

CLXXXIV

Take your destiny where you find it.

* * * *

Each must find his way alone.
For some it might be through austerity,
For others excess, and for some an even keel.
There are no divine decrees, no systems, no principles,
But what is concocted of one's own fated will.

CLXXXVI

Can there ever be any more inexplicable an existence
Than that offered to those whose mortal destiny it is
To be solitary eternal witness the grandest vision?

* * * *

The universal mind is that oneness
Beyond the deceptive veil of time and space,
That magical source from which all diversity originates,
But to which few are fated to consciously return.

* * * *

Looking ahead, it is called free will; looking back, fate.

* * * *

Free will falls into a very narrow sliver of fate.

* * * *

Those destined to see will see no matter the cost.
Fate is written by the inclination that sustains any given day-to-day.
You would not be reading this if the deepest longing to ascertain that which you truly are
Was not propelling you toward the most obvious, simple, profound reality.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

Master of your fate? Tell it to the Reaper.

CLXXXVII

One thing you cannot protect another from is their fate.

CLXXXVIII

The birthing seed is the food, and food spins into destiny,
Until it sooner or later becomes fodder for another.
And on and on and on, life ever carries on.

CLXXXIX

Destiny raises its ironic, paradoxical head again.

CLICI

It was your mother's fate to raise a fool.

* * * *

You will do whatever it is your destiny to do.

* * * *

What else can anyone do but tack the winds of one's time
As skillfully and gracefully and innocently as destiny allows.

CLICII

Somebody had to write it, and fate has chosen you.

* * * *

What an odd mystery that every drop has a destiny
That must eventually melt back into the abyss of totality,
Both remembered and forgotten for all eternity.

* * * *

Just another organism fated to endure a brief existence in the eternal puddle of time.

* * * *

Fate is an end born of choiceless choices.

CLICIII

No thing can be yours for long.
Either it will wear out or get broken,
Be given away, sold, misplaced, or stolen,
Or you will one day meet the venerated Reaper,
And it will undergo its destiny without you.

CLICIV

All fates hinge upon a genetic lottery, over which none have any say whatsoever.

* * * *

You operate within the bounds of your fate.

CLICV

Fate is the sculpture of free will, and many currents well beyond any one's control.

CLICVII

You cannot force your fate into what it is not destined to be.

* * * *

In whatever way fate allows, god or no, this mortal play, is truly an amazing mystery.

* * * *

The only bona fide choice is unconditional surrender
To that which you truly are, and the fate that it inspires.

* * * *

It is all about fulfilling your fate.

* * * *

That to which you react. demarks the fated road you travel.

CLICVIII

Life's many cycles can move up or down with severe rabidity; fate is a strange bedfellow.

* * * *

Every moment sculpts your fate.

* * * *

Get born, breathe, learn, play the serendipity,
Occasionally toss in a dash of irony,
Or a smidgeon of paradox,
And, voila, destiny!

* * * *

An accident is often fate's way of taking an unpleasant turn.

CLICIX

Locked within every seed is the potential for destiny.

* * * *

Dream inside the cave, or dream outside it,
To discern the dreamer is the commonality
Which relatively few are fated to explore.

CC

All choicelessly play out a dreamtime fate spun out by the genetic wheel of fortune.
Your first breath will find a way to the last; all equally timeless in the dusty maelstrom.

* * * *

Why should you not enjoy your time in whatever way fate allows?
The challenge is to do it without infringing on others
Who share the same prerogative.

CCI

Make the best of what fate offers, and perhaps you will be content.

* * * *

Free will is the delusion that you are choosing what to do with your fate.

CCIII

More words in a world with too many already.
The upshot of a mind whose purpose is unknown.

* * * *

All that really matters in this brief existence,
Is that you were chosen to be a witness to the veil of your sensory allotment.
Anatomy and character are, indeed, one's destiny.

* * * *

Looking ahead, it is free will; looking back, it is fate.

CCIV

Do not assume all human beings will ever discern the ultimate reality.
As the chaff is not the kernel, true beingness may not be the destiny of all.

CCVI

The first mistake was accepting that you were ever born.
From that first assumption, your destiny has been written.

CCVII

Fate rolls on.

* * * *

You cannot save anyone from their fate.

* * * *

Every seed is sculpted
By the wind of time and space
Into one reverie, one fate or another.
All uniquely different, all essentially the same.

CCVIII

Fate is meted out in so many ways.

CCIX

All forms must play out their given destiny.

* * * *

The ultimate fate is the synergy of all journeys intertwined.

CCXVII

To discern the mystery is the highest goal; to see past the mystery the final destiny.

CCXVIII

Through the screen of yesterdays, we carve our destiny.

CCXII

The sensual illusion is enticing for all, and thus every fate is played.

CCXIV

Do you choose your fate, or it, you?

* * * *

Play your fate to the hilt.

* * * *

Is any fate deserved?

* * * *

No, that is not your fate, either.

CCXVI

Armageddon is the choice born of ignorance; it need not be a fate.

* * * *

Any god is merely a larger mask of quantum clay,
That will someday succumb to the same fate as you.

CCXVIII

What to do this now? What directionless direction does fate draw you?

* * * *

Mystics cloak in many faces and guises, and articulate ironies and paradoxes
Recognized only by those also fated to succumb to the mystery of mysteries.

CCXIX

To the same fate, so many ways.

CCXX

If wisdom were golden sovereign, wise fools would perchance be kings and lords.
But alas for time's destiny, fools are kings, and false folly the riptides of all they bring.

CCXXI

If you are truly attempting to grasp the intention of these words,
You are one of the relatively few at any given time chosen,
Fated to reside as witness to eternity's frolic in time.

* * * *

All that is prior colors this moment.
It is not possible to know the unknown.
Reflections of the known project the unknown,
That fated to never be more than irony and paradox.

CCXXII

The insecure thirst for power and fame and fortune.
Why do we so often allow rapacious specters
To control so much of human destiny?

CCXXIII

Biographies are opportunities to step into another's universe.
It is learning to see the genetic and geographic patterns
Which wove a life into its role, its fated contribution.

CCXXIV

Listen closely, listen well, for if you are fortunate,
Call it god's will, call it courage, call it luck, call it fate,
You will find your calling, and you will live an engaged life.

CCXXV

Overstating the obvious seems to be this scribe's fate.

* * * *

Existence is an opportunity to awaken if it is your fate
In this brief time to partake the destiny of all destinies.

CCXXVI

Free will is illusion; you really have no choice but to accept the caprice of fate.

CCXXVII

In the maze of any given life,
Some doors are open, some doors are locked.
Some open now, some later, some that once opened no longer do.
And most doors have never opened, and never will.
Though many may well merit a better shake,
The truth of it is that life is not fair,
And not all fates are just.

CCXXX

Any given seed materializes
From the oneness into a harsh garden
That molds it into a destiny it might well not ask for
If it had been given a choice to begin with.

* * * *

Consciousness is not in any way sacrosanct.
It is the basis of a dreamy relativity of continuity,
But ever endures the fate of crashing waves.

CCXXXI

All you own are figments of your imagination.
A dream to which you must eventually die.
Do it ahead of time if you are so-fated,
Or claw furiously as you are drug
Into its inevitable conclusion.

* * * *

The brewings of consciousness are a quantum mystery
Whose origin and fate are only rarely deeply discerned.

* * * *

Your fate awaits your arrival.

CCXXXII

Pain often casts one into an unsought fate.

CCXXXIII

How randomly, arbitrarily, serendipitous any given fate.

CCXXXIV

Each of us is bound by the random circumstances
Of geography, culture, linguistics, socio-economics, anatomy,
And whatever other capacities and limitations contribute to the given context.
We all swim serendipitously in the relative currents of dreamtime.
It is the commonality of each and every manifest form
To participate in one destiny or another.

CCXXXV

A different body, a different character, a different fate,
Would only inspire a different illusion, a different delusion.

* * * *

Within every seed
There is an architectural plan.
A birth, a role, a play, a destiny, a death.
Every seed spawns a witnessing.
Without it, you are nothing.

CCXXXVI

If it is your fate to find your vocation, it will be your life's tithing to the dream.

* * * *

Character is fate.
Anatomy is destiny.
Each and every moment,
The unfolding mystery plays on.

CCXXXVII

You cannot hide from your fate.
One space or another, one time or another.
Something is going to happen.

CCXLI

How harrowing what life has in store for any of us.
Were you to know your fate in advance,
It might well be overwhelming.

CCXLIII

Who is the master, who is the slave?
In the end, all fates find the same grave.

CCXLIV

Hurry, White Rabbit, hurry!
There is little or no time remaining
To ponder destiny, or to even procrastinate.
You're late! You're late!
For a very important date!
No time to say hello, or goodbye!
You're late, you're late, you're very, very late!"

CCXLV

We all seem to be channels to one destiny or another.

CCXLVIII

Decisions made in the younger years become foundations,
Sometimes fortunes, sometimes blights, for the older ones.

* * * *

From a seed, existence takes root.
For an allotted, limited period of time,
Fate plays out in the field of imagination.

CCXLIX

In any given Ponzi scheme, those who come later are fated to lose.

* * * *

As challenging as it may be to fathom, no one is entitled to anything but what fate allows.

CCL

Anyone who plays middleman in the so-called spiritual quest,
Anyone who sets up a tollbooth between anyone and the absolute,
Is a charlatan whose fate should at some point include tar and feathers.

CCLII

The demon born of dualistic notion is you and me
As we have ignorantly chosen to abide in ill-fated, mortal craving,
For the something more that has never been.

CCLIII

There is no changing destiny into something it already is.

CCLIV

Pray tell, what is so terrible about being the upshot of random selection?

* * * *

Every passion whittles a destiny, death rules us all, the world wags on.

CCLVI

Whether or not one sees any given day as filled with countless choices,
For all practical purposes in this illusionary dreamtime, it is.
Looking forward, free will; looking back, fate.

* * * *

Humanity's notion of manifesting its destiny out into the cosmos
Would be a tragedy other worlds will hopefully not have to suffer.

CCLVII

Genetic lottery being what it is, the seed you call you
Had to take root somewhere in this mysterious field of dreams.
Look around, and for good or ill, this is your brief window of opportunity
To do whatever time and circumstance and inclination allow.
If it is your destiny to wake up, then you will wake up.
If not, enjoy the snooze as your nature calls.

* * * *

Four-letter words better left unspoken include:
Love, hate, hope, good, just, luck, fair, cute, nice,
Pink, work, time, herd, fate, true, gawd …
And, no doubt, so many more.

CCLVIII

Every life form has a fate, a destiny, a karma, a kismet,
The rhyme and reason of which can only be determined
In the timeless hollow, the unfathomable recess within.

* * * *

Every seed has its fate.

CCLIX

All life forms are born to die, all seeds are patterns fated to rise and eventually fall.
It is the life dynamic, the awareness, the eternal witness, the Self, the Soul,
That is born again and again, recast into new sensory permutations,
Synergistically creating and preserving and destroying
Within the mirage of manifest consciousness.

* * * *

There are no simple solutions to the unfolding dilemma.
The human species is in a boiling cauldron of its own free will.
Even worldwide enlightenment would not bring to an end the destiny
That we, and all preceding us, have imprudently set into motion.
The roller coaster ride is really only just getting underway.
And who can more than speculate how it will end.

CCLX

Humanity's time-bound expedition
Is laden with far more conceit than insight,
A reality weighing heavily in its unfolding destiny.

* * * *

What is the point, what good does it really do,
To credit or debit your lot in this life on the world about you?
Fate is as fate does; every mortal creation has one.
Ultimately, all begin, all end, the same.
Only the stories change.

CCLXI

Either you see it, or you do not.
Mystical insight and wisdom
Cannot be forced by one upon another.
Belief in this or that is for those whose destiny it is
To blindly wander the mystery of totality lost in dualistic notion.

CCLXII

The currents of space-time mold every seed into its destiny.

* * * *

What can this world offer the rare few who are prior to all worldly riches?
Gold is sand, and sand, gold, for those whose fate it is to see the unseen.

* * * *

Each moment another slice of the unfolding fate.

* * * *

How is it we allow so many maniacal, greedy, corrupt personas to control our destiny?

CCLXIII

How is it that you reached this point in time?
Curious, this mystery we so casually call fate.

* * * *

Every fate a preoccupation.

* * * *

No other beast
Can match the venomous barbarity
Humanity daily wrecks upon all creatures great to small.
To be treated humanely can, indeed,
Be a dubious fate.

CCLXIV

One can attempt to discount one's future,
But it is not the nature of destiny
To be easily dismissed.

* * * *

Another layer of dust reminding you of your fate.

CCLXV

Embracing totality is the only fate worth accepting.

* * * *

Can be a joyous fate if you can manage staying there.

* * * *

If we cannot even predict tomorrow's weather accurately,
How can we suppose to even begin to forecast
The fate of this garden world in general,
And humankind in particular.

CCLXVI

Any given life is a fated die role that carries all down many paths,
Through innumerable adventures, all to the same mortal conclusion.

* * * *

We all drift into our fates.

* * * *

All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

CCLXVII

Is being born good fortune, or harsh calamity?
Which way is the wind blowing this fine day?

* * * *

Destiny is the price life pays for existence.

* * * *

Ironic how rarely health and capability are appreciated until fate steals them away.

CCLXVIII

The blueprint of the seed,
Coupled with the gusty winds of time,
Have blown you like a leaf to this moment in dreamtime.
And on and on you drift, this way and that.
Fate is not rocket science.

* * * *

So, this is where fate is taking you.

* * * *

The Fates are indifferent to yours.

CCLXIX

Fate, such as it is, and is not.

* * * *

A gift for those whose destiny it is to wander a given path
To that indivisible quantum ground where all paths end.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not give a flutter of a tinker's damn about you.
Your name, your race, your gender, your health, your opinions, your status,
Or any other part of your self-absorbed, imaginary quantum theater. means nothing.
It is entirely up to you, and you alone, to abide for as long as your fate allows.

CCLXX

In the grand manifest theater,
Consequences ripple from every act.
Name it however you will – fate, karma, kismet,
Fortune, effect, end, result, end result, accident, outcome,
Upshot, calling, destiny, lot, corollary, doom, vocation, chance, providence,
Luck, design, future, conclusion, happenstance … or any other –
Through any given strand of cause and effect,
The thread of eternity weaves.

* * * *

Someone in some far distant future
Just dug up the time-baked remnant of the skull
Upon which the flesh and blood of your façade once clung,
And is satirically mimicking Shakespeare's Hamlet,
All the while looking about for a choice wall
Upon which to further seal its fate.

* * * *

From elemental to galactic, and everything between,
You, whose ironic, paradoxical fate it is to see,
Are sovereign witnesses to all creation.

* * * *

Fate is about what price you are willing to pay.

CCLXXI

What is fate, what is destiny, but playing out the given role
To which one is most inclined in the given space and time.

* * * *

All these thoughts are meant for those whose fate it is to awaken.
All others are for now bit players, rudderless in the waves of mind.

* * * *

You will know your brief mortal existence is in the throws of decline
When cars stop slowing down, and nary a honk blares its lustful approbation.
And if that never happened when you were younger and sweeter,
Well, them fates can be merciless in many more ways
Than we would ever deign to imagine.

* * * *

Through what happenchance of destiny did a copy or link of these onerous writings,
This chronicle, this soliloquy of across-the-board ponderings.
Show up in your reverie of time?
Oh, happy fate, perhaps, perhaps not.

CCLXXII

Whether you see it or not,
I know I am you, and you are me,
And we, no matter the fate, are one together.

* * * *

Partake what it pleases you to partake in whatever way your fate allows.

CCLXXIII

Stick to nature's most basic offering: good air, good water, good food,
And your existence will be as vigorous as your genetic fate allows.

CCLXXIV

What horrors will so many endure in the time so shortly coming.
Would that it had not been cast upon the unborn,
Whose fate it will be to suffer
The recalibration of the human paradigm.
Assuming, of course, any mammalian life manages to survive.

* * * *

Pass it on, on the off chance that you are more than very likely
Not the only one whose fate, whose providence it is to awaken.

* * * *

The pittering-pattering of every mind,
Every moment further muddies up the world,
Inexorably caught up in the destiny of consciousness.

CCLXXVI

It is not necessarily the good who die young, perhaps it is the lucky.
Scarcely any consequences for all the who-knows-what-where-when tomfoolery
They managed to get away with before getting plucked off the stage.
Think about all the things they will not have to bother about,
All the sickness, injury, aging, and whatever.
Talk about painless good fortune.

CCXXVI

All fates have the same origin.
All play out to the same conclusion.
Only the dreams between seem different.

* * * *

To meet your fate with a full breath inspires the greatest courage.

CCXXVIII

Is it a genesis misspent if there is no awakening for those who seem, as yet, ill-fated
To slumber away through the unknowable remainder of this eternal quantum theater?
Or would even one eye of awareness, one eye for all of eternity, be more than enough?

* * * *

Four-letter words better left unspoken include:
Love, hate, hope, true, good, just, luck,
Wish, fate, must, pink, cute …

CCXXXI

When you meet any given fork in the road,
The direction that calls is the next leg of the path to your fate.
When you reach the fork of ultimate reckoning,
Will you choose mortality?

CCXXXIII

Cannot stop fate … it is already written.
You just need to reach the last page
In a book that has no conclusion.

* * * *

Even the greatest pharaohs, the greatest kings, were nothing more than pawns of fate.

CCXXXIV

It is only fate that did not make you a king or queen.

* * * *

Perhaps all this has happened – this kaleidoscoping magical mystery tour –
In order that you might be fated to discover the witness within.
The eye of creation is yours, one in the same.

CCXXXV

The United States of America:
Yet another player in the win-lose game
That is humankind's fate to again and again endure.

CCXXXVI

Fate wears a sensory harness.

* * * *

All those little hoards of gold and piles of material possessions
Are not going to do any ill-fated descendants much good
If there is no world in which to spend or use them.

* * * *

Every given life form must play out its mortal fate in the theater of time.

CCXC

We are all such meager fates in but one crashing wave of all creation.

* * * *

A new seed, a new container, a new dream.
Same awareness, same momentary you.
Another existence to briefly play out
In whatever way the fates allow.
You are all things great and small,
And all things great and small are you.

CCXCI

There are worse fates.

* * * *

Oh, unknowable fate.

* * * *

Although you may acquire plenty of smarts while acquiring it,
Any given piece of institutionalized paper is really much more about
Allowing you access through doors along the maze of your fate.

CCXCIV

"They would not listen, they're not listening still, perhaps they never will."
And so they must pay a price, suffer a destiny, that did not have to be.

* * * *

The mystery of awareness is the immortal witness, indifferent to all fates.

CCXCV

You will learn everything you need to know to live this life, to complete this fate … maybe.

* * * *

Free will transformed into destiny in every given moment's passing.

CCXCVI

The corporeal body is a means to witness the mortal dimension.
An abundant feast for the minds of a chosen few,
Whose destiny it is to awaken.
Esoteric, indeed.

* * * *

It is as plain as day for those whose destiny it is to go all the way.

CCXCVII

Those who believe Armageddon their fate, seem to be doing a first-rate job creating it.

* * * *

Are you master of your fate, or merely a wandering fool?

CCXCVIII

Change your fate, your destiny, however you will,
That is only the direction it was headed, anyway.

* * * *

You cannot force what will not happen.
Nor can you elude what will.
Fate will out.

CCXCIX

Fate is as fate does.

* * * *

History is written upon the untold tales of many a harsh fate.

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.